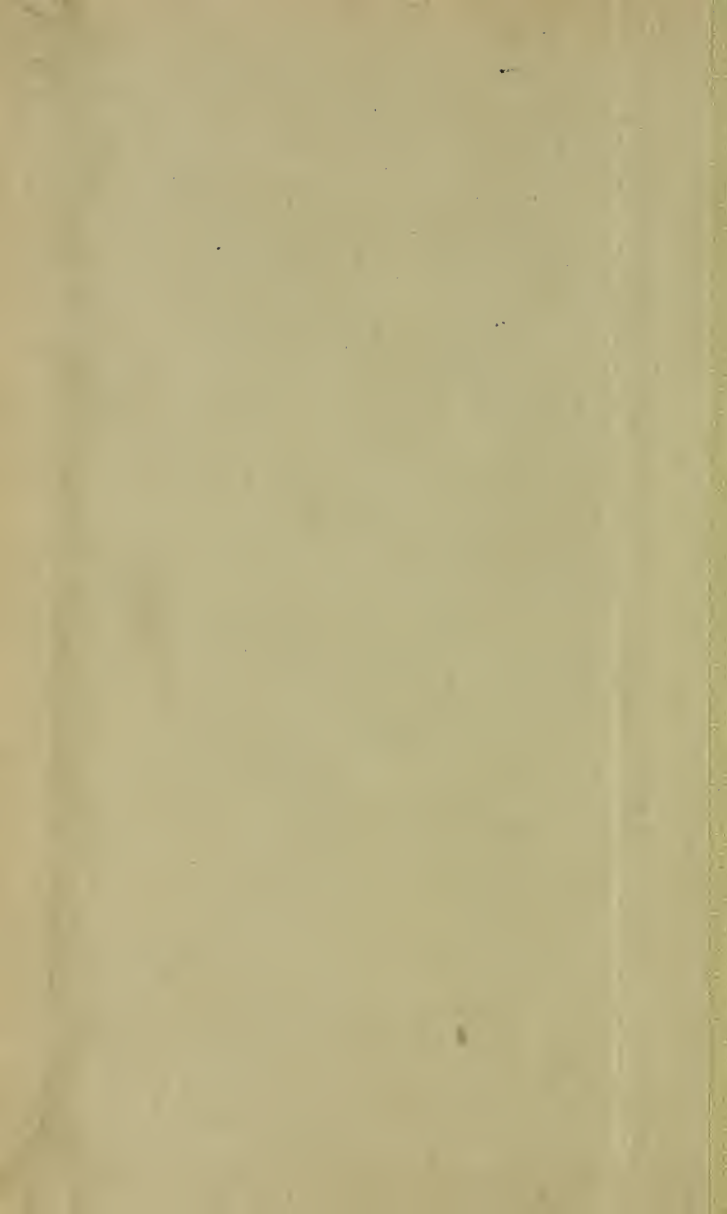


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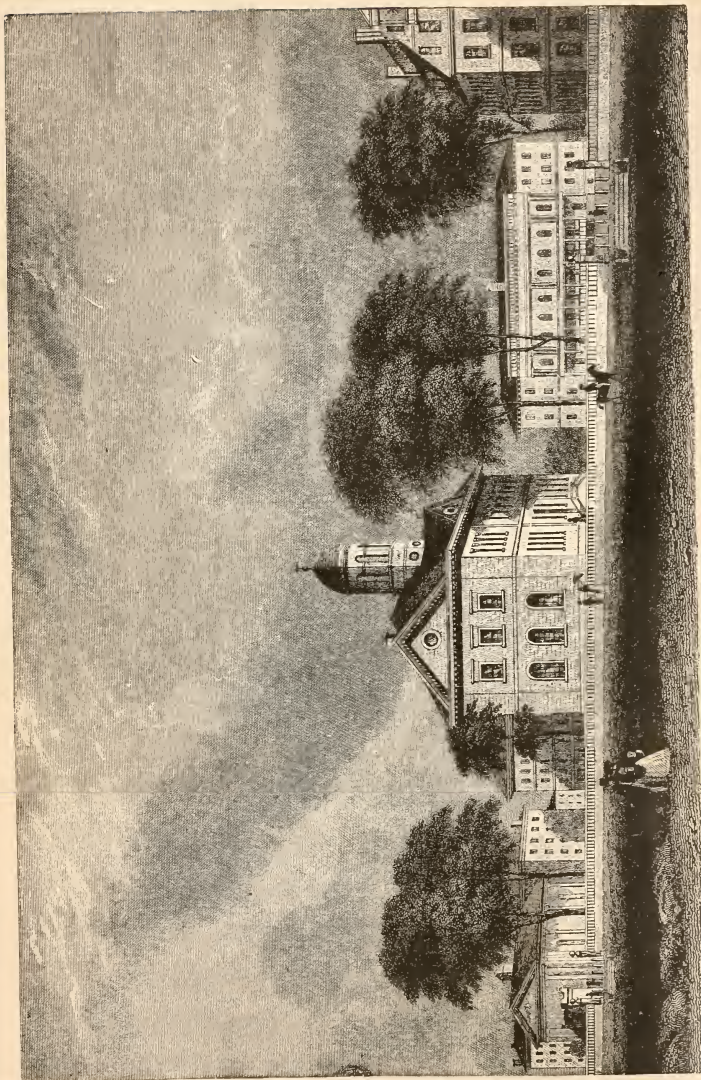
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NOBLE WORKERS

A Book of Examples for Young Men.

BY

JAMES F. COBB AND H. A. PAGE.

Charles Hay

EDITED BY

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no more important work than that of stimulating the minds of the young to exertion, that they may be effective workers, and discharge properly the responsibilities of their various spheres. The world needs workmen, brave and true; and every one should be ambitious to find his place and to fill it worthily. And of the means of stimulating the minds of youth, one of the most obvious and the most powerful is the living example. A good biography, presenting a striking portraiture of trials, struggles and successes, in actual life, comes like an inspiration to the young man who is just entering on the stage of the world. As he reads, compares and reflects, he feels the same spirit thrilling in his veins, and resolves bravely to enter the conflict, to battle with difficulty and opposition as others have battled, that, like them, he may win the crown of triumph and deserve the gratitude of his age and of the mankind.

The names selected in this volume take a wide range, purposely, that every one may find an example in his own chosen sphere. The notices of these men of mark show

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that success is not confined to any one kind of employment, but may be achieved wherever there is a mind to plan, a hand to labor, and a spirit to endure. The world is wide, and its necessities are manifold. And for every one who wishes to be a benefactor of the race, there is room enough. The lower ranges of the professions, the trades and the arts may be full, but "there is room higher up."

These notes are committed to the Youth of America, in the hope that many may be encouraged by them to put off indolence, inefficiency and the love of ease, and to become noble workers in the world's white harvest-field.

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NOBLE WORKERS.

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON,

THE MISSIONARY BISHOP.

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON was the eldest son of Sir John Patteson, who, after a short but successful course at the bar, was raised to the bench in 1830, and of Frances Duke Coleridge, daughter of Colonel Coleridge, elder brother of the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Patteson family thus stood in close relationship to another family which has given judges of high repute to the English bench; and the pathway to eminence in various walks of life was in this way thrown open to any scion of the house.

Coleridge, or "Coley" Patteson, as he was named by his family and friends in boyhood, was born in Bedford Square, London, in 1827. In his childhood he showed great thoughtfulness as well as quickness, being able to read by his fifth year. On his birthday he received from his father the Bible which was used at his consecra-

tion as bishop twenty-seven years afterwards. It is not without a noticeable forecast of his later character, alike in its simplicity, thoroughness, and devotion, that we are told, "He read it eagerly, puzzled his brains as to what became of the fish during the Flood, and, when suddenly called to the nursery, begged to be allowed 'to finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years.'"

Even from this early period the desire to be a clergyman was cherished. And the purpose was fostered by his mother. "That he should be a good servant at God's altar was to her above all price." The whole order and spirit of the home was calculated to promote devotion and reverence, — the mother making the religious instruction of the children her special care, reading the Psalms and the Scripture lessons with them every morning.

"His old nurse remembers the little seven-year-old boy, after saying his own prayers at her knee, standing opposite to his little brother, admonishing him to attention with, 'Think, Jemmy; think.' Devoutness seems to have been almost natural to him." And the devoutness, which his mother's influence was powerful to form and to strengthen in him, remained a notable element to the very end of his life.

When eight years old he was sent to school at

Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, with which the name of Coleridge is intimately associated ; but in spite of the various interests of the place, the beauty of the surrounding country, and the quaint grandeur of St. Mary's Church, the boy longed for home. And this, too, notwithstanding that his grandparents lived close by, and in the manor-house his uncle, Francis George Coleridge, whose boys were of an age to be companions for him.

His home-sickness was only relieved, indeed, by boy-like failings, of which he has once or twice to make confession. Probably this longing for home had something to do with the "uninterestedness" which marked his school-life here ; but youth is plastic, and, like the plants, feeling their way underground to the rain-pools in drought, he now found a means of recovering the balance of character. There can be no doubt that the liking he at this time formed for outdoor games and sports had its result in developing a healthy nature, and modifying in many ways the self-conscious introspectiveness to which we soon detect some tendency.

The companionship of his younger brother at school, in the latter period of his stay at Ottery, furnished him with an interest, and fostered what was always a characteristic trait — kindness and consideration for others. But this consideration

for others was accompanied, even at this early period, with that bravery and power of endurance which is more often formed at a public school than elsewhere.

“While at Ottery, he silently bore the pain of a broken collar-bone for three weeks, and when the accident was brought to light by his mother’s embrace, he only said that ‘he did not like to make a fuss.’”

If he did not carry from Ottery the highest attainments in scholarship, he was a strong healthy lad when in 1838 he entered Eton, very soon to get glimpses of the young Queen Victoria, in the first year of her sovereignty, going to Salt Hill to make her youthful contribution to the poor scholars, according to the old custom.

At Eton his career is not marked by any special success; he had to guard himself against the love of cricket, in which he excelled; but his affections and his spirit were already receiving the first signal determinations towards the course which he finally chose. He hears Dr. Selwyn, the newly-made bishop of New Zealand, preach at New Windsor Chapel, and writes home:—

“It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church, and then die neglected and forgotten. All the people burst out crying, he was so very much beloved by his parishioners. He spoke of his perils, and putting his

trust in God; and then, when he had finished, I think I never heard anything like the sensation — a kind of feeling that if it had not been so sacred a spot, all would have exclaimed, ‘God bless him!’”

And then, as Providence would have it, the impression was deepened by an appeal, which, as often as it recurred to the memory of the lad, must have aroused in him new resolution and hunger for spiritual help. Sir John Patteson had shortly before this bought the estate of Feniton, in Devonshire, and the Selwyns being intimate with the Patteson family, they paid a visit there before leaving England.

“Coley was at home when the Bishop of New Zealand took leave, and half in earnest, half in playfulness, said, ‘Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?’ She started, but did not say no; and when, independently of this, her son told her that it was his greatest wish to go with the bishop, she replied that if he kept that wish when he grew up, he should have her blessing and consent.”

We are therefore not surprised to find him ready to forego the pleasures of cricket rather than identify himself in any shape with what was coarse and degrading: —

“On the occasion of the dinner, annually given by the eleven of cricket and the eight of the

boats, at the hotel at Slough, a custom had arisen among some of the boys of singing offensive songs, and Coley, who, as second of the eleven, stood in the position of one of the entertainers, gave notice beforehand that he was not going to tolerate anything of the sort. One of the boys, however, began to sing something objectionable. Coley called out, 'If that does not stop, I shall leave the room,' and as no notice was taken, he actually went away with a few other brave lads. Afterwards he sent word that if an apology was not made he should leave the eleven, but the feeling of the better class of boys prevailed, and the apology was made."

Soon after Bishop Selwyn's farewell, a further impulse to serious thought and self-consecration came in the death of his mother, whose teaching and example had been so benign. All through the Eton period — as, indeed, through nearly all his life in England — we clearly see two courses of education running alongside each other.

One, the formal or merely technical part, to which he never so wholly relinquished himself as many others have done, and with more success; and then, the providential visitations and teachings — turning-points presenting themselves successively, just at the moment when the interior life and conviction needed to be stayed or drawn forward afresh. The beautiful way in

which he yielded to them, and brought resolution anew to seal impression and establish it, is the significant fact about his earlier life.

He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1845, and fell into an excellent circle, from which he derived much good. Here he lost any love for general society he might ever have had, and cultivated more and more the companionship that favors the full and frank expression of deeper sentiments and convictions.

A visit to Switzerland, Rome and Venice in 1851 gave him much to think of; and in 1852 he obtained a fellowship at Merton College, and went into residence there; but in the long vacation of that year he proceeded to Germany, that he might study Hebrew and other languages more favorably. His letters to his family and friends at this time breathe the most exquisite devotion.

While at Oxford he had listened, fascinated, to the appeals of Dr. Pusey, which were then stirring many earnest minds; but he still kept a questioning intellect at work on some of the points involved in the special doctrines presented—a trait which marked him to the very close of life, notwithstanding that all the influence of family tradition inclined to make him lean to implicit acceptance of these views. This is proved by the letters which he wrote to his fa-

ther from Dresden, where he was busy on languages, but also on theology and points of church polity.

He asks such questions with reference to the divine origin and absolute sanction of Episcopacy for all times and circumstances, the right of private judgment, and such matters, as show that he did not accept opinions on mere authority, but needed for them the full acquiescence of his mind and heart. The doctrine of the Real Presence, he saw, was likely to be fraught with danger to the Church of England—and in his far distant sphere of work afterwards he mourned over the persistency with which it was upheld.

In languages he had real aptitude, and now he added Arabic to his list, and soon was proficient in it. He varies his studies with such things as a description of Dresden fair, and, long before the time of return home, he begins to select presents, acknowledging himself "concerned about getting something for everybody."

Returning to Merton College, he remained there till the vacation 1853, prosecuting his studies of theology and languages, and forming friendships which till his death remained unbroken. Mr. Roundell says that, by this time — "Self-cultivation had done much for him. Literature and art had opened his mind and enlarged his interests and sympathies. The moral

and spiritual forces of the man were vivified, refined, and strengthened by the awakening of his intellectual and æsthetic nature." And another thus indicates the elements that, now prominent in him, gave him such weight and practical influence:—

"It was character, more than special ability, which marked him out from others, and made him, wherever he was, whether in cricket, in which he excelled, or in graver things, a centre round which others gathered. The impressions he left on me were of quiet, gentle strength and entire purity — a heart that loved all things true and honest and pure, and that would always be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he did not know himself, the fire of devotion that lay within him; but that was soon to kindle, and make him what he afterwards became."

And truly the flame soon leaped forth, when the man came face to face with the practical duties for which he had been prepared. He served a rigorous apprenticeship to pastoral work, in the parish of Alfington, in Devonshire, before taking orders. He found the parish in a mournfully low condition; the morals of the people were such as would have shocked and disgusted many a young man of high ambition and pure mind, and rendered him wholly helpless.

But Coley's practical foresight and tact soon made themselves felt, no less than a faculty for organization such as even his nearest friends had not suspected to exist in him. And he takes very decided measures when he has once estimated the real need of the people. The only efficient means he could light on as a first step towards improvement was the establishment of homes for boys and girls, where they could be preserved from contamination. His first effort was for a boy's home, in which he had the support of all the more thoughtful people. He thus gives his sister his idea of the project:—

“I shall, of course, begin with only one or two boys—the thing may not answer at all; but every one, some who are quite poor, says it must work well with God's blessing. I do not wish to be scheming away, working a favorite hobby, &c., but I do believe this to be absolutely essential. The profligacy and impurity of the poor hereabouts is beyond all belief. Every mother of a family answers (I mean every honest, respectable mother of a family): ‘Oh, sir, God will bless such a work; and it is for want of this that so much misery and wretchedness abound.’

“I believe that for a year or so it will exhaust most of my money; but then it is one of the best uses to which I could apply it; for my theory is, that help and assistance is wanted in this

way, and I would wish to make most of these things self-supporting. Half an acre more of garden, thoroughly well worked, will yield an astonishing return, and I look to Mary as a person of really economical habits. It is no easy task that I am preparing for myself. I know that I fully expect to be very much disappointed, but I am determined to try it. I am determined to try and make the people see that I am not going to give way to everybody that asks; but that I am going to set on foot and help on all industrial schemes of every kind, for people of every age. I am hard at work, studying spade husbandry, inspectors' reports of industrial schools, &c."

How clear and practical were the aims of this young man! He cuts to the very root of the matter in these last few sentences, and begins a reform such as should be carried out everywhere. He speaks like a minister of mature experience, though he is as yet unordained, and is but pursuing, coincidentally with this work, his studies for ordination. Most readers, we think, will be prepared to endorse the opinion that here we have promise of no common worker, and will follow us onward with the deeper interest.

He remained and ministered as curate at Alington after his ordination, winning the hearts of the people, so that they came to look upon

him as peculiarly their own ; the wrench of parting being, of course, all the more painful, when, on the arrival of Bishop Selwyn in England for a short furlough, all Coley's aspirations for missionary life were revived. Opening his mind to Bishop Selwyn on the matter, he proposed that he should not leave England while his father lived. The bishop answered, "You should not put off till you are on in life. It should be done with your full strength and vigor."

His father's first exclamation on being told of his son's desire was, "I can't let him go!" but in a moment he added, "God forbid I should stop him!" The matter was discussed by Bishop Selwyn and Sir John, who, notwithstanding the comfort he felt in having Coley near him, said, at length, "What right have I to stand in his way? I may not live another year." And when the conversation was ended the father said, "Mind, I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home to see me." When told of this, Coley said at once that he was ready to go now.

A month later he bade his family good-bye. His sisters stood at the door till he was out of sight; then going in, they found the old judge sitting silent, his little Bible in his hand. Next day Coley wrote from London: "I am, thank God, calm and even cheerful. I stayed a few

minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primrose buds from mamma's grave, and then walked on."

His family were not alone in feeling as though deprived of the near presence of a son and brother. The Alfington people mourned as they had hardly done before. "Ah, sir," was the school-mistress's answer to some warm words from Mr. Justice Coleridge in praise of Bishop Selwyn, "he may be, no doubt he is, a very good man. I only wish he had kept his hands off Alfington!"

And in this she spoke the feeling of the people, from the old and infirm, whom the curate had attended solicitously, down to the Sunday-school children, who wept when they heard he was about to leave them. "Our Mr. Patteson," the people called him to the last.

His uncle, Sir John Coleridge, writing of Coley's first sermon, had said: "I bless God that he is what he is, and that, at least for a time, if his life be spared, I have secured his services for my people at Alfington. Many years I can hardly expect to retain him there; but I feel sure that so long as he is there, he will be a blessing to them."

On the 28th of March, 1855, he sailed from England in the *Duke of Portland* emigrant ship. The voyage was not suffered to pass without its

own profitable occupations. Of course, Bishop Selwyn and the young missionary were ready to minister in many ways to the wants of those on board, Mrs. Selwyn taking her share in the teaching of the young; but they had their mechanical pastimes too, carpentering being one of the many qualifications required in a missionary bishop.

It has been said, 'if you wish to know a person, go a long voyage with him.' Many voyages went those two together; and, during this first one, Bishop Selwyn set down what he would have warmly endorsed years thereafter: "Coley Pateson is a treasure, which I humbly set down as a recompense for our own boys left at home at school. He is a good fellow, and the tone of his mind is one which I can thoroughly enjoy, content with the present, yet always aiming at a brighter and better future."

They arrived at Auckland on the 5th of July, and, reaching the college some six miles distant, at once set to work. Bishop Selwyn's scheme had been to collect young lads from the distant islands of the South Pacific — from Tanna and Nengoné, from New Caledonia, and Lifu, from the Solomon and Banks Islands and other accessible groups — and take them to New Zealand for a portion of the year for training at the college, returning them again to their respective homes, in the mission ship, during the season

when the climate of New Zealand, as it was found, was too trying for them. Of the college, Patteson says :—

“ It is really all that is necessary for a thoroughly good and complete place of education : the hall all lined with Kauri pine wood ; a large, handsome room, collegiate, capable of holding two hundred persons ; the school-room eighty feet long, with admirable arrangement for holding classes separately. There are two very cosy rooms, which belong to the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn respectively, in one of which I am now sitting. . . . Our rooms are quite large enough, but no furniture, beyond a bedstead, a table for writing, and an old book-case ; but it is never cold enough to care about furniture. . . . I clean my room in part, make my bed, help to clear away things after meals, &c., and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking.”

In fixing the limits of his field of operations, Bishop Selwyn had shown singular wisdom and breadth of character. He had resolved not to preach in any place already occupied by missions, so as not to confuse the heathen with the sight of variations among Christians. The properly Polynesian Isles had been all occupied by the London Missionary Society, and a few islands had been taken in hand by a Scottish Pres-

byterian mission; but the groups which seemed to form the third fringe round the north-eastern curve of Australia — the new Hebrides, Banks Islands, and Solomon Isles — were almost entirely open ground, and to these it was that Coley Patteson should especially devote himself.

Some years were spent in preliminary work with Bishop Selwyn, voyaging among the islands in the *Southern Cross* (which, sailing from England on the same day as the *Duke of Portland*, had reached Auckland exactly a fortnight after her), making excursions into the bush; teaching the boys at St. John's College, and later at St. Andrew's, Kohimarama; and learning, practically, the thousand outs and ins of missionary life.

A certain docility of mind and a happy temperament helped him vastly. He often thought of home and friends; but a second thought of God's covenant care sufficed to calm and strengthen him; and whilst it seemed that distance and absence only made him, if possible, more interested in all that concerned home than he had been, he was able to apply himself to his work with complete devotion and oneness of mind.

"I have very little time," he writes, "for indulging in fancies of any kind now. I begin to get an idea of what work is; but in my walks

out at night (when I am awake), I think of dear mamma, of your dead father, and others who are gone before, with unmixed joy and comfort. You may be quite sure that I am not likely to forget anybody or anything connected with home. How I do watch and follow them through the hours of the day and night when we are both awake and at our work! I turn out at quarter of seven, and think of them at dinner or tea; at ten, I think of them at evening prayers; and by my own bed-time, they are in morning church or busied about their different occupations, and I fancy I can almost see them. So it goes on, and still I am calm and happy and very well, and I think I am in my place, and hope to be made of some use some day.

“I like the natives in the school very much. The regular wild, untamed fellow is not so pleasant at first — dirty, unclothed, always smoking, a mass of blanket, his wigwam sort of place filthy, his food ditto; but then he is probably intelligent, hospitable, and not insensible to the advantage of hearing about religion. It only wants a little practice to overcome one’s English feelings about dress, civilization, &c., and that will soon come.”

The ascetic side of the religious life, which breeds indifference to common wants and independence of ordinary sympathy and relationship,

found no illustration in Bishop Patteson. This is one of the first things we observe in him ; it is also one of the last. All his hardships and trials but drew forth his kindness the more thoroughly.

There have been men who have sacrificed themselves in such work as he undertook, who were after all devoted merely to ideas, and had but small power of attracting individuals. It was not so with Bishop Patteson. He soon came to like his New Zealanders and Melanesians as well or even better than he would "English youths, up to all sorts of mischief." "Savages," he said, "are all Fridays, if you know how to treat them ;" and he soon came to see that the "menial offices," as they would be called, which he so cheerfully undertook, formed a practice such as could not be matched for working beneficial changes upon their habits. He would have confirmed the declaration of the Maori — "Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done too mean for him : pig-gentleman never worked." And therefore he oftentimes wrote in this strain :

"The communication of religious truth by word of mouth is but a small part of the work. The real difficulty is to do for them what parents do for their children, assist them to — nay, almost force upon them — the practical application of Christian doctrine. This descends to the

smallest matters — washing, scrubbing, sweeping; all actions of personal cleanliness; introducing method and order, habits of industry and regularity; giving just notions of exchange, barter, trade, management of criminals and division of labor. To do all this, and yet not interfere with the offices of the chief, and to be the model and pattern of it, who is sufficient?”

And again, with as much infusion of personal experience and conviction: —

“Every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook. Suppose yourself without a servant, and nothing for dinner to-morrow but some potatoes in the barn, and a fowl running about in the yard. That’s the kind of thing for a young fellow going into a new country to imagine for himself.

“If a little knowledge of glazing could be added it would be a grand thing, just enough to fit in panes to window-frames, which last, of course, he ought to make himself. Much of this cannot be done for you. I can buy window-frames in Auckland, and glass, but can’t carry a man a thousand miles in my pocket to put that glass into these frames, and if it is done in New Zealand, ten to one it gets broken on the voyage, whereas glass by itself will pack well. To know how to tinker a bit is a good thing, else your

only saucepan or tea-kettle may be lying by you useless for months. In fact, if I had known all this before, I should just be ten times as useful as I am now. If any one thinks of emigrating, or becoming a missionary, just let him remember this."

And this from a man who had shown himself not only willing, but singularly ready and versatile — apt at making beds, and mending tea-kettles, and doing odds and ends of joinery, as well as learning languages as if by instinct, and with peculiar power of communicating knowledge to others. He was indeed a typical missionary, and, though what he says of training is true and valuable, his experience sufficiently shows that when the whole heart is in the work, everything yields to loving interest and self-sacrifice.

The peculiar change of habits, the attempting to do so many unaccustomed things, would have been found by many to divert the mind from study; but it was not so in Patteson's case. On the 17th of January, six months after landing in New Zealand, he is able to compose and preach a Maori sermon, and soon thereafter he commits himself to extempore delivery; and though he has already made some progress with the tongues of the Pacific, his notes of books read are indeed surprising.

In all this discipline, hard though it seemed,

and though he sometimes confessed that his sensibilities rebelled, he had the judgment to see clearly that it was making him something different from what he was — *more of a man*; to say nothing of the higher and religious side of the question. Seeing this was the spirit he carried into his work, it is no wonder we find Bishop Selwyn saying, in a note to Sir John Patteson, in 1857: —

“Coley is, as you say, the right man in the right place, mentally and physically; the multiplicity of languages, which would try most men, is met by his peculiar gift; the heat of the climate suits his constitution; his mild and parental temper makes his black boys cling about him as their natural protector; his freedom from fastidiousness makes all parts of the work easy to him; for when you have to teach boys how to wash themselves and to wear clothes for the first time, the romance of missionary work disappears as completely as a great man’s heroism before his *valet de chambre*.”

Lady Martin, who had been absent from New Zealand for three years, and saw much of him on her return, thus gives her impressions: —

“We soon found a great change had passed over our dear friend. His whole mind was absorbed in his work. He was always ready, indeed, to listen to anything there was to tell about

his dear father; but about our foreign travels, his favorite pictures, the scenes of which we had heard so much from him, he would listen for a few minutes, but was sure in a little while to have worked round to Melanesia in general, or to his boys in particular, or to some discussion with my husband on the structure of their many languages and dialects. It was then that Bishop Abraham said that when the two came to their ninth meaning of a particle, he used to go to sleep. . . .

“It was very pleasant to see him among his boys. They all used to go off for a walk on Saturday with him, sometimes to town, and he was as full of fun with them as if they had been a party of Eton boys. He had none of the conventional talk, so fatal to all true influence, about degraded heathen. They were brethren, ignorant indeed, but capable of acquiring the highest wisdom.

“It was a joke amongst some of us that when asked the meaning of a Nengoné term of endearment, he answered naively, ‘Oh, it means “old fellow.”’ He brought his fresh, happy, kindly feelings towards English lads and young men into constant play among Melanesians, and so they loved and trusted him.”

But to make clear the progress of the mission, it is needful that we give some attention to the

efforts made, and the results of the work year by year. Before he had time to receive the first letters from home, he has found interesting work in classes, up-country, and in the hospitals. This is the way in which he replies to his sisters: —

“Your first letters upset me more than once, as I re-read them, but I think of you all habitually with true joy and peace of mind. And I am really happy; not in the sense that happiness presents itself always, or exactly in the way that I used to feel it when with you all, or as I should feel it if I were walking up to the lodge with my whole heart swelling within me. It is much more quiet and subdued, and does not perhaps come and go quite as much; but yet, in the midst of all, I half doubt sometimes whether everything about and within me is real. I just move on like a man in a dream; but this again does not make me idle.

“I don't suppose I ever worked harder, on the whole, than I do now, and I have such anxious work at the hospital. And *such* cases! Only two hours ago I left a poor sailor, by whose side I had been kneeling near three-quarters of an hour, holding his sinking head and moistening his mouth with wine, the dews of death on his forehead, and his poor emaciated frame heaving like one great pulse at each breath. For four days that he has been there (brought in a dying

state from the *Merchantman*) I have been with him, and yesterday I administered to him the Holy Communion. He had spoken earnestly of his desire to testify the sincerity of his repentance, and faith, and love. I have been there daily for nine days; but I cannot always manage it, as it is nearly two miles off. The responsibility is great of dealing with such cases, but I trust that God will pardon all my sad mistakes. I cannot withhold the Bread of Life where I see indications of real sorrow for sin, and the simple readiness to obey the command of Christ, even though there is great ignorance and but little time to train a soul for heaven."

In October, 1855, he set forth with the bishop in his first voyage in the *Southern Cross*. How readily he could adapt himself to the sea, and to new circumstances, is seen in the easy way in which he slips into nautical language; his happy ways, both with the sailors and the natives; and his powers of swimming and walking, which astonished them. At Waitoki, in Queen Charlotte's Sound, he is left, while Bishop Selwyn goes inland. This is a description of dinner while on a pedestrian journey through wilds and forests:—

"At noon we dined—biscuit and a slice of bacon, which the two Maories cooked by sticking a piece of wood through the rasher, and putting

it on the wood embers. Like Virgil's sailors, we ate our dinners first, and our plates afterwards, the plate being, of course, a biscuit. The bishop went on at one P. M., and I started back with a Maori guide, reaching the beach at half past six.

"The people at Waitoki were rather surprised when they heard that I had been at Massacre Hill since seven, and it was a good walk. The wood was fine, some trees huge, the white pines especially. Small green parrots flying actually in coveys, eight at a time, and perching close to me; large red ones in numbers, pigeons innumerable, ducks, &c., not to forget the sandflies and mosquitoes, which indeed take good care not to be forgotten, though several of the crew are suffering more from them than I am, and I hope to be mosquito-proof some day."

The usual voyage to the Banks and Solomon groups had, in 1855, been intermitted, owing to the bishop's absence in England. Three months usually intervened between the short voyage which was undertaken for the purpose of returning these lads to their several homes, and the regular long missionary cruise which lasted from five to six, or even seven, months, and during which, of course, the college was directed by the bishop's assistants, who had been carefully trained to the work. This long voyage was always taken during the winter, for the sake of the

cooler weather, and to avoid the dangerous hurricanes which often arise in the hotter season, and are frequently so violent as to wholly alter the appearance of the land.

The system of education at St. John's College combined agricultural labor and printing with study, and the authorities and the boys shared according to their strength in both, for there was nothing more prominent in the scheme than that the colored man was not to be treated as a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water.

In 1856 Norfolk Island was visited, and Sydney harbor was touched at; then a landing was made at Pitcairn Island, and, finding that Mr. Nobbs, who had been appointed pastor there, would be glad of help, they remained a short time. Then they made for Anaiteum and the fatal Santa Cruz, where the people at first presented arrows, but afterwards became more friendly, and made presents of yams.

"The people," says Patteson, "came out in canoes with quantities of yams and taro, of which they knew the full value; but the numbers were so large that no 'quiet work' could be done, and there was little to be done but to admire their costume, armlets, necklaces, plates of mother-of-pearl, but no nose ornaments. They had strips of a kind of cloth, woven of reed, and elaborate varieties of head-gear, some plastering their hair

white with coral lime, others yellow, others red ; others had shaved half the head with no better implement than a sharp shell, and others had produced two lines of bristles, like hog manes, on a shaven crown."

These Santa Cruz people were, however, very suspicious and unmanageable, with a confirmed bitterness and dislike towards Europeans — the grim legacy handed down for the manner in which, generations before, the Spaniards had treated them. In spite of this, Mr. Whytehead, the second mate of the *Southern Cross*, tells us that the bishop was wont to say that he was sure he could reach their confidence, if he could once induce one of them to spend six months with him.

Bellona was next touched at, and here it was that the bishop and Mr. Patteson had to take off their coats, and with hatchets and adzes, or other things in their hands, take a good header and swim ashore. But this never dulled his eye for the beauty of the scenery, which he ever describes with enthusiastic eloquence :—

"Oh, the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reef, lined with coral, purple, blue, scarlet, green, and white! the little blue fishes, the bright blue star-fish, the little land-crabs walking away with other people's shells. But nothing of this can be seen by you ; the coral loses its color, and

who can show you the bright line of surf breaking the clear blue of this truly Pacific Ocean; the tropical sun piercing through masses of foliage which nothing less dazzling could penetrate? . . . I trod upon and broke flowering branches of coral that you would have wondered at."

Then again, in a like strain, he described Bauro, in the Solomon group:—

"Here were coral crags, the masses of forest trees, the creepers literally hundreds of feet in length, crawling along and hanging from the cliffs, the cocoa-nut trees and bananas and palms, the dark figures on the edge of the rocks looking down upon us from among the trees, the people assembling on the bright beach—coral dust, as it may be called, for it was worn as fine as white sand—cottages among the trees, and a pond of fresh water close by, winding away and among the cliffs."

But admiration of the beautiful scenery had to be accompanied by wariness, amid the pleasant exploits of swimming ashore in these regions. Sometimes groups of sharks, of half-a-dozen at least, would be seen, as at Rowa, one of the Banks group, making havoc among the leaping shoals of fish, large and small; in water about four or five feet deep.

Even here, too, the echoes of toils and strifes

at home from time to time reached him : we have significant record of the manner in which they affected him in the following letter :—

“ My dear father writes in great anxiety about the Denison case. What a cause of thankfulness it is, to be out of the din of controversy, and to find hundreds of thousands longing for crumbs which are shaken about so roughly in these angry disputes ! It isn't High Church or Low or Broad Church, or any other special name, but the longing desire to forget all distinctions, and to return to a simpler state of things, that seems naturally to result from the very sight of heathen people.”

To Miss Neill, who had been his governess, he shows the utmost regard and affection, writing to her often the most touching letters. It is characteristic that to her he speaks fully on some points on which he is silent towards his own sister ; but her keen interest in him, which never abated, is another proof of the power he had of attaching in closest bonds of affection all with whom he came in contact. He writes to her thus :—

“ You ask me where I am *settled*. Why, settled, I suppose I am never to be : I am a missionary, you know, not a ‘ stationary.’ But, however, my home is the *Southern Cross*, where I live always in harbor as well as at sea, highly

compassionated by all my good friends here, from the governor downwards, and highly contented myself with the sole possession of a cosy little cabin, nicely furnished, with table, lots of books, and my dear father's photograph, which is an invaluable treasure and comfort to me. . . . Of course, wherever the *Southern Cross* goes, I go too, and am a most complete skipper. I feel as natural with my quadrant in my hand as of old with a cricket-bat. Then I do *rather* have good salt-water baths and see glorious sunsets and sunrises, and starlight nights, and the great many-voiced ocean, the winds and waves chiming all night with a solemn sound, lapping against my ear as I lie in my canvas bed, six feet by two and a half, and fall sound asleep and dream of home. Oh! there is much that is really enjoyable in this kind of life; and if the cares of the vessel, management of men, &c., do harass me sometimes, it is very good for me — security from such troubles having been anxiously and selfishly pursued by me at home."

It is very surprising, and sometimes it is touching, to come on such confessions from such a man. But now, as in youth, his distaste for mental exertion was so great that only a sense of duty sustained him in any effort requiring continued concentration of mind. Miss Yonge's remarks regarding an earlier period are not without reference here: —

“His constitutional inertness rendered it so difficult for him to live up to his own views, that he was continually dissatisfied with himself; and this, in spite of his sweet, unselfish temper, had given his manner at home an irritability and among strangers a reserve, the very reverse of the joyous and merry nature which used to delight in balls, parties, and gaieties.”

In the voyage of 1857, he tells us “that they visited sixty-six islands, and landed eighty-one times, wading, swimming, &c. All were most friendly and delightful,” he adds; “only two arrows having been shot at us and only one coming near,— so much for *savages*. I wonder what people ought to call sandal-wood traders and slave-masters if they call my Melanesians savages,” is the tone in which he closes the record. The Banks Islands, as usual, were the most hopeful, Santa Maria coming first. Canoes came round the vessel, and the honesty of the race showed itself; for one little boy, who had had a fish-hook given him, wished to exchange it for calico, and having forgotten to restore the hook at the moment, swam back with it as soon as he remembered it.

This voyage of 1857 was further memorable for a landing at Guadalcanar, or Gera, which is thus described:—

“I slept on shore about three miles up the bay

among a number of natives, twenty-five or twenty-six in the same room with me — at least, I lay down in my things, which, by-the-bye, were drenched through with salt and rain water. They said I was the first white person that had been ashore there. They treated me very well. How, in the face of all this, could I run the risk of letting them think I was unwilling to trust them? ”

The victory of this trustfulness had been proved in the landing at this very place, when the mission ship was, as if though providentially, saved from being stove on a reef, and where, coming near to the natives, who were there in crowds, he had to choose between standing close in, or letting go a kedge, which might have made them feel “he does not trust us.” He declares that, though perhaps the bishop, being an older hand, might think his action rash, the result had fully justified it. “The natives behaved very well. They gave me two pigs, about five or six hundred cocoa-nuts, and upwards of a ton of yams, though I told them I had only two small hatchets, five or six adzes, a few gimlets, and empty bottles to give in exchange.”

In missionary work, as in more secular affairs, it may therefore be said that bold adventure is a needful element to accompany firmness and caution. And still, in the midst of all this labor

and excitement, his study of languages did not pause.

Nengonese had become almost as familiar to him as Maori, and his Sundays on his return home in this year, 1857, were decidedly polyglot; since, besides a regular English service at Taranaki, he often took a Maori service and preached extempore in that tongue, feeling that the people's understanding went along with him; and there were also in early morning and late evening, prayers, partly in Nengonese, partly in Bauro, at the college chapel, and a sermon, first in one language and then repeated in another.

Nor were the studies of the sacred text, or the results of later learning in England, neglected. To none of these matters was he indifferent, as some enthusiasts have been. He was intent on being up to the time in regard to the critical knowledge of the Word of God, and all related questions. He plied his friends with requests for books of value in this kind, and often wrote such letters as the following:—

“Any really good book on the New Testament, especially dealing critically with the Greek-text, I certainly wish to have. I feel that *the great neglect* of us clergy is the neglect of the continued study, most critically and closely, of the grammatical meaning of the Hebrew and Greek text. . . . I fear I shall never be a

good Hebrew scholar, I can't made time for it; but a decent Greek scholar I hope to be. I work away, but, alas! only by fits and starts."

In 1858 he writes to his sister: —

"Things go on in a kind of routine. Two voyages a year, five months in New Zealand, though certainly two-thirds of my flock are fresh every year. . . . And you know I can't write for the world at large anecdotes of missionary life, and swell the number of trashy books. . . . The school is the real work. Teaching adults to read a strange tongue is hard work; I have little doubt but that the bishop is right in saying they must be taught English, but it is so very difficult a language, not spelt a bit as pronounced; and their language is all vocalic, and so easy to put into writing.

"But if you like I will scatter anecdotes about — of how the bishop and his chaplain took headers, hand-in-hand, off the schooner and round-house; and how the bishop got knocked over at Leper's Island by a big wave; and how I borrowed a canoe at Terriko and paddled out yams as fast as the bishop brought them to our boat, &c.; but this is rubbish."

The question of the advantage of forming a school on an island within the tropics was one which often suggested itself to the bishop and Mr. Patteson. The advantages and disadvanta-

ges were so nearly balanced that it was difficult to fix on a decided course of action.

First of all, there was the consideration of health — some of the lads were much tried by a residence of any length of time in the cold climate of New Zealand; but then, on the other hand, there was the consideration that in the midst of civilization the general influence itself was educative. “I can hardly have quite the same control,” says Mr. Patteson, “over lads brought to an island itself wholly unconverted, as I can have over them in New Zealand: but, as a rule, Melanesians are very tractable.”

At the same time, however, it was thought best to try the experiment, and Lifu was fixed upon in 1858. On June 16th accordingly, Mr. Patteson was landed there, for residence, having with him twelve lads from the north-west islands — from seven islands, speaking no fewer than six languages. He and four boys slept in one of the corner rooms, the other eight lads in another, and the Rarotogan teacher, Tutoo, and his wife, in a third. The central room was parlor, school, and hall, and as it had four unglazed windows and two doors opposite each other, and the trade winds always blowing, the inconvenience may be conceived.

Here Mr. Patteson in every respect shared the life of the natives — the main staple of food be-

ing yams, with only now and then a fowl or bit of pig for dinner; but, after due trial, in which patience did all that patience could do to overcome nature, it was found that English strength could not be kept up on an exclusive diet of yams. But the Loyalty Islands are not fruitful: "the soil is nothing, indeed, but rugged coral, upheaved, bare, and broken, and here and there with pits that have become filled with soil enough to grow yams and cocoanuts."

On August 2, 1858, he preached his two first Lifu sermons — "Rather nervous, but I knew I had command enough of the language to explain my meaning." Constant private teaching to individuals was carried on; two hundred and fifty copies of the Lifu primer had been dispersed where thousands were wanted, and Mr. Patteson wrote a little book of some sixteen pages, containing a statement of the outlines of the faith, and of scripture history; but this had to be printed in New Zealand.

The many difficulties that had arisen — including those with respect to variety of diet — might have been overcome, had it not been that perplexities began to arise through the French Government occupying New Caledonia, and the nearness of the Loyalty group becoming tempting to them. More and more obstacles were placed in the way of the work. Mr. Patteson soon began

to see that the station could not be continued at Lifu, but he wrought on till the time fixed for the appearance of the *Southern Cross*. She was delayed, however, owing to an accident which had befallen her, and he thus wrote, while waiting anxiously for her appearance :—

“The interest of the work is becoming more and more absorbing, so that, much as there is indeed going on in your world to distract and grieve one, it comes to me so weakened by time and distance, that I don't sympathize as I ought with those who are suffering so dreadfully from the Indian Mutiny, or the commercial failure, or the great excitement and agitation of the country. You can understand how this can be, perhaps; for my actual present *work* leaves me small leisure for reflecting, and for placing myself in the position of others at a distance; and when I have a moment's time, surely it is right that I should be in heart at Feniton, with those dear ones, and especially my dear father, of whom I have not heard for five months, so that I am very anxious as to what account of him the *Southern Cross* may bring.”

The *Southern Cross* had run on a reef, and had to be re-coppered; and owing to this delay, and the bishop's arrangement to start on a confirmation tour among the New Zealanders in November, only a few of the seventy and odd islands

could be visited; but they had no fewer than four Pitcairners and forty-seven Melanesians on board, of whom three were young married women, and two were babies — a very large number for the size of the ship; but all were kept in excellent health and order by Bishop Selwyn's arrangements for cleanliness, &c. Mr. Patteson thus describes the style of life during the voyage:—

“One gets so used to this sort of thing that I sleep just as well as I used to do in my own room at home, and by half past six or seven A. M. all vestiges of anything connected with sleeping arrangements have vanished, and the cabins look like what they are—large and roomy. We have, you know, no separate cabins filled with bunks, &c.—abominations specially contrived to conceal dirt, and prevent ventilation.

“Light calico curtains answer all purposes of dividing off a cabin into compartments; but we agree to live together, and no one has found it unpleasant as yet. We turn a part of our cabin into a sleeping-room at night for the three women and two babies, by means of a canvas screen. Bishop looks after them, washes the babies, tends the women when sick, &c., while I, by virtue of being a bachelor, shirk all the trouble. One of these women is now coming for the second time to the college; her name is Carry; Margaret

Cho is on her second visit, and Hearore is the young bride of Kapua, now coming for the third time, and baptized last year."

He writes to Miss Neill about the same time :

"Openings are being made in all directions, and had we men of trust we could occupy them at once. As it is, we keep up a communication with seventy-four islands, waiting, if it may be, that men may be sent, trying to educate picked men-to be teachers ; but I am not very sanguine about that."

During the summers of 1857-8 and 1858-9, the Loyalty Islanders mustered in great numbers at St. John's College. Mr. Patteson worked very hard these years at translations, and there was an immense enthusiasm about printing ; the Lifu-ites and Nengonese striving each to get the most in their own language.

For the sake of the pupils from tropical islands, the college was in 1859 removed to St. Andrews, Kohimarama, a sheltered bay opposite the entrance to the harbor at Auckland, and Mr. Patteson devoted himself with fresh energy to their training and welfare. A settlement had likewise been made in the Banks group, on Mota, or Sugar-loaf Island, which lies opposite to Port Patteson — named, as it will be remembered, by Bishop Selwyn after Sir John Patteson, Coley's father — and the "first home in Melanesia" built

here, "at least a hundred natives coming to help in the building, and pulling down materials from their own houses to make the roof."

Probably the considerations that more than any other determined this settlement were the comparative healthfulness and fruitfulness of the island — the bread-fruit growing profusely — combined with the fact that, whilst the Solomon Islanders were found to be the quickest and most brilliant, they were far less steady and trustworthy and attachable than were the Banks Islanders. But the three months' residence on Mota had its own disadvantages, for, during that long period, Mr. Patteson was entirely out of the reach of letters.

The days were laid out thus: — Morning school in the village, first with the regular scholars, then with any one who liked to come in; and then, when the weather permitted, a visit to some village, sometimes walking all round, a circuit of ten miles, but generally each of the two taking a separate village, talking to the people, teaching them from cards and encouraging interrogatories. Mr. Patteson always had such an attraction for them that they would throng round him wherever he went.

He tells us:—"We have seven Solomon Islanders — five from a village at the north-west of San Cristoval, and two from the south-east

point of Guadalcanar or Gera, a magnificent island about twenty or twenty-five miles to the northwest of San Cristoval [*i. e.* Bauro]. From frequent intercourse they are almost bilingual, a great 'lounge' for me, as one language does for both; the structure of the two island tongues is the same, but scarcely any words much alike." From Nengoné there were four men and two women.

Here he found much of the rest and quiet of mind for which he longed, and he thus records the benefit of a period of residence:—

• "I like quiet and rest, and no railroads, and no daily posts, and above all, no visitors: mere consumers of time, mere idlers and producers of idleness. So, without any post, and nothing for a cart on wheels, save a wheel-barrow, and no visitors and no shops, I get on very happily and contentedly. The life here is to me, I must confess, luxurious, because I have what I like—great punctuality, early hours, regular school work, regular reading, very simple living; the three daily meals in hall take about seventy minutes, all put together, and so little time is lost; and then the climate is delightful."

In 1859, he had written:—"With the languages of four groups we are now fairly acquainted, besides some of the distinguishing dialects, which differ very much from one another;

nevertheless I think that by-and-by we shall connect them all, if we live; but as some dialects may have dropped out altogether, we may want a few links in the chain to demonstrate the connection fully to people at a distance."

Every day, indeed, afforded illustration of his remarkable aptitude in following up difficulties in language; and had he been spared there can be no doubt that he would have made substantial contributions to philology. As it is, he has done more than any other to compare and co-ordinate the various tongues and dialects of the South Pacific.

But amid all this his interest in home and his old friends was, if possible, intensified by absence and distance. How he loved to snatch a half-hour to think of them and to write to them! Scarcely a chance was missed by him for sending a dispatch home, and other friends were often pleasantly surprised to find they were remembered, by a note which was utterly unexpected. Near the close of his life — in a time of peculiar perplexity — he wrote to Principal Shairp, thanking him for the teaching embodied in his "Religion and Culture," &c.

His relations to his aged father were quite unique. He was the eldest son, but no consideration that was in the remotest alien to the work in which he was engaged was allowed to

intrude for a moment. The mutual renunciations of father and son, for the sake of Melanesia, from first to last are indeed very beautiful to read of. How the ties of kindred and affection seemed to grow closer and closer the more that Mr. Patteson became engrossed in his work, affording him "sweet relief" in brief moments of leisure or weariness! and how, on the other hand, the aged judge became, if possible, more reconciled to his son's absence the more that nature would have urged the necessity of his having Coley beside him, to support him in the midst of growing infirmities! Thus the son writes in July, 1859:—

"Of course it is useless to speculate on the future, but I see nothing at all to make it likely that I shall ever revisit England. I can't very well conceive any such state of things as would make it a duty to gratify my constant inclination. And, my dear father, I don't scruple to say (for you will understand me) that I am happier here than I should be in England, where, even though I were absent only a few months, I should bear about with me the constant weight of knowing that Melanesia was not provided for.

"And, strange as it may seem, this has quite ceased to be a trial to me. The effort of subduing the longing desire to see you is no longer a great one; I feel I am cheerful, and bright, and light-hearted, and that I have really everything

to make a man thankful and content. And if you could see the thankful look of the bishop, when he is again assured that there is no item of regret or desire to call me home on your part, you would feel, I know, that colonial work does require an unconditional, unreserved surrender of a man to whatever he may find to do."

And this was the tone in which, amid failing faculties, the old man was wont to write concerning Coley; he is addressing Bishop Selwyn:—

"You write most kindly touching him, dear fellow, and truly I am to be envied, *qui natum haberem tali ingenio præditum*. Not for a moment have I repented of giving my sanction to his going out to New Zealand; and I fully believe that God will prosper his work. I did not contemplate his becoming a bishop, nor is that the circumstance which gives me the great satisfaction I feel. It is his devotion to so good a work, and that he should have been found adequate to its performance; whether as bishop or as priest is not of itself of so much importance."

The reference to the bishopric is explained by the fact that gradually, during the last two years, Coley had been more and more working independently, opening up new paths, and attesting not only a power of marking out available lines of enterprise, but giving ample proof of the desirability of having a fresh sphere of labor, into

which he would feel more free to carry his remarkable organizing gift. Not that he himself had ever felt in any way hampered by his association with Bishop Selwyn; wholly the reverse. He was rather inclined to regard himself as disqualified to assume a position of authority, as the following quotation from a letter referring to the very first hint of his appointment to a Melanesian bishopric will show:—

“ Seriously, I am not at all fitted to do anything but work under a good man. Of course, should I survive the bishop, and no other man come out, why it is better that the ensign should assume the command than to give up the struggle altogether. But this, of course, is pure speculation. The bishop is hearty, and I pray God may be Bishop of Melanesia for twenty years to come, and by that time there will be many more competent men than I ever shall be to succeed him, to say nothing of possible casualties, climate, &c.”

But the counsel and opinion of others prevailed in this matter. He was consecrated bishop in February, 1861, and in April was installed at Kohimarama. No sooner was the installation ceremony over than he wrote thus to his father:—

“ How can I thank you for giving me up to this work, and for all the wise and loving words

with which you constantly cheer and encourage me? Your blessing comes now to cheer and strengthen me. I thank God that He enables us at the two ends of the world to see this matter in the same way, so that no conflict of duties arises in my mind. . . . I almost fear to write that I am a bishop in the church of Christ. May God strengthen me for the duties of the office, to which I trust he has indeed called me! . . .

“What some of you say about self-possession on one’s going about among the poor people being marvelous, is just what of course appears to me commonplace. Of course it is wrong to risk one’s life, but to carry one’s life in one’s hand is what other soldiers besides those of the Cross do habitually; and no one, as I think, would willingly hurt a hair of my head in Melanesia, or that part of it where I am known.

“How I think of those islands! How I see those bright coral and sandy beaches, strips of burning sunshine fringing the masses of forest rising into ridges of hills, covered with a dense mat of vegetation! Hundreds of people are crowding upon them, naked, armed, with wild uncouth cries and gestures; I cannot talk to them but by signs. But they are my children
 w! May God enable me to do my duty to
 en
 bility”

His next seven months' trip among the islands was delayed owing to the difficulty of finding a craft to take the place of the *Southern Cross*, which during the former voyage had run on a shoal called the Hen and Chickens, at the head of Ngunguru Bay, and had speedily broken up, after full five years' service. There was nothing to approach, not to speak of equalling her.

“Vessels built for freight,” says the bishop, “are to the *Southern Cross* as a cart-horse to a thoroughbred steed, and we must have some vessel which can do the work quickly among the multitude of the isles, and many other reasons there are which *we seamen* only perhaps can judge fully, which make it quite essential to the carrying on of this peculiar mission that we should have a vessel of a peculiar kind.” The best that could be done meanwhile, however, was to charter the *Dunedin*—a vessel not in the best repair, “the pumps going every two hours,” to carry them to Mota, after having undergone some preliminary “caulking.”

Off Erromango, on the 4th June, he thus writes to his old tutor:—“Naturally I think of Eton, and of you especially, to-day. I hope you have as fine a day coming for the cricket-match, and for Surley, as I have here. . . . How I shall think of you all seven days hence, meeting

in Stephen Hawtrey's house! How you will wonder at the news of my consecration, and well you may! I would, indeed, that there were a dozen men out here under whom I was working, if only they were such men as the primate would have chosen for the work." And surely nothing could more than this conclusively prove what we said a moment ago of his thoughtful remembrance of old friends and old associations.

At Erromango, the bishop heard of the mournful deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the Scotch missionaries, who had become victims to the wild superstitions of the people. But Bishop Patteson had full faith in his own safety. Indeed, very shortly after this, as we have been informed by one who knows well, he landed on Erromango, and made his way to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and read over them the funeral service *as a mark of his respect* for these his brave and martyred fellow-workers in the South Pacific.

Reaching Mota, and finding the home that had been erected on a former visit all secure, he soon set out in an open boat to pay a round of visits to the other islands of the Banks group, returning to their homes such of the Banks Islanders as he had had with him.

"As we pulled away from Aruas," he tells us, "one elderly man drew his bow, and the women

and children ran off into the bush, here, as everywhere almost in these islands, growing quite thickly some twenty yards above water-mark. The man did not let fly his arrow. I cannot tell why this small demonstration took place," Probably the reason that the man desisted as he did was simply that the bishop, when an arrow was pointed at him, was wont to look the archer full in the face with his bright smile, and the look of cheery confidence and good-will made the weapon drop.

When another time, at Ambrym, an incident of the same sort took place—a man raising his bow and drawing it, then unbending it, and finally bending it again, as others were apparently dissuading him from letting fly the arrow—the bishop simply regards this as a result of not landing oftener, and writes: "We must try and make more frequent landings."

H.M.S. *Cordelia*, under Captain Hume, which took him off Mota on this occasion, and carried him to the Solomon Islands, for his next visitation there, brought him word of the serious illness of his father; so that it was hardly a shock to him when on reaching Norfolk Island, on his return, he learned the first news of the judge's death from the Sydney papers. He took it as though it had been long prepared for; and the only evidence of change towards those about him

was, if possible, a greater sweetness in his manner and ways towards them.

It was during this voyage that Bishop Patten so engaged the interest of Lieutenant Capel Tilly, R.N., that that officer undertook to return to England with the *Cordelia* to watch over the building of the new *Southern Cross*, and return again with her to the South Pacific, to act as her commanding officer.

On his return to Kohimarama in the end of the year the old life was resumed, and Lady Martin thus sketches the settlement at the time:—

“The new settlement was then thought to be healthy, and he and his boys alike rejoiced in the warmth of the sheltered bay after the keenness of the air at St. John’s on the higher ground. The place looked very pretty. The green fields, and hawthorn hedges, and the sleek cattle reminded me of England. As a strong contrast, there was the white shelly beach and yellow sands. Here the boys sunned themselves in play-hours, or fished on the rocks, or cooked their fish at driftwood fires. On calm days one or two would skim across the blue water in their tiny canoes.

“One great charm of the place was the freedom and naturalness of the whole party. There was no attempt to force an overstrained piety on

those wild fellows who showed their sincerity by coming with the bishop. By five in the morning all were astir, and jokes and laughter, and shrill, unaccountable cries, would rouse us up, and go on all day, save when school and chapel came to sober them.

“The bishop had not lost his Eton tastes, and only liked to see them play games, and the little, fat, merry-faced lads were always on the look-out for a bit of fun with him. One evening a tea-drinking was given in the hall in honor of us. The Mota boys sung in the twilight the story of the first arrival of the mission vessel, and of their wonder at it. The air, with a monotonous not unpleasing refrain, reminded us of some old French Canadian ditties. I remember well the excitement when the bishop sent up a fire-balloon. It sailed away towards the sea, and down rushed the whole Melanesian party, shrieking with delight after it.

“Our dear friend’s own quarters were very tiny, and a great contrast to his large airy house at St. John’s. He occupied a corner house in the quadrangle, to be close to the boys. Neither bed-room nor sitting-room was more than ten feet square. Everything was orderly, as was his wont. Photographs of the faces and places he loved best hung on the walls. Just by the door was his standing desk, with folios and lexicons.

A table, covered with books and papers in divers languages, and a chair or two, completed his stock of furniture.

“The door stood open all day long in fine weather, and the bishop was seldom alone. One or other of the boys would steal quietly in and sit down. They did not need to be amused, nor did they interrupt his work. They were quite content to be near him, and to get now and then a kind word or a pleasant smile. It was the habitual gentle sympathy and friendliness on his part that won the confidence of the wild, timid people who had been brought up in an element of mistrust, and which enabled them, after a while, to come and open their hearts to him.”

Mr. Whytehead has given the following graphic picture of the bishop and his scholars at this period, which may well supplement Lady Martin's description:—

“On proceeding down to Kohimarama to join the vessel, I found her moored off the station, and preparations being made for the voyage. Spars were being sent aloft, gear was being rove, and sails bent. All day the boats, manned by pupils in charge of teachers, were bringing off stores, personal effects, &c. It was then that I first saw some of the natives of the Western Pacific.

“Very intelligent-looking, bright-eyed little

fellows were these boys, and exceedingly nice they looked in their loose shirts, straw hats, and canvas trousers. They worked heartily too, and seemed to enjoy the bustle of preparation, no doubt anticipating the joys of once more seeing their friends and homes, and relating the wonders they had beheld in the white man's country.

“The first time I saw Bishop Patteson I was struck with the wonderful power of attraction which he seemed to possess. It was not in his face alone, but in his whole manner that this force was to be found. I was walking on the beach one evening after working hours, a day or two after joining, when he came out of his rooms, which formed part of the main building of the school. The boys were all playing on the grass before the doors, but his appearance was the signal for them all to leave off their various little amusements and run clustering round him. Some seized his hands, others the skirts of his coat, and all had a word of happiness at seeing him. The scene reminded me of nothing so much as a hen gathering her chickens under her wings. He passed each arm round the neck of one of the taller boys, and with the rest tripping along like a body-guard on all sides of him he slowly advanced towards the beach. I stood smiling at the spectacle. The group neared me, and the bishop, remarking my expression, said that he

supposed I had never seen anything of the kind before. I confessed that I had not, but that it was very delightful to see such intelligent and affectionate-looking boys. He asked me how I liked the place, if things were comfortable on board the vessel, and other questions, showing that he took a kind and lively interest in the comfort and happiness of every one of his party.

“It was this kindness in little matters of detail which always gained for Bishop Patteson the love of those with whom he came in contact. I do not believe there was a man belonging to the ship’s company who would have hesitated at anything to serve the bishop. He was thoroughly respected and looked up to, and yet at the same time he was loved by those around him in such a way as few men ever have the happiness to be.”

This was the summer of his year, during which he enjoyed the peaceful sunshine of society with minds, so far, congenial; it was different when he was on his voyages, exposed to all sorts of perils. He thus indicates one class of these in writing to Mrs. Martyn:—

“Those nights when I lie down, in a long hut, among forty or fifty naked men, cannibals — the only Christian on the island — that is the time, Sophy, to pour out the heart in prayer and supplication, that they — those dark wild heathens

about me — may be turned from Satan to God.”

The year 1862 was remarkable for a voyage in a chartered vessel, the *Sea-breeze*, in which various islands of the Solomon and New Hebrides groups were visited, and frequent landings made on the island of Santa Cruz at points where they had not landed before. The natives are very ingenious — carving elaborate arrows and as elaborately poisoning them ; but the bishop met only with kindness and attention.

“ Two or three of the men took off little ornaments and gave them to me ; one bright pretty boy especially I remember, who took off his shell necklace and put it round my neck, making me understand, partly by words, but more by signs, that he was afraid to come now, but would do so if I returned, as I said, in eight or ten moons. Large baskets of almonds were given me, and other food also thrown into the boat. I made a poor return by giving some fish-hooks and a tomahawk to the man whom I took to be the person of most consequence.

“ On shore the women came freely up to me among the crowd, but they were afraid to venture down to the beach. Now, this is the island about which we have long felt a great difficulty as to the right way of obtaining any communication with the natives. This year, why and how I cannot tell, the way was opened beyond all expectation.”

At Leper's Island and Malanta, at Misial and at Ysabel, such pleasant days were likewise spent; and even at Tikopia, where the people are very powerful in person and unmanageable in spirit, a good impression was made.

In November the bishop returned to Kohimarama, and immediately set about the work there. He congratulates himself on the increased openings for mission stations, and though he felt the lack of workers, he was full of hope that the Banks Archipelago would soon supply a working staff.

One of his great ideas, indeed, was to form centres for independent native missionary effort — having become more and more convinced that the Melanesians would be the most efficient missionaries to each other. Hence the concern with which he now warned those at home about the “right men” for his staff, knowing that any false ideas imported from home would have a very alien influence on the natives. Here is one passage in which we gather up his oft-repeated convictions on this head:—

“You know I have long felt that there is harm done by trying to make these islanders like English people. All that is needed for decency and propriety in the arrangements of houses, in dress, &c., we must get them to adopt, but they are to be Melanesian, not English, Christians. We are

so far removed from them in matters not at all necessarily connected with Christianity, that unless we can denationalize ourselves and eliminate all that belongs to us as English, and not as Christians, we cannot be to them what a well-instructed countryman may be. He is nearer to them. They understand him. He brings the teaching to them in a practical and intelligible form."

And the practical side of the matter he illustrates by this confession:—

"We make no distinction whatever between English and Melanesian members of the mission as such. No Melanesian is excluded from any office of trust. No classification is made of higher and lower kinds of work, of work befitting a white man and work befitting a black man. English and Melanesian scholars or teachers work together in the school, printing-office, dairy, kitchen, farm.

"The senior clergyman of the mission labors most of all with his own hands at the work sometimes described as menial work. . . . Young men and lads come to us and say, 'Let me do that. I can't write the language, or do many things you or Mr. Pritt or Mr. Palmer do, so let me scrub your floor, or brush your shoes, or fetch some water.' And, of course, we let them do so, for the doing it is accompanied by no feeling of

degradation in their minds; they have seen us always doing these things, and not requiring them to do them as if it were the natural work for them because they are black, and not proper for us because we are white."

On another occasion, on the eve of leaving New Zealand, he breaks out with confidence:—

"I solve the difficulty in Melanesian work by saying, 'Use Melanesians.' I tell people plainly I don't want white men. . . . I have no intention of taking any more from England, Australia, or New Zealand. I sum it thus: they cost about ten times as much as the Melanesian (literally), and but a very small proportion do the work as well."

The carrying out of this principle of equality, however, was one so surrounded with difficulties that only a man like Bishop Patteson — patient, trustful, affectionate, and winning men by his affection — could possibly have succeeded in it; and it was above all necessary, in view of this, that he should be supported and assisted not only by men like-minded, but men constitutionally gifted with patience, prudence, and common sense, almost equal to his own. Hence it was that, in writing home, he got into a habit of discouraging the sending out of helpers; but still, at the same time, urging on his friends the peculiar qualities required in any who should come.

“ You know the kind of men who have got rid of the conventional notion that more self-denial is needed for a missionary than for a sailor or soldier, who are sent anywhere, and leave home and country for years, and think nothing of it, because they go ‘ on duty.’

“ Alas ! we don’t so read our ordination vows. A fellow with a healthy, active tone of mind, plenty of enterprise, and some enthusiasm, who makes the best of everything, and, above all, does not think himself better than other people because he is engaged in mission work — that is the fellow we want. . . . A man who takes the sentimental view of coral islands and coconuts, of course, is worse than useless ; a man possessed with the idea that he is making a sacrifice will never do ; and a man who thinks any kind of work ‘ beneath a gentleman ’ will simply be in the way, and be rather uncomfortable at seeing the bishop do what he thinks degrading to himself.”

In another place he thus signalizes other qualities most necessary in the men who should be chosen to join such a work as his. And his words may be held to have a value for all missionaries at work amongst the heathen : —

“ Men are needed who have what I may call strong religious common sense to adapt Christianity to the wants of the various nations that

live in Melanesia, without compromising any truth of doctrine or principle of conduct; men who can see in the midst of the errors and superstitions of a people whatever fragment of truth or symptom of a yearning after something better may exist among them, and make that the *point d'appui* upon which they may build up the structure of Christian teaching. Men, moreover, of industry, they must be, for it is useless to talk of 'picking up languages.' Of course, in a few days a man may learn to talk superficially and inaccurately on a few subjects; but to teach Christianity a man must know the language well, and this is learnt only by hard work."

He was harassed with the idea that his perpetual voyaging from place to place was a great cause of loss of influence with his boys; and on this point he thus touchingly expresses himself:—

"The main difficulty remains of retaining our hold upon boys. Oh, that I could live permanently in twenty islands at once. But I can't do so on even one; and all the letter-writing and accounts, and, worst of all, the necessity for being trustee for matters not a bit connected with Melanesia, because there is no one else, interferes sadly with my time. I think I could work away with the languages, &c., and really do something with these fellows, but I never get a chance. I

never have two days together which I can spend exclusively at Melanesian work. And I ought to have nothing whatever to distract me. Twenty languages calling for arrangement and comparison causes confusion enough."

But, in spite of all this, he is able to record as the result of the work of 1862:—

"We have never had so satisfactory a set of scholars. Out of twenty-eight (exclusive of three native teachers), only one, who has been an invalid almost all the summer, is unable to read and write. The first class (which indeed should, by rights, be subdivided) consists of nine. All may be regarded as catechumens. I should not hesitate to baptize them at once, if attacked with sudden illness, for example."

Another confession of a somewhat singular kind we also came on at this time, of which some record may here be made, for it is exceedingly characteristic of the bishop.

"I am less shy than I was, and with real gentlemen feel no difficulty in discussing points on which we differ. It is the vulgar, uneducated fellow that beats me. The Melanesians, laugh as you may at it, are naturally gentlemanly and courteous and well-bred. I never saw a 'gent' in Melanesia, though not a few downright savages. I vastly prefer the savages."

He found so many demands made on his time

by indifferent matters while in New Zealand that already he felt, as a strong inducement to transfer the school from New Zealand within the tropics, the hope of escaping from some of the unnecessary worry and consultation. What he wrote later, in 1865, would so far express the feeling that very often visited him now.

“Sometimes I do feel tempted to long for Curtis Island, merely to get away from New Zealand. I feel as if I should never do anything here. Everything is in arrears. I turn out of a morning, and really don't know what to take at first. Then just as I am in the middle of a letter, down comes some donkey to take up a quarter of an hour (lucky if not an hour) with idle nonsense; then in the afternoon an invasion of visitors, which is worst of all. That fatal invention of ‘calling!’”

But, in the midst of all this bustle and waste of time, he found leisure to write home letters full of interesting accounts of his work, but abounding also in side-glances at events or tendencies in England; or in discussions on Capital and Labor and their relations, and the evils incident to a luxurious society, especially penned for his father's eye. This is how he deals with Ritualism in a communication to his cousin:—

“It is difficult without much more time at command to write on the Ritualist question. I

believe that the best men among them are actuated by the desire for unity of which you speak. To me it seems that such unity is not to be secured by vestments, incense, &c., and an approximation in ceremonial (and I fear, in some cases, in doctrine) to Mediævalism, which is a departure in so many points from antiquity."

Of his manner of life at Kohimarama at this time, he thus tells his sisters, with a little of the quiet humor that he was wont to throw across dull and ordinary routine: —

"Up at five, when I go round and pull the blankets, not without many a joke, off the boys; many of the party are already up and washing.

Then just before prayers I go to the kitchen and see that all is ready for breakfast. Prayers at quarter of six in English, Mota, Bauro, &c., beginning with a Mota hymn, and ending with the Lord's Prayer in English. Breakfast immediately after: at our table, Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, and young Atkin, who has just joined us. At the teacher's table, five Norfolk Islanders, Edward (a Maori), five girls, and two of their husbands, and the three girls being placed at the table because they *are* girls; Melanesians at the other three tables indiscriminately."

The new *Southern Cross*, procured mainly by the efforts of Mr. Keble and Dr. Moberly, arrived on the 18th of February, 1863, and was found

every way well suited for her purpose. He thus announced her arrival to Miss Yonge:—

“The *Southern Cross* arrived safely this morning, thanks to God! What it is to us even you can hardly tell; I know not how to pour out my thankfulness. She seems admirably adapted for the work. Mr. Tilly’s report of her performance is most satisfactory; safe, fast, steers well, and very manageable. Internal arrangements very good; after-cabin too luxurious; but then that may be wanted for sick folk, and as it *is* luxurious, why I shall get a soft bed, and take to it very kindly.”

It must have been a proud moment to the bishop when he set out in his first trial voyage in the new ship, bearing his own flag—the mitre and Southern Cross constellation in gold on a blue field—an ensign the natives soon began to know and welcome and look for.

But the joy that was felt over this event was soon dashed by a distressing visitation which carried off several of the native lads. Miss Yonge thus indicates its nature:—

“Whether it was from the large numbers, or the effect of the colder climate, or from what cause could not be told, but a frightful attack of dysentery fell upon the Melanesians, and for several weeks suffering prevailed among them. How Bishop Patteson tended them during this time can be better guessed than described.

“Archdeacon Lloyd, who came to assist in the cares of the small party of clergy, can find no words to express the devotion with which the bishop nursed them, comforting and supporting them, never shrinking from the most repulsive offices, even bearing out the dead silently at night, lest the others should see and be alarmed. Still no mail, except during the voyages, had ever left New Zealand without a dispatch for home; and time was snatched in the midst of all this distress for greetings in the same beautiful, minute, clear hand as usual.”

In a letter home, at this trying time, he says: “Since this day fortnight I have scarcely slept night or day, but by snatching an hour here and there; others are working quite as hard, and all the good points of our Melanesian staff are brought out, as you may suppose.”

Six of the children were taken thus — the last one Sosaman — “a dear lad, one of the Banks Islanders, about ten or twelve years old.” By him at the last Bishop Patteson knelt, closing the eyes in death. “I can see his mother’s face now,” he writes. “What will she say to me, she who knows not the Christian’s life in death? . . . I washed him and laid him out as usual in a linen sheet. How white it looked! So much more simple and touching than the coffin — the form just discernible as it lay where five had lain before.”

It can easily be imagined how severe would be the trial of visiting the relatives of the deceased islanders on the next voyage; but that was got over with less pain than might have been expected; for in the hearts of most of them the seed of Christian faith had struck root and grown — one father at Mota saying to him, “It is all well, bishop; he died well. I know you did all you could; it is all well.” And fresh scholars came from these islands in plenty.

“At Aruas, the small island close to Valua, from which dear Sosaman came, it was just the same,” he tells us; “rather different at the west side of Vanua Lava, where they did not behave so well, and where (as I heard afterwards) there had been some talk of shooting me; but nothing occurred while I was on shore to alarm me.”

Their landings, never wholly without risk, now became at some points so dangerous that many men would have altogether desisted from going ashore. Mr. Whytehead thus describes the system adopted in these landings:—

“There was much risk connected with these boating trips. The mode of procedure was for the schooner to stand into the smooth water, on the lee side of the island to be visited. The bishop’s whale-boat was then lowered and manned by his own volunteer crew.

“The bishop and his coxswain having taken

their seats, the boat would dash off shorewards, whilst the schooner's foretopsail was laid aback, and she would remain hove to, about a mile or so from shore, watching the boat. The latter would coast along from village to village, the bishop landing here and there, the vessel following, keeping a safe offing; and at the conclusion of the day, or when the boat gave a signal, standing close in to pick her up.

“ But the difficulty, first of all, lay in landing. Even on the lee side of these islands there is often much surf, and in smooth water the coral reefs with which they are surrounded are dangerous neighbors for a boat's planking. And so it often happened that the boat remained outside the reef at a safe distance, whilst the bishop jumped overboard and swam or waded ashore, as the case might be. And here again were new and still more terrible dangers which that undaunted hero faced with extraordinary calmness and intrepidity. Perhaps, as was often the case, he desired to effect a landing at a new place, a village with which he had never previously held communication, of whose language he knew nothing.

“ On the beach he would be met by a party of wild and fearful-looking savages, stark naked, all armed with their cruel-looking clubs and spears, chattering, yelling, and brandishing their weap-

ons like so many demons. I have frequently, whilst on duty, watched the bishop from the schooner's deck with a glass, landing under these circumstances, his clothing dripping with water, his hands open and held up to show that he carried no weapon.

“I have seen him under such circumstances calmly advance up the beach into the very midst of such a party of ferocious beings. As he would advance, they would close round him; his black coat would be lost to sight among their brown bodies; nothing could be seen but a brown mass and a vision of waving arms and ponderous clubs, whilst a chorus of horrible yells would awake the echoes of the shores.

“Then, after an interval, the brown mass might be seen steadily and slowly creeping towards the green skirting of scrub which backed the coral sands: one or two of the nude figures would dash out from the group and disappear, shouting, amid the tropical foliage. Additional forms could be observed emerging from behind bushes and trunks of trees, many of them women and children; then, for a while, all would be quiet. Perhaps in half an hour the brown fellows would begin to assemble again on the beach, then more shouting, then the bishop would come into view, leading by each hand a tiny brown boy, then the brown mass, as before, gesticulating and shouting.

“Then the farewell: the bishop, turning, would make his last presents, shake hands with all who desired, and plunge into the surf with the two boys. ‘Brace up the foreyard; let draw; up with your helm, and get way on her;’ and away would tear the gallant schooner on a wind, standing as close in shore as possible.

“‘Hard a-lee;’ the vessel is round, and hove to on the other tack, the boat is alongside, and first the bishop hands up his new acquisitions. They are the first thought; the boys already on board gather round them in curiosity. This rather increases the alarm of the already nervous little fellows. The older boys have matriculated; they have experienced the delights of ship’s bread and nicely boiled yams; the new-comers know not what is in store; already they half repent their rashness in coming, and wish they were safe ashore.

“The bishop meanwhile has dived below into his cabin, and brought up a couple of shirts, and soon the youngsters find themselves adorned in a manner to them so novel as to absorb all their present attention. Probably half the day has thus been expended: in this case the bishop and his party have some dinner preparatory to their afternoon expedition. Perhaps the evening has already arrived; and if so, the boat is hoisted up, sail is either made or reduced, as circumstances

or the state of the weather demand, and all is snug for the night.

“Many such days as this have I seen on board the mission yacht, and this was the usual way in which the bishop obtained his new pupils. But there were many islands at which he was well known, and at these he could usually obtain as many pupils as he desired. In fact, frequently he was compelled to refuse the applications of boys who desired to accompany him, since the accommodation of the vessel, and of the mission buildings, and the state of the funds, would not permit of as much extension of the work as could have been desired.”

The death of Sosaman and the other scholars practically re-opened the question whether New Zealand would be a safe residence for the great body of Melanesian youth, and it was decided in the negative. A visit to Melbourne, Sydney, and other places, enabled the bishop to make appeal for aid towards establishing another station, which did not pass without response; and plans were formed to transfer the school to a healthy and well-watered part of Curtis Island, east of Queensland.

This was mainly fixed on with the idea of native Australians also being taken to the mission station. But though Curtis Island was visited, it was not found possible to leave a party there

then to try the experiment; and the *Southern Cross* sailed to Santa Cruz, to meet that fatal attack in Graciosa Bay, which in its results stands out a mournful episode in the life of Bishop Patteson. The party were shot at, and three of them severely wounded with arrows.

Mr. Whytehead thus describes the appearance of the boat when it reached the vessel:—

“Stretched beneath the thwarts, his face looking deathly white, and with the broken end of a large arrow protruding from his bare breast, lay poor Pearce, groaning heavily. On one thwart sat Edwin Nobbs with another broken arrow sticking in his cheek; whilst Fisher Young tried to smile, in spite of the agony of an arrow which had transfixed his wrist. Atkin and Christian, the uninjured ones of the crew, were working the boat, whilst Bishop Patteson, a look of inexpressible grief upon his beautiful features, was directing the proceedings.”

Tetanus or lock-jaw supervened, and Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs died in great agony; whilst Pearce, whose wound had been the worst, completely recovered. Young and Nobbs were Norfolk Islanders, “two of the most beautiful characters,” says Mr. Whytehead, “I ever met;” and were to the bishop as the apple of his eye. For the former, indeed, the bishop had all the affection of a father; he loved all the scholars,

but he loved Fisher Young in quite a peculiar way, as he thus indicates in a touching note to his sister:—

“But, my dear Fan, Fisher most of all supplied to me the absence of earthly relations and friends. He was my boy; I loved him as, I think, I never loved any one else. I don't mean *more* than you all, but in a different way; not as one loves another of equal age, but as a parent loves a child. I can hardly think of my little room at Kohimarama without him. I long for the sight of his dear face, the sound of his voice. It was my delight to teach him.”

And shortly afterwards he wrote in this strain:—

“Oh, how I think with such ever-increasing love of dear Fisher and Edwin! How I praised God for them on All Saints' day! But I don't expect to recover spring and elasticity yet awhile. I don't think I ever shall feel so young again.”

It was a relief to the bishop on this occasion to reach home, to find some rest and recruitment; for the unusual strain and incessant tax on his energies had tried him greatly. And well pleased he must have been to find that his helpers were always so assiduous in his absences.

During the year 1865 a great advance was made in the industrial department of the mission work. About seventeen acres of land were taken

in hand and worked by Mr. Pritt, with the Melanesian lads. "We have our own dairy of thirteen cows," he says, "and, besides supplying the whole mission party, numbering in all seventy-seven persons, with abundance of milk, we sell considerable quantities of butter. We grow, of course, our own potatoes and vegetables and maize, &c., for our cows. The farm and dairy work affords another opportunity for teaching our young people to acquire habits of industry."

In the end of 1865 an official offer of a station on Norfolk Island was made; and though Curtis Island had not ceased to be thought of, the offer was all the more readily embraced in that the bishop's mind had for some time been made up on the expediency of a change to a place which was likely to suit both English and tropical constitutions alike, and he hoped to make the experiment the ensuing winter with Mr. Palmer and a small body of scholars; Norfolk Island being not only six hundred miles nearer to the Melanesian Islands than Auckland, but these the six hundred cold and boisterous miles that must be weathered at the end of each return voyage.

This change to Norfolk Island was charged with great issues for the mission; and on going back there the bishop must have been delighted to see the progress that had been made in the way of clearing and preparing by the party who

had been left under Mr. Palmer: and, the time being come, he proceeded on to the Mota settlement, full of hope.

Here he was absorbed in the scheming out of a Christian village—a long-cherished idea of his own, which had been happily met by a suggestion of George Sarawia, one of the earliest and best of the Banks pupils who had been ordained; and this was varied by quiet work of several kinds. “How he read, wrote, or did anything, is the marvel, with the hut constantly crowded by men who had nothing to do but gather round, in suffocating numbers, to stare at his pen traveling over the paper. . . . It is useless,” he says, “to talk about it, and one must humor them, or they will think I am vexed with them. The scholars, neatly clothed, with orderly and industrious habits, were no small contrast, but I miss as yet the link between them and the resident heathen people.”

He has, however, one cause for gladness that might well surprise students and dignitaries at home. He can congratulate himself that now he does not need to take any trouble about cooking, having got from England a supply of preserved meats which leaves him freer for the pleasant occupation, for an hour or so each day, in clearing away the brush, that in one year grows up surprisingly here. But he adds quaintly, “I can

make myself all sorts of good things, if I choose to take the trouble, and some days I do so. I bake a little bread now and then, and flatter myself it is uncommonly good."

A beautiful property, between Veverao and Maligo, of some ten acres, was chosen for the site of the village; and the intricate affair of settling with some sixteen different owners having been got over, the business of clearing and building was set about energetically. Then, having seen a start made, with George Sarawia established as head of the village, he departs on his voyage among the islands; and now we first get definitive hints of the evils being done by that semi-legalized slave-trade between the South-Sea Islands and New Caledonia and the white settlers in Fiji. The bishop writes:—

"I have made a little move in the matter. I wrote to a Wesleyan missionary in Fiji (Ovalau) who sent us some books. I am told that Government sanctions natives being brought upon agreement to work for pay, &c., and passage home in two years. We know the impossibility of making contracts with New Hebrides or Solomon natives. It is a mere sham, an evasion of some law passed, I dare say, without any dishonorable intention—to procure colonial labor. If necessary, I will go to Fiji or anywhere to procure information. But I saw a letter in a Sydney

paper which spoke strongly and properly of the necessity of the most stringent rules to prevent the white settlers from injuring the colored men."

Though Bishop Patteson had followed his own judgment on two decided points — the removal to Norfolk Island, and the use of the Mota language instead of English, and did not repent having done so — still the being left with none to look up to as an authority was a heavy trial and strain on mind and body, and brought on another stage in that premature age which the climate and constant toil were bringing upon him when most men are still in the fullness of their strength; and this, notwithstanding that the party were in excellent health, and the land found to be so productive that it was hoped they would very soon have an export; whilst, as to the adoption of the language of Mota, he could say that it was beginning to be a very fair channel for communicating accurate theological teaching, they having to a large extent made it so by assigning deeper meanings to existing words.

Other departments of mission work did not pause. In July, 1868 — though an outbreak of typhus in several of the islands had given great concern, carried off some of the scholars, and tried the missionary much — he tells us "they have now in Mota, in print, St. Luke and the

Acts, and soon will have St. John, which is all ready ; and in manuscript they have a manual of the Catechism, abstracts of the books of the Old Testament, papers on prophecy, &c. All this work, once done in Mota, is, without very much labor, to be transferred into Bauro, Mahaga, Mara, &c., as I hope, but that is in the future."

The stations on Norfolk Island and at Mota formed excellent resting-points for the bishop, and lightened his labors materially, so far as the sea-voyaging was concerned. But he knew no real rest. Wherever he was, there were others to be cared for, and he was instant in season and out of season.

What ominously varies the record of his work during the last two years is that running protest against the nefarious kidnapping which went on more and more as the demand for labor increased in Fiji and Queensland, and toward which Government seemed to be supine, or indeed wholly indifferent. In November, 1869, the bishop writes : —

" I know of no case of actual violence in the Banks Islands, but in every case they took people away under false pretences, asserting that the ' bishop is ill and can't come, and he has sent us to bring you to him ;' or ' the bishop is in Sydney, he broke his leg getting into his boat, and has sent us to take you to him,' &c. In most

places, where any of our young people happened to be on the shore, they warned their companions against these men, but not always with success."

The knowledge of this must have added considerably to the bishop's sense of danger; but he had self-control enough to exhibit no trace of fear, and went from island to island with the same frank, trustful bearing as before. Some time before this he had written these words, which now required strictest practical illustration, though it was wonderful how he still managed to restrain all show of suspicion or timidity:—

"I must not forget that I have some islands to visit in the next month or two where the people are very wild, so that I, of all people, have least reason to speculate about what I may hope to do a year hence. The real anxiety is in making up my own mind whether or not I ought to lower the boat in such a sea-way; whether or not I ought to swim ashore among these fellows crowded there on the narrow beach."

There can be no doubt whatever that the additional anxiety which these circumstances caused him did much to bring on such depression and ill-health as led his friends, who deemed that his case was worse than he had represented it, to urge him to come home to England for a short

furlough, that he might procure proper medical advice. But to this he would not listen, and replies : —

“ I should gain nothing by having medical advice there. I am quite satisfied that I know what is the matter with me, and the way to treat my malady ; and the voyages and the life in England, and the climate, would be all much against my health. And I get on very well again now.

“ Humanly speaking, I may do a good deal of work yet, rather in a quiet way perhaps than of old ; but then I need not have any more adventures, except in one or two places perhaps like Santa Cruz. That stage of the mission is past in a good many islands, and I can devolve some part of it on my really excellent and very dear friends and helpers in the other islands.

“ Brooke and Atkin (both in priests' orders) spend three months in their respective fields of work on the Solomon Islands, among wild fellows (still practicing, at times, cannibalism) ; and when you can get fellows to do this cheerily and making nothing of it, doing it as a matter of course, you may feel pretty sure you have fellows of the right stuff.”

So he went on, pursuing his regular round of work, now at Norfolk Island, teaching theology and aiding in the various crafts there practiced ;

again at Mota, and helping in farm work, and once more moving from island to island and reef to reef, bringing off his boys, and later in the year landing them again; whilst his helpers were finding access to Tikopian giants, who had visited them at Mota, and otherwise forwarding the work.

Santa Cruz caused him much concern; but at Nukapu, in 1870, he is well received, the women dancing in his honor and giving small presents. The people, when they came on board, asked, "Where is Bisambe?" He replies, "Here I am." "No, no," say they; "the Bisambe *tuai* (of old): your *matua* (father). Is he below? Why doesn't he come up with some hatchets?" — showing that they well remembered Bishop Selwyn and the former visit.

On October 11th he makes this record:—

"A topsail schooner in sight between Ambrym and Paama — one of those kidnapping vessels. I have any amount of (to me) conclusive evidence of downright kidnapping. But I don't think I could prove any case in a Sydney court. They have no names painted on some of their vessels, and the natives can't catch nor pronounce the names of the white men on board."

On April 27, 1871, he started on his voyage. Mota was visited; then came a cruise among the islands of the New Hebrides group; after

that a few weeks back at Mota, baptizing children, &c.; and then on to the Santa Cruz group. Almost everywhere were tokens of the kidnapper — some of the islands were half depopulated; and now the bishop began to realize the necessity and the prudence of “not going near the islands, unless we have a good breeze, and can get away from the fleets of canoes, if we see reason for so doing.”

As they approached Nukapu, that “lay with the blue waves breaking over the circling reef, the white line of coral sand and the trees coming down to it,” the bishop had spoken to them on the death of St. Stephen. He had collected many presents to take ashore, and, going into the boat, pulled towards the canoes. The men in them seemed undecided what to do. When, however, he offered to go ashore they assented, and the boat having gone on to a part of the reef, some of the men proposed to take the bishop into their canoe.

As he found the entering of their canoes a good means of disarming suspicion, he complied; but soon after he heard the ominous word *tabu*, or warning, and yams and fruits were presented to him, no doubt in the hope that he would, according to their superstition, touch something *tabu*, and justify their striking him.

The bishop, having waded through the surf,

landed on the beach, and he was lost to the sight of the crew of the boat, which was now drifting about among the canoes. But suddenly a man in one of the canoes stood up and shot one of their yard-long arrows toward the boat, and his companions in other two canoes immediately did the same, calling out as they aimed, "This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!" Before the boat could be pulled back all were wounded, and with difficulty they made their way to the ship.

No sooner, however, had an arrow-head been extracted from Mr. Atkin's shoulder, giving him intense pain, than he, as being the only one who knew the way by which the reef could be crossed in the rising tide, went with some others in search of the bishop. As they were trying to cross the reef a canoe came towards them, "with a heap in the middle," and when they met it the two words "the body" passed, and it was lifted into the boat, rolled in the native mat. "The placid smile was still on the face; there was a palm-leaf fastened over the breast, and when the mat was opened there were five wounds — no more," — these having been given by clubs.

Joseph Atkin, the son of a settler, who was only twenty-nine, but had already done great service, and Stephen Taroniara, a native of Tanna, who was twenty-five, followed their master; but

it was their lot, unlike his, to pass through prolonged tortures before death delivered them.

So passed Patteson and his followers, martyrs to the woeful cupidity of civilized men! From the wounds and other indications on his body it was clear that his death was the vengeance for five of the natives carried away. But it may be that his mournful death will further the Gospel in Melanesia more than his life would have done.

Year by year the scholars he taught will return to tell what his objects were; what he wrought and prayed and died for; and his story, in not far distant days, when communication between the islands shall have become easier, will work as with a charmed power upon the hearts of the people.

“Poor Santa Cruz people!” said Fisher Young when dying; and may we not say of the missionary what he then said to his disciple, — “My dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives”? And yet how can we but mourn the close? He seemed as if born for the work he had undertaken. He was so patient, so humble, with such power to elicit the best in those he came in contact with, and, above all, so full of faith and hope.

In him what is best in the English gentleman had received consecration: he was manly, catho-

lic-minded, and with that pre-eminent care and consideration for others, which, apart from Christian influence, is so apt to degenerate into sentimental weakness. He was at once tender and self-reliant, scorning all noise and pretence so sincerely that, though "they bothered him to put anecdotes of adventures into his Reports, he could not do it;" yet so appreciative was he of good intentions in those by whom he was surrounded that soon in his honest conception they came to surpass him. Any little narrowness that may be detected in him, he may be said to have inherited, and, with genuine Christian manliness, he rose above most of these, realizing an ideal of priestly service such as has been exhibited by only a few men in any generation.

His character is not of the kind that tempts to analysis. His greatness lay in a few very simple elements. He was above all sincere, and whilst he held the faith fast, he never subsided into the mere dogmatist. His humanity was too broad, and his heart too tender, for that. His respect and love for the missionaries — Presbyterian and other — who had found a sphere in the islands of the South Pacific, and his brotherly conduct towards them, will mark him out with the greater honor the more that his contact with them is made known.

Besides his kind attentions to Mr. Paton at

Tanna, to Mr. Geddie at Anaiteum, and to the poor bereaved women at Fate, which Miss Yonge has recorded, there is that striking incident at Api which surpasses them all. Two Raratongan teachers and their wives had been settled on that island, and had fallen under the anger of the fierce shore tribes. The men died or were put to death, and the women escaped to the hills.

Bishop Patteson, touching at the island and hearing of their fate, made his way to the hills, and, in face of risk and danger, found them out, offering them a passage in his vessel. This they unwisely declined, fearing that the crew of the *John Williams*, when she came, would be disappointed at not finding them. They had suffered much already, the bishop urged that they might suffer more and worse trials; but they would not go with him.

And they did suffer. They lived as they could for a while on yams and taro or such fare as they could find, and then they sold garment after garment to the natives for food, till only one was left, and with that they would not part, to go dressed in the mat of the native women — they said they would die rather. They were reduced almost to skeletons before they were relieved by their own mission-ship.

This incident brings out Bishop Patteson's rare sympathy and fearlessness in the strongest

light. To do such a thing was with him a matter of every day, was felt by him to be no more than duty, and it has found no record in his life; but it was a piece of heroism such as has made many men famous, and such as there is but occasional room for even in a soldier's life.

In thinking over the main details of such a life — filled with constant effort and self-denial, one is apt enough unconsciously to fall into the idea that much must have been owing to mere strength of constitution — to good spirits springing from abounding health and muscular strength. But it may surprise some to know that in spite of fine physical development, Bishop Patteson was never what could be called strong. He often suffered; and was very sensitive to colds, as Miss Yonge incidentally tells us in her very striking portrait of him:—

“He was tall and powerful of frame, broad in the chest and shoulders, and with small neat hands and feet; with more of sheer muscular strength and power of endurance than of healthiness, so that, though seldom breaking down, and capable of undergoing a great deal of fatigue and exertion, he was often slightly ailing, and was very sensitive to cold. His complexion was very dark, and there was a strongly marked line between the cheeks and mouth, the corners of which dropped when at rest, so that it was a

countenance peculiarly difficult to photograph successfully.

“The most striking feature was his eyes, which were of a dark, clear blue, full of unusually deep, earnest, and, so to speak, inward yet far away expression. His smile was remarkably bright, sweet, and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine, and was one element of his great attractiveness. So was his voice, which had the rich, full sweetness inherited from his mother’s family, and which always exerted a winning influence over the hearers.”

We may well conclude our sketch in the words of one of the New Zealand friends who knew him best: “Fearless as a man, tender as a woman, showing both the best sides of human nature, always drawing out the good in all about him by force of sympathy, and not only taking care that nothing should be done by others that he would not do himself, but doing himself what he did not like to ask of them, and thinking that they excelled him.”

CHARLES KNIGHT,

THE PUBLISHER.

THE remarkable impulse in the diffusion of cheap literature — which has done so much to prepare the way for the social legislation of the past forty years — was mainly due to the indefatigable exertions of two men, who have both recently passed from among us — Charles Knight and Robert Chambers. England claims the one; Scotland the other. Both were gifted with rare literary powers, and they were alike in this also, that they drew their real influence from their keen interest in the social and moral condition of the people.

Charles Knight was born at Windsor in 1790. His mother died shortly afterwards; and it is with a consciousness of its meaning, as regards deep and lasting results upon his own character, that he tenderly pictures “the unjoyous head of the desolate household; his passionate caresses of his boy; and his long fits of gloom and silence.” From this father, who seems to have all along jealously cared for his child, although seldom or never unbending to anything like child-

ish talk or amusement, Charles Knight inherited some of his finest traits of character — the patience, the mingled cheerfulness and gravity, and the concentration of purpose which so distinguished him.

Not only did Charles Knight the elder possess literary tastes, he was also a man of wide sympathies, though of a nature singularly still and reserved. While full of schemes, which would have absorbed all the energies of another, he was active in public affairs and took an interest in many benevolent objects. He added to his bookselling business that of printing; and published also a magazine — the *Microcosm*, conducted by Etonians, to which his son refers with pride, as having brought his father into communication with George Canning.

In these circumstances the boy, though tenderly loved, was left very much to himself. He early formed a taste for reading, and found relief in books, with which his father's shop abundantly supplied him. Perhaps this, combined with his quick apprehension, tended to make the rote-work of school most distasteful. That this was his experience of his first school, he has himself given very plain testimony. But if school, with its tasks, was irksome, there was plenty of food for the reflecting mind of the boy outside.

One evening, as he returns home from the

park, a furious mob has gathered in the market-place, and has already smashed several of the bakers' windows. This bread-riot sets him thinking in a very serious manner for a boy of his years; and onward to his old age, the concern for the poor and ignorant, then first awakened, seemed to mingle itself with all his plans and efforts.

He sees a deal of royalty and of great men — gets a glimpse of Pitt and Miss Fanny Burney; but that does not brush the painful impression from his mind produced by the riot. He begins to take note of the evils arising from the easy, sluggish life of the trading class, and is astonished beyond measure at the corruption which had become a legitimate trade, with the court for its source and centre. Perhaps it was well for the boy, who was now in some danger of becoming the slave of dark thoughts and morbid fancies, that in his twelfth year he was removed to school at Ealing, under the Rev. Dr. Nicholas.

Here, for the first time, he had a real object set before him; he was drawn out of himself, and had his ambition stimulated. His stay here he characterizes as days of "real happiness." Had he been allowed to remain, he thinks he would have fought his way to some solid scholarship. But at the end of two years he was "uprooted from the congenial soil, to be planted

once more in the arid sands of Windsor," as his father's apprentice. In this capacity, uncongenial though it was, he had put into his hands tools more fitting for the work he was to do than Ealing, with all its promise of scholarship, could probably have supplied to him.

The first effect of the narrow dreary life, however, was desultory reading, day-dreaming, indulgence in morbid fancies, and new reflections upon the defects in the political and social system. He found some relief in learning the printer's trade, and in the cultivation of a passion for rare books — one of his self-imposed tasks, and a characteristic one, having been to restore a very old and mutilated copy of Shakspeare.

In his Reminiscences, he has pictured with much simplicity this period of his earlier life, which, though dull, was not without bright colors. Very vividly he recalls and sets down the boyish journeys to and from London; the holiday rambles; the news then stirring the great town, and, wave-like, beating resonant upon Windsor as with slow stage-coach pace they traveled past; the local chatter; the multifarious projects; and the court-gossip, which seems to have excited most those who were almost daily beholders of royalty.

We can trace clearly the effects of the influences among which he passed his earlier days.

No doubt some of his resolution was due to the narrow conditions which surrounded him at the period when his ambition and hunger for a wider sphere began to assert themselves, and to make provincial life dry and irksome; while his repeated disappointments doubtless taught him patience, contentment, and self-control. If his father's shop proved a dull class-room, it at least impressed on him, in the most forcible way, the wisdom of availing himself of the little light that penetrated through chinks.

He had at one time entertained a desire to study for the Bar; but his father, under the advice of a friend, led him to relinquish the idea. Being thus shut out from any profession, the hill-side road of journalism seemed more and more to open itself out before him. He set earnestly about studying such subjects as would enable him to take a position as a journalist.

Meanwhile, being much impressed with the ignorance that prevailed in Windsor, he formed, in conjunction with some dozen young men, a Reading Society, whose influence seems to have been beneficial, though it did not last long, owing chiefly to the general prejudice against adult education. On the failure of this society, his disgust at life in Windsor seems to have risen to its height, and he therefore welcomed with delight an opportunity to go to the metropolis as a re-

porter on the *Globe*. Here he remained for some months, seeing much of London at an exciting time, and carrying back to Windsor fresh projects and enlarged intellectual vision.

Then came the establishment of the *Eton and Windsor Gazette*, and the many difficulties in publishing a newspaper with the double burden of stamp-duties and such rigid censorship as made it unsafe to utter an honest opinion,—William Cobbett, in 1810, having been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000 for speaking too plainly about flogging in the army.

The editing of this newspaper had a good effect upon the mind of Charles Knight. He was brought to see with his own eyes things which before he had only looked at through books. He rode about a great deal, and came often to London, where he received impulses to renewed effort. It was at this time that he first began to interest himself in the Poor Laws, to the improvement of which he contributed not a little. At this time, too, he married, thus "incurring new responsibilities and receiving new motives to exertion."

But this journalistic experience in Windsor was useful in another respect. It tended to direct and modify his schemes of books which he believed the world wanted. In the midst of his many duties, private and public, he was con-

stantly projecting great works; and it was perhaps all the better that he was not able immediately to carry out his ideas, but that they had to mature slowly.

Day by day he was gaining knowledge of men as they are, and, as a result, knowledge of what they needed, and what they could best receive and be interested in. "I may truly say it," he writes, "and I say it for the encouragement of any young man who is sighing over the fetters of his daily labor, and pining for weeks and months of uninterrupted study, that I have found through life that the acquisition of knowledge and a regular course of literary employment are far from being incompatible with literary pursuits. I doubt whether, if I had been all author or all publisher, I should have succeeded better in either capacity."

Nothing is more noticeable in the career of Charles Knight than the facility with which one thing is made the easy pathway to others. His newspaper at this time was every now and then "opening subjects of a new and interesting character," and these again suggested extensive ramifications of wants in the way of instructive and attractive books. In this respect, indeed, he strikingly resembles Friedrich Perthes, the regenerator of the German book trade, who thus writes of himself in connection with one of his

enterprises : — “ I have the gift of uniting the dispersed, bringing the distant near together, and tuning any discord of the heart and mind among right-feeling men. This is the plough I have ploughed with all my life.”

So, without qualification, may we say of Charles Knight. He is a builder and restorer — a patient worker upon scattered, doubtful materials, yet always tuning out from the heap a compact and serviceable whole. In this lay his rare gift; this it was that made him the first great publisher for the masses in England. Though full of schemes, he was never over-ridden by ideas; as he says of himself, “ the practical and the ideal had possession of my mind at one and the same time, and had no contention for superiority.”

But he resembles Perthes in other respects; and since we have coupled them together, we may here follow out the comparison. Not only was Charles Knight lucky as a mere book-maker; he had what Perthes congratulated himself upon possessing in such a pre-eminent degree — the power of interesting others in his schemes, and of making the staff that breaks in his hand still serviceable, by knowing how to bind it up with others, so that he may contrive in some measure to continue to lean upon it.

Both combined something of the enthusiast

with the calm, tempered wisdom of the man of business and of the world ; both had large faith, at once in the high possibilities of man and in the grace of God ; and both were men of tender hearts, large charity, and childlike hopefulness. Both held lofty views of the ends literature should always have in view, and were steadfast in keeping their hands pure ; and though Charles Knight had not the lofty religious fervor, and the pervasive Christian faith of Perthes, like him he firmly refused, even for the prospect of a fortune, to ally literature in any manner with what is trivial and dissipating — not to speak of what is in itself low and degrading. Both, too, possessed the happy knack of at once seeing the useful side of a man, setting him to his work, and keeping him interested in it.

If to Perthes we are indebted for Neander's "Church History," and some of the best of Tholuck's works, to Charles Knight we owe a debt of gratitude for setting John Kitto on his happiest vein in the "Deaf Traveller" and the "Pictorial Bible;" and for indicating to Professor Craik that pleasant field, which we regard as pre-eminently his, by right of original occupation.

Another point of resemblance which might be noted is, that when once an idea is seriously entertained, both hold to it with a tenacity which

nothing can shake or overcome. Had it not been so with Charles Knight, he had certainly soon retired from a battle, which, from the first, seemed absolutely hopeless, if he had even had the temerity to enter on it. For it must be remembered that at the time when the great idea of reforming literature, and bringing it home to the houses and hearts of the poorest, arose in his mind, books were so scarce that even the middle class were more ignorant than the poorest now are; that there were no circulating libraries; that newspapers were four times their present price; and that the only reading within reach of the masses was some old relics, embellished with the coarsest pictures, and a kind of translations from low French literature, skillfully adapted to the English taste by a hot spice of the seductions and excesses then too common in high life.

Along with incident and monstrosity the most sacred relations and the most venerable institutions of religion were held up to ridicule. The History of Witchcraft, the Lives of the Highwaymen, the Book of Dreams, and the Newgate Calendar, were the only elements of variety the hawker's pack afforded. And even where some love for instruction had been awakened by the increase of books during the previous few years, it had been taken advantage of to instill senti-

ments the most immoral and unchristian — to elicit discontent, and to imbue youthful minds with the most disastrous ideas of social order and authority.

There was no good and useful reading within reach of the great crowd, who for the most part spent their leisure time in the tap-room or at a dog-fight, or amused themselves with waylaying and pelting old women, when there was the least chance of their doing so with impunity. Nothing in fact had been done to draw the humbler class out of the slough of despond in which drunkenness had landed them; the upper classes rather exulted in the example they gave of hard-drinking; and the result was a society sharply divided into classes with directly opposing interests, all alike given up to sensual indulgence, heartily hating each other, and with no common ground on which they could meet, or common object in which they could join.

Mr. Charles Knight, with some humor, describes the volunteers of those days; but even the constant rumors of invasion failed to unite the citizens in anything like a firm and prevailing bond. What he says of his own position with regard to cheap literature is therefore far from an exaggeration: "I had to estimate what popular literature was, at a period when the majority looked upon books for the many as a very

dangerous experiment, in giving a direction to to the newly-diffused art of reading."

Amidst all this Charles Knight was constantly revolving schemes for the mental and moral improvement of the people. Never from his boyhood had he ceased to aspire to become a popular educator. "But I felt that one must be content for a while to shut one's eyes to the necessity of some salutary reforms, in the dread that any decided movement towards innovation would be to aid in the work of lopping and topping the sturdy oak of the constitution, till its shelter and its beauty were altogether gone."

Under the conviction that the time had come for action, he wrote in the *Windsor Express* of December 11, 1819, an article headed "Cheap Publications," in which he said: "There is a *new power* in society, and they (the vendors of cheap low-class literature) have combined to give that power a direction. The work must be taken out of their hands. . . . Knowledge must have its worldly as well as its spiritual range; it looks towards heaven, but it treads upon the earth. The mass of useful books are not accessible to the poor. Newspapers, with their admixture of good and evil, seldom find their way into the domestic circle of the laborer or artisan; the tracts which pious persons distribute are exclusively religious, and the tone of these is often utterly fanatical or puerile.

“The ‘twopenny trash,’ as it is called, has seen further, with the quick perception of avarice or ambition, into the intellectual wants of the working classes. It was just because there was no healthful food for their newly-created appetite that sedition and infidelity had been so widely disseminated.”

This article led to Mr. Knight’s introduction to Mr. Locker, and the result was that on February 1, 1820, the first number of the *Plain Englishman* appeared. This was carried on for fully three years, and during that period Mr. Knight thus early learned, in the kind of countenance he received from several quarters, how inadequate was either patronage or the aid of societies to meet the wants of the working classes. The title-page of this *Plain Englishman* described the work somewhat too prominently as “comprehending original compositions, and selections from the best writers, under the heads of ‘The Christian Monitor,’ ‘The British Patriot,’ ‘The Fireside Companion.’”

Mr. Knight adds that he looks back upon this strict division of subjects as a mistake, and refers to the fact that Dr. Arnold afterwards spoke in terms of somewhat extravagant commendation of a short article he had written on Mirabeau, in which the error of so distinctively separating the secular and sacred was skillfully avoided. As in

the then state of wood-engraving illustrations were not to be thought of, and as the exciting events of the time gave supreme interest to the newspaper, casting such a magazine into the shade, it was found necessary to abandon the *Plain Englishman* on the completion of the third volume in 1822.

Mr. Knight, though he felt that he had aimed too high, failing to hit the exact mean between the useful and the light, had learned a lesson which would enable him to embark with more success in a new scheme for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which, significantly enough, had been the exact title of one of the articles in the *Englishman*.

This connection with Mr. Locker led Mr. Knight to undertake the editorship of the *Guardian*, into which he introduced many new features. But a man like Charles Knight was not likely to settle down contentedly as a newspaper editor. He was haunted by schemes of new magazines. He would profit by the lessons of the past, and win reputation, and perhaps wealth, while realizing his desire of educating others.

The great object which filled his whole mind so early as 1814, was still present with him with all its force : —“ I want to consult you,” he then wrote, “ about a cheap work we think of publishing in weekly numbers for the use of the indus-

trious part of the community, who have neither money to buy nor leisure to read bulky and expensive books. It will consist of plain essays on points of duty, the evidences of Christianity, selections from the works of the most approved English divines, abstracts of the laws and constitution of Great Britain, history, information on useful arts and sciences, and select pieces of entertainment."

Mr. Knight remained staunchly faithful to his programme; and thus, being embarrassed between two interests, he retired from the *Guardian* and took a shop in Pall Mall East. The *Etonian* — which, in conjunction with his father, he had carried on for some time — had drawn round him a circle of gifted young men, of whom he now bethought himself, as he sat busy planning his new adventure. To them he proposed the publication of a *Quarterly Magazine*, and they went into it with such good heart that, even before the title was fixed upon, many contributions had reached the editor.

This knot of celebrated men, whom it was Mr. Knight's lot to influence, even more deeply perhaps than they influenced him, comprised Macaulay, Praed, Sidney Walker, Henry N. Coleridge, Derwent Coleridge, Henry Malden, and George Moultrie — a cluster likely to loom the larger in significance as we recede further and further from them.

The magazine, full of clear and earnest thinking, rich in humor, and pervaded by a most refined spirit, was carried on for some time with great energy. But though it met with hearty welcome from the educated classes, its circulation was not sufficient to render it remunerative, and, in addition to the cares and troubles of the publisher from this source, some misunderstandings arose among the contributors, and it was discontinued after the sixth number.

In its pages are to be found Praed's richest wit, and Macaulay's earliest and most spirited ballads, as well as some of the choicest of Moultrie's poems. That it did not succeed seems a grave reflection upon the intelligence of the time; and so the publisher seems to have felt when he announced its discontinuance.

For a short period Mr. Knight was occupied in editing and publishing versions of French memoirs, and doing work of a like character, giving patient ear to complaining authors, and at the same time quietly elaborating another scheme with which to go before the public. This was the "National Library," a cheap series of books, which in a hundred volumes should condense the information only contained in very voluminous and expensive works. In conjunction with Colburn and Whitaker this undertaking was gone into with ardour. But general commercial dis-

tress supervening upon bank failures "stifled the project almost before its birth."

Mr. Knight was busy reorganizing his scheme, and bringing it within more manageable limits, when Lord Brougham was engaged in establishing the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. His lordship sent for Mr. Knight, and the result was that the "National Library" was taken over by the Society, and Mr. Knight's business merged into that of Mr. Murray. But differences of opinion about the editorial work soon arose, and "heart-sick at last, I abandoned the whole scheme, leaving it for the imitation of others of more independent means."

But Mr. Knight was never at a loss for something to which he could turn his hand. He once more fell into newspaper editing, assisting Mr. Silk Buckingham on the *Sphinx*—a task which soon became distasteful to him—and editing annuals—a work which was made all the more pleasant by Praed and Moultrie, his old friends on the *Quarterly Magazine*, lending their aid. But this was only a kind of temporary refuge from his own feelings of vexation and disappointment.

In July, 1827, he took a step fraught with the greatest importance to himself and to others—he assumed the superintendence of the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful

Knowledge. The success which had attended the "Library of Useful Knowledge," in its first stages, especially Lord Brougham's introductory manual, encouraged the issue of another series, and accordingly Mr. Knight threw himself into the production of a "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," with all his energy and resolution.

In the interests of that and other publications of the Society, he undertook a tour through the busiest portions of industrial England, showing at once his faculty for interesting others in what he had at heart, and in profiting from all he saw of new and strange. But the schemes of the Society increased to such an extent that Mr. Murray took alarm, and the Society and he parted company. Mr. Knight found a capitalist to bear his part in the new venture, and once more we find him a publisher in Pall Mall.

The great and perhaps the chief advantage Mr. Knight had in this connection with the Society was the men of varied talents to whom it introduced him. Not to mention Brougham, Sir John Herschel, and men of this class, he was thus brought into contact with Professor Craik, whose name is now so intimately associated with his as the author of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," and several other volumes in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge."

While Mr. Knight was busy, elaborating these

libraries, his eyes were fully open to the great movements going on outside; and in spare moments his pen was ready in communicating practical information and removing the prejudices of the poorer orders. His masterpiece in this respect was the little book upon machinery, of which Mr. Spring Rice said that it had done more for the repression of outrage than a regiment of horse would have effected in any disturbed county. This book brought him once more into direct relation with the Society.

Had Mr. Knight consulted his personal ease, or sought merely that quietude which is the *summum bonum* of the literary aspirant, he certainly would not have declined the offer which was made to him at this juncture by Lord Auckland, of the new office for digesting and arranging Parliamentary and official documents.

But he had been for some time busy projecting the *Penny Magazine*, and his anxiety for the education of the masses was too keen to allow him to divide his forces. Still, it was not without difficulty that the aid of the Society was gained, which Mr. Knight in his present position found to be essential. Some of the hesitant members thought a penny weekly sheet beneath their dignity, and others, secure in their own immunity from danger, opposed the publication of works of fiction as stoutly as if they had been

“budge doctors of the stoic fur.” But Lord Brougham was accustomed to carry anything that he had resolved upon: and in March 31st the *Penny Magazine* appeared. Mr. Knight, however, had undertaken to bear the risk of publication, and was to act as editor.

Of this adventure Mr. Knight writes:—

“The success of the *Penny Magazine* was an astonishment to most persons; I honestly confess it was a surprise to myself. At the end of 1842 it had reached a sale of 200,000 in weekly numbers and monthly parts. In the preface to the first volume, under the date of December the 18th, I thus wrote:—

“It was considered by Edwin Burke, about forty years ago, that there were 80,000 *readers* in this country. In the present year it has been shown, by the sale of the *Penny Magazine*, that there are 200,000 purchasers of one periodical work. It may be fairly calculated that the number of readers of that single work amounts to a million. If this incontestable evidence of the spread of the ability to read be most satisfactory, it is still more satisfactory to consider the species of reading which has had such an extensive and increasing popularity. In this work there has never been a single sentence that could inflame a vicious appetite, and not a paragraph that could minister to prejudices and superstitions

which a few years since were common. There have been no excitements for the lovers of the marvellous; no tattle or abuse for the gratification of a diseased taste for personality; and, above all, no party politics.’”

The appearance of the *Penny Magazine* distinctly marks an era in our social history. Together with the “Penny Cyclopædia,” to which it directly gave rise, it forms the first instalment of the Poor Man’s Library, to complete which so much has since then been accomplished.

Though this last was the least successful of Mr. Knight’s adventures in a pecuniary point of view, there can be no doubt that these two penny issues were by far the most fruitful of his works with regard to intellectual and moral results. The enterprises he had previously engaged in were to a considerable extent preliminary experiments to guide him, or buttresses to afford leverage in effectively applying this, his great idea.

Though the literature of the *Penny Magazine* was not all original, the selected portion was of a most varied and attractive character, and no pains were spared with the illustrations of the later numbers. Mr. Knight calculated on a sale of upwards of two hundred thousand copies weekly, and this was actually for a short time realized.

So great indeed was its success that in the following year the "Penny Cyclopædia" was commenced. But this, perhaps, because it addressed itself to a limited, though increasing, class of readers, already engaged with the magazine, did not itself succeed, and we fear tended to injure the magazine somewhat also. At all events, the sale of the magazine declined, which Mr. Knight accounts for by the taste for garbage having returned. This led to the issue of a new series, which, although in many respects superior, and less ramble scramble (as Dr. Arnold had said of the first numbers), did not maintain the place of the former.

Mr. Knight had the magazine wholly turned over on his own hands, in 1847, the Society having intimated suspension of its operations three months before he ended his part in it. All the character of the man comes out in the manner in which he intimates his determination not to continue its publication: "The editor leaves this portion of popular literature to be cultivated by those whose new energy may be worth more than his old experience. The *Penny Magazine* shall begin and end with him. It shall not pass into other hands."

Of the Cyclopædia Mr. Knight writes:—

"The committee had the honor of the work in its extended form, but without incurring any of

the risk or contributing one shilling to the cost, the literary expenditure alone having reached nearly £40,000. Upon the completion of the Cyclopædia, 'the balance upon the outlay, above the receipts, was £30,788.' The regular decrease in the sale was very marked.

While it continued to be published upon its original plan of one number weekly, the sale was 75,000. The instant there was an issue of two numbers a week, it fell to 55,000, and at the end of its second year it had fallen to 44,000. When the twopence a week became fourpence, the rate of diminution became still more rapid. The sale of the first year was double that of the fourth. The sale of the fourth year double that of the eighth year. It then found its level, and became steady to the end—the 55,000 of the latter months of 1833 having been reduced to 20,000 at the close of 1843.

“The committee of the Society, when the original project had been departed from, and they saw that the undertaking had become to me a burden and a loss, passed a resolution that no rent be paid upon the first 110,000 of each number of the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' Rent was then to commence, and to continue till the work had reached a sale of 200,000, when the Society would no longer ask for a remuneration for its superintendence. The chronic loss for eleven

years which was induced by the Cyclopædia, and which fell wholly upon me, absorbed every other source of profit in my extensive business, leaving me little beyond a bare maintenance, without the hope of laying by for the future."

In his pamphlet, "The Struggles of a Book," Mr. Knight gives a detailed account of his efforts in connection with these publications, and makes an appeal on the basis of his peculiar theory that the paper-tax made competition as regards pure literature wholly impossible. Of this we shall have a word to say afterwards; in the meantime we may merely note the gist of Mr. Knight's complaints.

The "Penny Cyclopædia" was commenced in 1833 and finished in 1846. During this period Mr. Knight states that the sum of £16,500 had been paid to the Excise — "an excessive sum, surely, when set against the total cost of literature and engravings — £42,000." He goes on to reckon that the interest and compound interest on the tax makes a charge against the book of £29,000, this charge being increased of course by the demand falling — a circumstance directly attributable to the increase of the tax.

The result of all was, in Mr. Knight's opinion, that so long as the tax existed — that is, while high-class and low-class literature are put on the same footing as regards taxation — any great

effort for the popularization of literature was impossible. Whatever fallacy may have been wrapt up in the reasonings by which Mr. Knight reached this conclusion, there can be no doubt that his failure was undeserved, and that it was a misfortune for the country that he did fail.

Our excuse for having spent so much time over these two publications, and given so many figures in connection with them, is that they remain *the* great works of Mr. Knight, into which have gone most of his character and thought. And they have a value in yet another respect. All his later works relate themselves to these two, as the affluents are related to a great stream, or the cells to a Gothic cathedral. His main idea permitted many ramifications, and was constantly suggesting new works.

Our belief is that most of Mr. Knight's schemes arose out of his perpetual elaboration of his great idea of a *Penny Miscellany*. We have seen that the "Penny Cyclopædia" was suggested by the first success of the *Penny Magazine*, and we know that his three later Cyclopædias — the "National," the "Imperial," and the "English" — were expansions or condensations of it. All these are great works; like the man who made them, they are solid, firm, complete; you seldom find them tripping. Of the "English Cyclopædia" the *Quarterly Review* said truly: —

“It is a work that, as a whole, has no superior — very few equals of its kind; that, taken by itself, supplies the place of a small library, and in a large one is found to present many points of information that are sought for in vain in any other cyclopædia of the English language.”

And if we are right in this idea of ours as to the original source of Mr. Knight's projects, it would hardly be too bold to suppose that, while he was making the excellent historical sketches and portraits of great men for the *Penny Magazine*, he was laying up materials for his popular histories. Throughout all these there runs clear evidence of his original purpose — to educate the people by showing them their own likeness at different periods.

Of the “Popular History of England,” which was published in monthly parts at 6*d.*, he himself says, “My object was really to write a history in which all the movements that had gone to form the characters of the people should be traced out and exhibited.” This work was beautifully illustrated, being specially meant to secure the attention of the young, and, according to the *Times*, is probably the very best History of England that we possess.

The following sentences from the prospectus of this History are so significant here that we will quote them: —

“The people, if I understand the term rightly, means the commons of these realms, and not any distinct class or section of the population. Ninety years ago, Goldsmith called the middle order of mankind the ‘people,’ and those below them the ‘rabble.’ We have outlived all this. A century of thought and action has widened and deepened the foundations of the State. These people then want to find in the history of their country something more than a series of annals, either of policy or war. In connection with a faithful narrative of public affairs, they want to learn their own history — how they have grown out of slavery, out of feudal wrong, out of regal depression, into constitutional liberty, and the position of the greatest estate in the realm.”

And again:—“One of the most satisfactory results of educational improvement has been that the great body of the people have learnt better how to take care of their own happiness; with diffused wealth accompanying diffused knowledge, the grosser vices of the middle-class have vanished. The riot and indelicacy that characterized the so-called enjoyments of too many of the trades at the beginning of the century have given place to the tranquil pleasures of home, with some taste for art and literature. The reform of manners began somewhat earlier with the higher class. In the same way, whatever

coarseness and profligacy may still exist in the lower, drunkenness, and blasphemy, and indecency are not the habits of the artisan class, but are the exceptions."

And we think it can scarcely be doubted that the marked success of the *Penny Magazine*, through its illustrations, gave Mr. Knight an impulse to energetically work the series of his pictorial books. Merely to name the chief of these is to catalogue their merits.

There is the "Popular History of England," already mentioned, which was wholly written by himself, and which alone would have made the fame of any other man: the "Pictorial Bible," into which went the richest of Kitto's thoughts and fancies; the "Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature," the "Pictorial Shakspeare," the "Pictorial Gallery of Art," and "Pictorial Half-hours with the Best Authors."

To have projected these alone, and to have written a great portion of them, would have been a pretty fair life-work; but, besides these, there is a long list, so long that it would almost weary one to read: there are Libraries for the Times, Pocket Libraries, Stores of Knowledge for all Readers, and Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge; for Mr. Knight's mind did not circle through the narrow orbit of single volumes, but swept through the sphere of complete libraries.

But although our purpose is to paint Charles Knight the publisher, yet it is impossible to look upon him as a publisher merely. He is, as we have said already, emphatically a social reformer. He has always ends beyond those of literature itself. He walks in a patriotic sphere; and it is from this that his highest impulses are derived.

His mind, as we have seen, was first directed to cheap literature of a sound and healthy nature in seeking a panacea to the discontent and disorganization which in his youth prevailed among the working classes, issuing in riots and sedition, and direct assaults upon the throne itself. And this patriotic idea did not lose but gained force from being viewed in relation to religious wants.

We may therefore regard him as moderating effectively between the poorer orders and the literary class, then rising into influence, and threatening to be removed in real sympathy at least from what has been called "the great unwashed," mainly owing to the clamour and excess into which heavy pressure from many causes had driven them. Importing into every subject an immediate human interest, he softens political differences, and almost unconsciously unites in the most permanent and effective manner the different classes of society, by awakening ideas round which common activities may circle.

That his exertions were directed, and his pur-

poses deepened, by the warm interest which from his early manhood he took in the social difficulties then perplexing all politicians and good men, there can be no doubt. The matter for surprise is that his keen interest in all these questions never tended to make him drift away from literature.

During the last period of his stay in Windsor, he was connected with nearly all the societies of a benevolent and religious character in the place — from the Auxiliary Bible Society to the committee for relief of the poor. His appearances at the meetings of the latter were by no means inspiring to some of the members who were inclined to get over matters easily.

We should like to have been present that night when he came forward as a declared innovator, by making the startling proposal that the members of the committee should visit the outdoor poor in their own homes. Was ever such a thing heard of? How the Jobsons would stare, and the Joneses sneer! But Knight was fixed in his purpose and carried his point. He was firmly convinced that the members knew nothing of the actual state of things, and that even the assistant overseer was totally ignorant of the real condition of the one hundred and fifty recipients of weekly relief. And the results were such, we believe, as justified the innovation. He went

deeply into the question of the poor-rates, and offered some suggestions for the improvement of their administration, which were full of practical value.

Even on the men of thought and culture who were brought into association with him, his influence in this direction was most marked. And the result was, that they all came to view literature more or less in its relations to moral and religious progress — to look on it as a means to an end ; a great educational instrument, to be dealt with seriously.

Even about the lighter efforts of Praed and Moultrie, in the *Quarterly Magazine*, there is an atmosphere of earnestness and purity, which, doubtless, owes something to Knight's presence behind the individual author as he writes. We can even believe that Macaulay's liberalism took some tone from his relations with Charles Knight, and it would furnish a good subject for political speculators, how far thoughtful liberals of to-day, in their efforts for the advancement of the working classes, are still wielding his instruments, running on rails which he long ago laid down.

Thus, on all that comes from Knight there is the stamp of a lofty tone ; it has the ring of true metal, and will bear the keenest scrutiny. His lively interest in political and social questions,

which had stirred his heart to its depths in his young days at Windsor, remains with him to the end. He never acts without some more or less conscious reference to the effect he will produce upon the great mass of the people.

Yet the very loftiness of his regard for literature and its possibilities tempted him sometimes to be unjust to those whom he so devotedly sought to benefit. His failure at the very points where he most deserved to win, led him to look on the tastes of the masses as so depraved that elevation through literature, however good and however cheap, seemed hopeless, unless legislation could contrive some means of setting a premium upon the good.

A man who has devoted his energies towards raising those who have lapsed below citizenship to some sense of their responsibilities to the State may be excused if, in the bitter moment of disappointment and loss and failure, he thinks that burdens, equally imposed, press with a special weight on those who have the loftiest aims. No doubt, this is not unfrequently the case; but it certainly is not the business of the State to set itself up as a literary censor, simply as such.

Literature, like art, provides a police of its own, who alone, in the last resource, can be efficient. If the lines are drawn tight, there is a danger that literature may suffer more from the

precautions taken to guard it than from any possible license that could have been permitted to it.

Lord Chamberlains have not achieved much; and such an act as Lord Campbell's is, after all, a mere measure of police, passed to put down nuisances. Every piece of legislation framed in the interest of "pure" literature, whether or not with a "fiscal" suppressive look towards certain sections of it, is sure to be only a source of confusion and evil, unless it can justify itself as mere matter of police — which means, of course, peace and "good order."

It is all very well to say that a certain style of publication can only presumably breed thieves and blackguards; but it is a different matter to "prove it," as was required by the cool, self-sustained Scotchman, of whom Dean Ramsay tells, when he was called a liar and a scoundrel.

Mr. Knight, as we have seen, attributed his failure with the *Penny Magazine* and "Penny Cyclopædia" to the increase of a taxation, which, however, was equally levied on good and bad alike. The correctness of Mr. Knight's principle has not been demonstrated by the stern logic of events. Wholly the reverse, indeed. The tax of which he complained so bitterly, and to which he attributed his lack of success, has been repealed, but the "blood and thunder" penny weeklies still issue forth in tons.

Before the law both classes of publishers stand equal in exemption now as in burdens then. The advantage which Mr. Knight grieved to find so entirely on the side of his opponents, so far, remain with them still. They sell largely; their vendors, many of them, flourish and retire with fortunes. Facts are open to any one who looks carefully into the matter which prove that the fiscal changes which have enlarged the field for cheap high-class literature, have also operated in an equal ratio in enlarging what Mr. Knight has called "the garbage field, or stream of sewer literature."

In the concluding address to the *Penny Magazine*, Mr. Knight wrote: "I rejoice that there are many in the field, and some who have come at the eleventh hour deserve the wages of zealous and faithful laborers. But there are others who are carrying out the principle of cheap weekly sheets, to the disgrace of the system, and who appear to have got some considerable hold upon the less-informed of the working people, and especially upon the young. There are manufactories in London whence hundreds of reams of vile paper and printing issue weekly; where large bodies of children are employed to arrange types at the wages of shirt-makers, from *copy* furnished by the most ignorant at the wages of scavengers. In truth, such writers, if they deserve the name

of writers, *are* scavengers. All the garbage that belongs to the history of crime and misery is raked together to diffuse a moral miasma through the land in the shape of the most vulgar and brutal fictions."

The years that have passed since these words were written do not rob them of truth and exactitude. The increase of this garbage literature was so great that, in the early part of 1870, the very Post Office, groaning under the infliction, rebelled. In the month of April the quantity of garbage literature sent for transmission to the colonies was so tremendous that the Postmaster-General, in spite of his desire to aid in the circulation of good literature, resolved to withdraw cheap postage to the colonies from all magazines alike — thinking it better to shut out the good than to foster the worthless.

From the depository of one publication, which must be ranked with the garbage, if not even the sewer, class, were sent to the Post Office no less than three tons in one day. Ominous facts, truly, in view of the much-vaunted improvement we hear of constantly. Have we then any hope at all for better things? We believe a great reform is imminent.

Firstly, the Education Act, for which Charles Knight and his fellow-laborers did so much unconsciously or half-consciously to pave the way,

we believe will prove a quick and efficient process of transforming one class of readers into another class; and, with its manifold related influences, it must soon change the whole aspect of the field of cheap literature. What Charles Knight hardly dreamt of, though he was a silent agent in bringing it to the birth, will soon be a "potent minister," preparing the way for other Charles Knights, who will look back to him as their great exemplar.

And then, we must remember that, vile though it may seem from certain standpoints — that are, after all, more or less arbitrary — we get in this literature, bad though it be, occasional glimpses of the better side of human nature. The very existence of it, indeed, is a witness to one of the deepest and most hopeful needs of man — a real interest in something beyond the limited circle of hard daily routine; and the self-denial undergone by the vast majority of the poor in order to the gratification of this appetite is a fact on which Charles Knight, had he only been less soured and depressed by successive failures where success had been so well-deserved by him, might have relied for the ultimate victory of the side on which he fought.

Without any positive legislation of repression, legislation, in obedience to the demand of a wise and enlightened opinion, is, by slow degrees, yet

not the less surely, achieving the revolution so much desired. The hunger for vivid pictures of human life — for incidents that bring near to jaded minds the sense of a freer, if a wilder and more unfettered, mode of existence than they have any direct knowledge of — for passion, and power, and morality bound up with overdone sentiment and wild improbabilities, is not evil in its origin, but only in its perversion, and when these are dissociated from all trace of real literary art.

It is much, when it can be said of Charles Knight that while, up to his death in 1873, he never ceased to wage unyielding, scornful war against the garbage-literature, he has yet shown the most efficient means of superseding it, notwithstanding the hopeless tone in which he allowed himself latterly to speak. Those who are to follow up the social measures of the past few years, by sowing, in the prepared furrows, the seeds of a true popular literature, must not forget to acknowledge, in the most practical way, the great wisdom, and forecast, and devotion of Charles Knight; and in so doing they may justly feel that they are thereby aiding to erect for him a true memorial, and one such as he would himself have heard of with unqualified delight. Let him be remembered as the first who, in face of gigantic difficulties, and with hardly a prospect save that of personal loss, aimed at providing a genuine people's literature in England.

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

THE EDITOR.

“IN the year 1824 there was commenced in the town of Dysart a library under the designation of the ‘Trades’ Library.’ In those days, books were not to be purchased at anything like the prices of the present time, and as the sum at the disposal of the committee was limited, it was resolved that second-hand books were to be procured with which to start. For the purpose of making a suitable selection, a few gentlemen proceeded to Edinburgh — a journey and a voyage combined. At the head of Leith Walk the late Dr. Robert Chambers had commenced business in a small way, and, like many others who afterwards became heads of great publishing houses, did not disdain to deal in second-hand books.

“Among other books selected as deemed suitable for quenching the thirst for knowledge in the Dysart folks, was a volume entitled ‘Travels in Italy, by John Moore, M.D.’ In the centre of the book, however, it was discovered that four

leaves were amissing, which rendered it unsaleable. Determined to effect a sale, Chambers told them that if they took it he would make it complete. And neatly, too, he did it. With a crow quill he printed the eight pages, and rebound the book. The printing is quite as easily read as the rest of the text, and the whole transaction is a good example of that energy of purpose and indomitable perseverance which enabled him, along with his brother, to found the vast publishing and printing concern of to-day."

A friend of ours tells us that he has seen the book and admires the neatness with which the inserted part had been put in.

The brothers Chambers were both born in Peebles on the Tweed — William in 1800 and Robert in 1802 — and came of people of substance on both sides. But the father was a man of over-pliant disposition, always talking about independence, yet day by day selling or rather giving away his children's birthright, without due regard for the mess of pottage.

He was intelligent beyond his position ; social and with many attractive qualities ; but he lacked the shrewdness and suspicion and firmness which shine so conspicuously in most of those who make money in a small way in a small town. So, when the weaving trade failed, his already stunted resources threatened to dry up, and his folly in

implicitly trusting to the honor of a set of French prisoners of war, who made large promises, but of course never paid him, brought affairs to a crisis ; and his acting on the advice of a relative, who had his own interests to serve in the matter, ruined him altogether.

Clearly an intelligent, conscientious, good, but foolish man, who, as the world says, is his own worst enemy ; but who, in his foisonlessness and want of practical foresight and energy, sadly injured those nearly connected with him.

It was lucky for the boys that this crisis was warded off, by the mother's great tact, till they were eleven or twelve years old. They seem to have enjoyed so thoroughly the freshness, the freedom, the unconventionality of that old Peebles life. All its odd ways ; its yet odder "characters" — many of them the very originals from whom Scott painted his immortal creations — seem to have been endeared to them.

Willie Paterson, with his tasselled top-boots ; "Daft Jock Grey" — possibly the original of "Davie Gellatly" — with his jingling ballads ; Laird Baird, from whom Scott got a touch or two for his Habakkuk Mucklewrath ; Davie Loch, and Drummer Will the constable ; Miss Ritchie (of whom Meg Dods, in "St. Ronan's Well," is a rough and strong portraiture) ; and Tam Fleck, who went the circuit of Peebles with his tome of

Josephus to entertain family after family with his readings therefrom:—

“Weel, Tam, what’s the news the nicht?” would be asked him. “Bad news, bad news,” Tam would reply. “Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem, and it’s gaun’ to be a terrible business.”

The women still span all the clothing for the household use—linen and woolen; there was only one bookseller in Peebles, and his back-shop was a cow-stall; the strict division of society in classes had not come into vogue; and the quaint old Scotch customs were still duly observed.

Mr. Robert Chambers himself thus describes his native town:—

“There was an old and a new town in Peebles, each of them a single street, or little more; and as even the new town had an antique look, it may be inferred that the old looked old indeed. But it was indeed chiefly composed of thatched cottages, occupied by weavers and laboring people—a primitive race of homely aspect, in many instances eking out a scanty subsistence by having a cow on the town common, or cultivating a *rig* of potatoes in the fields close to the town.

“Rows of porridge *luggies* (small wooden vessels) were to be seen cooling on the window-soles; a smell of peat-smoke pervaded the place; the click of the shuttle was everywhere heard

during the day, and in the evening the grey old men came out in their Kilmarnock night-caps, and talked of Bonaparte, on the stone seats beside their doors.

“The platters used in these humble dwellings were all of wood, and the spoons of horn; knives and forks rather rare articles. The house was generally divided into two apartments by a couple of *box-beds* placed end to end—a bad style of bed prevalent in cottages all over Scotland; they were so close as almost to stifle the inmates.

“Among these humble people all costumes, customs, and ways of living, smacked of old times. You would see a venerable patriarch making his way to church on Sunday, with a long-backed, swing-tailed, light-blue coat of the style of George II., which was probably his marriage coat, and half a century old. His head gear was a broad-brimmed blue bonnet. The old women came out on the same occasions in red scarves, called cardinals, and white *mitches* (caps) bound by a black ribbon, with the grey hair folded back on the forehead. There was a great deal of drugget and huckaback and serge in that old world, and very little cotton; one might almost think he saw the humbler Scotch people of the seventeenth century before his eyes.”

Of the customs and superstitions of the people, he adds:—

“Although the belief in witchcraft had died out generally, it was still entertained in a limited way by the less enlightened classes. I have a recollection of a poor woman being reputed as a witch, and that it was not safe to pass her cottage without placing the thumb across the fourth finger, so as to form the figure of the cross. This species of exorcism I practised under instructions from boys older than myself. I likewise remember seeing salt thrown on the fire as a guard against the evil eye, when aged women suspected of not being quite *canny* happened to call at a neighbor’s dwelling. The aged postman, as was confidently reported, never went on his rounds with the letters without a sprig of rowan-tree (mountain ash) in his pocket, as a preservative against malevolent influences.

“There was no police. Offenders against the law were usually captured by a town-officer, at the verbal command of the provost, who administered justice in an off-hand way behind his counter, amidst miscellaneous dealings with customers, and ordered off alleged delinquents to prison, without keeping any record of the transaction. Dismissal from confinement took place in the like abrupt and arbitrary manner.”

And then what a picture of rustic simplicity and content we have in this:—

“A considerable number of persons, as has

been said, kept a cow. The going forth of the town cows to their pastures on a neighboring hill, and their return, constituted leading events in the day. Early in the summer mornings, the inhabitants were roused by inharmonious sounds blown from an ox-horn by the town herd, who leisurely perambulated the streets with a grey plaid twisted round his shoulders. Then came forth the cows deliberately, one by one, from their respective quarters, and took their way instinctively by the bridge across the Tweed, their keeper coming up behind to urge forward the loiterers.

“Before taking the ascent to the hill, the cows, in picturesque groups, might have been seen standing within the margin of the Minister’s Pool, a smooth part of the river, which reflected on its glistening surface the figures of the animals in various attitudes, along with the surrounding scenery; the whole — river, cows, and trees — forming a tableau such as would have been a study for Berghem or Wouvermans.”

So that it was not an utterance of mere individual conceit on the part of that good old burgher, who, enabled by some strange chance to visit Paris, was questioned eagerly on his return as to the character of that capital, but only replied, “Paris, a’ thing considered, is a wonderfu’ place — but still, Peebles for plesure!”

For "pleasure," doubtless, to the boys also; for, although in most towns the burgh school was excellent, not unfrequently with a master in it who had passed through the prescribed curriculum and taken license, that is, become a clergyman, and was an able teacher, yet the inferior schools were too often indifferent.

This was the case with the first school to which the Chamberses were sent, in which Kitty Cranston, a poor old widow, when her pupils were reading the Bible in class, would tell them to leave out the difficult words, such as Maher-shalal-hash-baz. "These," she told the children, "might be a passover." When, however, Robert Chambers was transferred to the burgh school, he was in better hands, and William has to confess that his younger brother soon outstripped him. He thus informs us regarding the education imparted:—

"Laying aside any consideration of the elementary branches and the classics, the amount of instruction at these schools was exceedingly slender. At not one of them was there taught any history, geography, or physical science. There was not, in my time, a map in any of the schools, in which respect the place had fallen off; for at the sale of the effects of Mr. Oman, a previous teacher, my father had bought a pair of old globes, and it was chiefly from these that my

brother and I obtained a competent knowledge of the terrestrial and celestial spheres.

“I finish with stating that my entire education, which terminated when I was thirteen years of age, cost, books included, somewhere about six pounds. So little was taught in the way of general knowledge, that my education, properly speaking, began only when I was left to pick it up as opportunities offered in after-life.”

It is astonishing how much men often owe to their defects, or what in an original view would seem drawbacks. Robert Chambers was burdened with a deformity which rendered him from boyhood totally unable to share in many physical exercises; and his father's intellectual aspirations, which certainly did not help him in his worldly prospects, yet were the means of putting in the way of his sons books which, in such a quiet, humdrum corner as Peebles, they might not otherwise have seen. William Chambers says:—

“Robert and I had a strange congenital malformation. We were sent into the world with six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. By the neighbors, as I understand, this was thought particularly lucky; but it proved anything but lucky for one of us. In my own case, the redundant members were easily removed, leaving scarcely a trace of their presence;

but in the case of Robert the result was very different. The supernumerary toes on the outside of the foot were attached to, or formed part of, the metatarsal bones, and were so badly amputated as to leave delicate protuberances, calculated to be a torment for life.

“ This unfortunate circumstance, by producing a certain degree of lameness and difficulty in walking, no doubt exerted a permanent influence over my brother’s habits and feelings. Indisposed to indulge in the boisterous exercise of other boys — studious, docile in temperament, and excelling in mental qualifications — he shot ahead of me in all matters of education. . . . Though not disposed to be so sedentary as my brother, I had scarcely a less ardent attachment to books. These, however, I possessed no means of purchasing. To procure the object of my desire, I executed with a knife various little toys, which I exchanged for juvenile books with my better-provided companions. The room occupied by my brother and myself was more like a workshop than a sleeping apartment, on account of the disorder which was caused by these mechanical operations.”

And, most wonderful fact for Peebles, that queer old bookseller, Sandy Elder, had had the enterprise to buy a copy of the “ Encyclopædia Britannica ;” and one of the few good invest-

ments old Chambers made was to take it off Sandy's hands. It lay in a big old chest in a garret in their house, where Robert Chambers found it. But so important was the bearing this Encyclopædia had on his mental formation and future career that we must allow him to tell the story of it.

"It seems a curious reminiscence of my first book-seller's shop that, on entering it, one always got a peep of a cow, which quietly chewed her cud close behind the book-shelves, such being one of Sandy's means of providing for his family.

"Sandy was great in Shorter Catechisms, and what he called *spells*, and school Bibles and Testaments, and in James Lumsden's (of Glasgow) half-penny colored pictures of the 'World Turned Up-side Down,' 'Battle of Trafta'gar,' &c.; and in penny chap-books of an extraordinary coarseness of language. He had stores, too, of school slates and *skeely*, of paper for copies, and of pens, or rather quills, for made pens were never sold then, one of which he would hand us across his counter, with a civil glance over the top of his spectacles, as if saying, 'Now, laddie, see and mak' a gude use o't.'

"But Sandy was enterprising and enlightened beyond the common range of booksellers in small country towns, and had added a circulating library to his original business.

“My father, led by his strong intellectual tastes, had early become a supporter of this institution, and thus it came about that, by the time we were nine or ten years of age, my brother and I had read a considerable number of the classics of English literature, or heard our father read them. . . . When lately attending the Wells of Hamburgh, I had but one English book to amuse me, Pope’s translation of the ‘Iliad,’ and I felt it as towards myself an affecting reminiscence, that exactly fifty years had elapsed since I perused the copy from Elder’s library, in a little room looking out upon the High Street of Peebles, where an English regiment was parading recruits raised for Wellington’s Peninsular campaign.

“There was something considerably superior to the common book-trader in my friend Alexander Elder; for his catalogue included several books striking far above the common taste, and somewhat costly withal. . . . In a fit of extraordinary enterprise, Sandy had taken into his library the successive volumes of the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica,’ and had found nobody but my father in the slightest degree interested in them. My father made a stretch with his moderate means and took the book off Sandy’s hands.

“It was a cumbrous article in a small house; so, when the first interest in its contents had

subsided, it had been put into a chest (which it filled), and laid up in an attic beside the cotton wefts and the meal ark. Roaming about there one day, in that morning of intellectual curiosity, I lighted upon the stored book, and from that moment for weeks all my spare time was spent beside the chest. It was a new world to me. I felt a profound thankfulness that such a convenient collection of human knowledge existed, and that here it was spread out like a well-plenished table before me.

“What the gift of a whole toy-shop would have been to most children, this book was to me. I plunged into it. I roamed through it like a bee. I hardly could be patient enough to read any one article, while so many others remained to be looked into. . . . What a year that was to me, not merely in intellectual enjoyment, but in mental formation. I believe it was my eleventh, for before I was twelve, misfortune had taken the book from us to help in satisfying creditors.

“The themes first presented to the young mind certainly sink into it deepest. The sciences of which I obtained the first tracings through the Encyclopædia have all through life been endeared to me above the rest. The books of imagination which I first read from Elder’s library have ever borne a preference in my heart, whatever may be the judgment of modern taste

regarding them. It appears to me somewhat strange that, in a place so remote, so primitive, and containing so little wealth, and at a time when the movement for the spread of knowledge had not yet been thought of, such an opportunity for the gratification of an inquiring mind should have been presented. It was all primarily owing to the liberal spirit of enterprise which animated this cow-keeping country bookseller."

And he might almost have added, "to the odd intellectual curiosity of my father, which unluckily, as is so often the case, did not consist with the hard, shrewd common-sense, without the exercise of which success in any calling is hardly possible."

But surely this is a beautiful pendant to the above :—

"I raise statues in my heart to Fielding and Sterne, who lent such a charm to years during which intellectual enjoyments were few ; and to many others who nowhere have statues of bronze or marble ; and I likewise deem it not unfitting that there should be flower-crowned miniatures in my bosom of James Sloan [his teacher] and Sandy Elder."

On coming to Edinburgh, in 1813, the world looked very hard to them. The father found people too sharp for him. If it had not been for the patient, discreet tact of the mother — eternal

honor to her! — the family would assuredly have gone down. She planned, she pinched, she yielded wisely to the inevitable, saved, and worked, but kept them all respectable.

William, who had a decided leaning to literature and would even have thought it gratified by becoming a bookseller's apprentice, is at first disappointed and has to trudge down to Leith, seeking a situation, only to be scowled at by a vulgar grocer, who looked at him as he would at a beast of burden, and declared him too weakly to be a grocer. But, returning home, he sees in a bookseller's window a ticket — "An apprentice wanted." He applies, and obtains the place — his wages being four shillings a week. Robert was still at school. This went on for fully a year, when the father procured a situation at the salt-pans at Joppa, Robert walking up and down from there to Edinburgh daily. William, however, was now, at fifteen, thrown entirely on his own resources. "From necessity, no less than choice, I resolved at all hazards to make the weekly four shillings serve for everything. *I cannot remember the slightest despondency upon the subject.*"

He found lodgings in the house of a Peebles woman; and as he could not afford light, would read in the evenings at the kitchen-fire, with the book quite close to it, there being no other light available.

“My landlady,” he says, “had the reputation of being excessively parsimonious, but as her honesty was of importance to me in my position, and as she consented to let me have a bed, cook for me, and allow me to sit by her fireside — the fire, by the way, not being much to speak of — for the reasonable charge of eighteen-pence a week, I was thought to be lucky in finding her disposed to receive me within her establishment.”

In the evening, he used to haunt the book-auctions held in Edinburgh at night, as he had done before he became apprentice; and by this means he extended his knowledge of books. He gives us some odd details of his domestic life then:—

“The charge made for my accommodation in these quarters left some scope for financiering as regards the remaining part of my wages. It was a keen struggle, but, like Franklin, whose autobiography I had read with avidity, I faced it with all proper resolution. My contrivances to make both ends meet were in some degree amusing.

“As a final achievement in the art of cheap living, I was able to make an outlay of a shilling and ninepence suffice for the week. Below that I could not well go. Reaching this point, I had ninepence over for miscellaneous demands, chiefly in the department of shoes, which constituted an awkwardly heavy item.

“On no occasion did I look to parents for the slightest pecuniary subsidy. Was there none, all this time, to lend a helping hand to the struggling bookseller’s apprentice? I did not put any one to the test. My mother had some relations in town moving in respectable circles, but they were connected with the worthless personage whose conduct had insured my father’s ruin; and, passing over any unpleasant recollections on this score, I felt disinclined to court their intimacy.

“Admitting that I may in this respect have acted with unreasonable shyness, I am inclined to think that the policy of keeping aloof was the most advantageous in the end. Isolation was equivalent to independence of thought and action. Contact with the relatives I speak of would have been subjection.”

Though his master was on the whole kind, he was terribly put to it by overwork. The business embraced a State-lottery agency as well as a circulating library; and William had to deliver books and look after lottery tickets. It tried his powers of endurance, but gave him rare opportunities of studying character, which he seems to have duly taken advantage of.

An admission to the debtors’ prison in the Old Tolbooth furnished him with new and odd enough acquaintances; and of this resource both broth-

ers by-and-by made use, to find their experiences afterwards of high literary value. And, though he was not allowed to read in the shop, he could take home a book to read, and availed himself of the privilege.

He became acquainted with an original and certainly liberal-minded baker, who gave him daily a penny roll to read for him in the early mornings while he was preparing his batch. Mr. Chambers, with a robust good sense and sunshiny contentment that characterize the whole book, says:—

“ Hot rolls, as I have since learned, are not to be recommended for the stomach; but I could not in these times afford to be punctilious. . . . Seated on a folded-up sack in the sill of the window, with a book in one hand and a penny-candle stuck in a bottle near the other, I went to work for the amusement of the company. The baker was not particular as to subject. All he stipulated for was something comic and laughable. Aware of his tastes, I tried him first with the jocularities of ‘Roderick Random,’ which was a great success.”

As, in spite of many efforts, things did not look bright, the mother, with the little money that could be scraped together, started a small shop, in which she did wonderfully well; and Robert now went into the lodgings in West Port with William.

In the new surroundings Robert suffered far more than William had done. For one thing, he was more amongst them ; and, then, let it be remembered that his lameness and his literary turn combined to make him relish less the rough-and-tumble ways of the landlady and her other lodgers.

After school hours, for he attended an academy kept by a Mr. Mackay, the only retreat he could depend on was the fireside at the West Port, and though "disposed to be kind in her way, the landlady was so chilled by the habits of penury as to give little consideration to the feelings of the poor scholar."

This is his own confession : "I have often sat beside her kitchen fire — if fire it could be called which was only a little heap of embers — reading Horace, conning my dictionary by a light which required me to hold the books almost close to the grate. What a miserable winter that was !"

"He spoke to me," says William, "of his sufferings, and the efforts he made to assuage them. The want of warmth was his principal discomfort ; sometimes, benumbed with cold, he was glad to adjourn to that ever-hospitable retreat, the Old Tolbooth, where, like myself, he was received as a welcome visitor by the West-enders ; and it is not unworthy of being mentioned, that the oddities of character amongst these unfortu-

nate, though on the whole joyous, prisoners, and their professional associates, formed a fund of recollection on which he afterwards drew for literary purposes."

His brother confesses that he would most probably have broken down had it not been that "he stood as rival and class-fellow of Mackay's best pupils," and had already found out the elements of attraction in the old town of Edinburgh.

"Patiently ranging up one close and down another, ascending stairs, and poking into obscure courts, he took note of carvings over doorways, pondered on the structure of old gables and windows, examined *risps* — the antique mechanisms which had answered the purpose of door-knockers; and, extending the scope of his researches, scarcely a bit of Arthur's Seat on the Braid Hills was left unexplored. . . . Though only twelve months had elapsed since he came from the country, and not yet fourteen years of age, he already possessed a knowledge of things concerning the old city and its romantic history which many, it may be supposed, do not acquire in the course of a lifetime."

He by-and-by got some private teaching, and William's wonderful self-denial and economy — he managed to save even off his small wages — and some help from home, might have carried

him through a college course, on to the ministry of the Church, at which he was now aiming; but the father's prospects blackened; he lost the situation at Joppa altogether, and no more could be spared from home to aid in paying Robert's board and lodging. There was naturally great mourning over this disappointment, but it was really favorable to Robert Chambers' sooner finding his true sphere; for he would never have become a cool and easy speaker, and might easily have had the mortification of regarding himself as a "stickit minister."

He went into a counting-house at Leith, in spite of his lameness, walking to and from Joppa, a distance of ten miles a day; but after a few months it became evident that something else must be done, when William suggested to him to become a bookseller. All the old books about the house were looked at and overhauled; and these, together with his school-books, formed his first small stock-in-trade.

A shop at six pounds rent was found in Leith Walk, where, "provided with a few articles of furniture, and exercising a rigorous frugality, he lived in his limited establishment." To keep him company and aid him by professional advice, as well as to lessen his expenses, William went to live with him.

William's apprenticeship that same year came

to a close ; and, resolving to begin business also, a shop was taken, not far from Robert's, in Leith Walk. His intelligence and industry had made a favorable impression on book-agents and others, who were willing to trust him to a small extent ; he met with customers who were anxious to do him a good turn. He recalls the picture of the first setting up of his book-stall thus : —

“Picture me, on a fine sunny morning, planting a pair of trestles on the broad side-way in front of my little shop, then laying on them a board ; and, last of all, carrying out my stock of books, and arranging them in three rows — the smaller volumes in front and the larger ones behind, with pamphlets embellished with plates stuck alluringly between.”

By studying to sell very cheap, the profits were not great ; but the two brothers lived frugally together. “Our united daily expenses in house-keeping,” says William, “did not exceed a shilling. For years, after beginning business, the cost of my living was limited to sixpence a day, and all that was over I laid out in adding to my stock.

“As my sales were, to a large extent, new books in boards, I felt that the charge made for the boarding of them was an item that pressed rather heavily on me.” And this suggested the question why he should not board them himself. He

had seen bookbinding, and fancied he could do all that was required. This was his work when the days were wet, and the stall had to be taken in-doors.

During these hours, which otherwise would have been idle, he also made transcriptions, for which he had trained himself to write a neat hand; and, at length, having secured slightly enlarged premises, it struck him that if he had types and a press he could make something of printing. Luckily, he managed, for the small sum of three pounds, to procure exactly what he wanted; and the print-writing was hereafter turned over to Robert.

With much labor and patience the business of printing was mastered, so that some result was obtained. He turned out various little books — “Burns’s Poems” amongst others — which, if they were not elegant, were saleable and brought a small return; — the work being done either at morning or night, or when, through bad weather, the stall had to be taken in-doors. William says of his printing adventure: —

“My progress in compositorship was at first slow. I had to feel my way. A defective adjustment of the lines to a uniform degree of tightness was my greatest trouble, but this was got over. The art of working my press had next to be acquired, and in this there was no

difficulty. . . . I think there was a degree of infatuation in my attachment to that jangling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment, within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outlines in the silvery moonlight when I awoke; and there at the glowing dawn did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine."

It should here be mentioned that both brothers still resided in small rooms behind their shops in Leith Walk, which explains how it was that William looked on his little "creaking, wheezing" press whenever he awoke in the morning. With a little more means, enlarged powers of production were sought by him. He says:—

"My enlarged typographical capacities led to new aspirations.* Robert, who had made corresponding advances in business, but exclusively in connection with bookselling, was occupying his leisure hours in literary composition, which came upon him like an inspiration at nineteen years of age. His tastes and power in this respect suggested the idea of a small periodical which we might mutually undertake. He was to be the editor and principal writer. I was to be the printer and publisher, and also to contribute articles as far as time permitted."

Accordingly, the *Kaleidoscope ; or Edinburgh Literary Amusement*, was printed and published, and went on for a short time only clearing itself ; but it was not without its use as affording the young men a chance to try their wings, as William neatly puts it.

“It was a sixteen-page octavo — the price three pence — and it was to appear once a fortnight. The first number was issued on Saturday, October 6, 1821. The mechanical execution of this literary serial sorely tested the powers of my poor little press, which received sundry claspings of iron to strengthen it for the unexpected duty.

“My muscular powers underwent a trial. I had to print the sheet in halves one after the other, and then stitch the two together. I set all the types, and worked off all the copies, my younger brother, James, rolling the ink, and otherwise rendering assistance.

“This was the hardest task I had yet undergone ; for, being pressed by time, there was no opportunity for rest. Occupied with business, the composing frame, and the press, also with some literary composition, I was in harness sixteen hours a day ; took no more than a quarter of an hour for meals, and never gave over work till midnight.”

Another feature which characterized the Cham-

berses from first to last, is the faculty, not only of making things serviceable, but of finding the fitting men, and directing them to available work. William saw genius in an odd character, Peter Fyfe, and put him on drawing illustrations for his books, which he executed well, notably those for a song book, and a sketch of the black dwarf. By the former some profits were realized, which enabled him to add to his scanty types.

“To be prepared to execute posting-bills, I cut,” says William, “a variety of letters in wood with a chisel and pen-knife. For such bold headings therefore as ‘Notice,’ ‘Found,’ or ‘Dog Lost,’ I was put to no straits worth mentioning. One of my most successful speculations was the cutting in wood of the words ‘To Let,’ in letters four inches long, an edition of which I disposed of by the hundred. I continued to live on the plainest fare; used no tobacco, and never tasted beer, wine, or spirits.” Through various causes the printing work was increased, rules for friendly societies, pawn-tickets, and window-bills all came alike to this indefatigable youth, who still found time to practice himself in literary composition.

Meantime, Robert was applying himself to larger literary ventures. His illustrations of the author of *Waverley*, short sketches of individuals, popularly believed to have been the originals of characters in the earlier fictions, prepared the

way for the "Traditions of Edinburgh," which proved a great success. It shows not only marked literary skill, but the power to throw imagination round antiquarian detail.

He had been lucky too in the persons to whom he had applied for help—notably Charles Kilpatrick Sharpe, who was a genius and an eccentric. This work brought Sir Walter Scott into intimate relations with Robert Chambers, and Sir Walter himself contributed a budget of reminiscences for a second edition. "Such a treasure to me," says Robert Chambers, "and such a gift from the greatest literary man of the age to the humblest."

Is there a literary man of the present age who would scribble so much for any humble aspirant? Afterwards, when he was preparing "The Popular Rhymes of Scotland," Sir Walter sent whole sheets of his recollections with appropriate explanations. It need not be said that, with his taste at once for poetry and antiquarian relics, this work was gone into *con amore*.

Then followed "The Picture of Scotland," written while he was still much engaged each day in business, though he had now removed to better quarters in India Place. It says much for the forecast and literary instinct of Mr. Constable that he pressed Robert Chambers into the list of *Constable's Miscellany*, in which he wrote

“The History of the Rebellion,” one of the most important and popular works in it.

Robert Chambers in his next adventure may be said to have anticipated Dean Ramsay by a book titled “Scottish Jests and Anecdotes,” which was very popular; and while he was engaged in this he accepted the editorship of the “Edinburgh Advertiser.”

Their foolish father still brought trouble to them, and his stupid law pleas swept away from them on one occasion the hard-made savings of years. Only real bravery and determination bore them up. “These losses,” William says, “kept us back for many years. Literature abounds in instances, comic and tragic, of fathers being pulled down by sons. Wonderfully little is said of the many ingenious ways in which sons are pulled down by fathers.”

William soon after this saw his way to relinquish his printing, and, along with Robert, engaged in the “Gazetteer of Scotland,” for which they were to be paid £100—a small price surely, if the expenses of necessary traveling be considered. However, it materially helped to bring the writers into notice.

January, 1832, marks an era in the social and literary history of these islands; and also forms a notable point in the history of the Chamberses. Then was started *Chambers's Edinburgh Four-*

nal, which has so ably stood its place in face of all the competition that has been brought against it for upwards of forty years. It was really the first thing of the kind, though the *Penny Magazine* must have been projected before its appearance; the first number of it having been published some six weeks later than the journal.

“The permanent hold on the public mind,” writes William, “which the ‘journal’ fortunately obtained, was undoubtedly owing, in a very great degree, to the leading articles, consisting of essays, moral, familiar, and humorous, from the pen of my brother. My own more especial duties were confined, for the most part, to papers, having in view some kind of popular instruction, particularly as regards the young, whom it was attempted to stimulate in the way of mental improvement. There likewise fell to my share the general administration of a concern which was ever increasing in dimensions.”

As in the case of other men who have been the architects of their own fortunes, there can be no doubt that much of the ultimate success of the Chamberses was due to the fact that, after their first great success had been achieved, they did not at once materially increase their personal expenditure. All that was gained by them for a long time returned into the common capital and working plant, with the smallest possible deduc-

tion that could be done with. William tells of all this with a certain pride and self-satisfaction; and well he may, for it is the rock on which many who begun as well as they did, and had as fair prospects, have split; and in this respect, too, they may be cited as an admirable example for those who have to make their own way.

The constant determination to keep the magazine free from party or sectarian association, to have in view only one aim — to elevate the mind, to purify the feelings, and appeal to the imagination, and touch it to fine issues by every available means, not despising the aid of pathos and humor and even wit, this is what distinctively marks out *Chambers's Journal* from the mass of publications which have enjoyed, as they deserved, only an ephemeral existence.

And the "journal" was soon made but the nucleus of other undertakings. Quickly there followed the "Information for the People," which has been of infinite service; "Chambers's Educational Course," which filled and still holds a place of its own; and then came that series of popular histories which combined exactitude with fervor, and grace with great faculty of condensation. Then there are the various cyclopædias, which have been of incalculable service to the classes for which they were especially meant.

Of course, in the preparation of many of their

works, the Messrs. Chambers had to enlist extensive help; but two works alone — whose authorship belongs exclusively to Robert — would suffice to establish a reputation: the “Domestic Annals of Scotland” and “The Life and Writings of Burns,” which are complete, compact pieces of work, betokening not only clear insight, but fancy, humor, sympathy, real biographic tact, and genius.

Those school books, which have issued from the press of Messrs. Chambers, have done not a little to raise school-teaching throughout the empire. Clear and exhaustive digests of the most important of European literatures — French, German, Italian, Spanish, have also been given at very low prices.

Their list, indeed, affords a complete, but cheap, educational machinery — to have read and studied the better portions of which is to have received a liberal education. Such workers are national benefactors; and when, in 1870, Robert Chambers passed away, he was rightly mourned for as a loss to the whole nation, for whom he had so unremittingly wrought.

The High Street of Peebles is one of the quietest we know. Wider than some of the leading thoroughfares in our great cities, it looks as though it owed its spaciousness to accident. Single figures creep about in the sun, exchange

a word, and pass on; but the extreme stillness actually seems exaggerated by the little show of life.

Only as the day advances is it broken now and then by parties making their way to the Tontine, or other hotels; and carriages of various kinds, ere long, creeping out from back courts. For this is the starting-point for the famous Neidpath Castle, hung on the slope so picturesquely in the midst of its now ruined terraced gardens, given up to sheep, and for other famous historical points on the lower Tweed, whose sparkling waters you can catch glimpses of as you look down any of the breaks in the line of buildings on the shaded side.

To a visitor from one of the larger centres there is a monotony and apparent aimlessness about the life here that becomes oppressive. You cannot help wishing some accident would occur, some quarrel arise; and as the day passes on you wander up the Tweed, to return as evening draws near.

What is your surprise to find that a transformation has taken place. Respectable people, in what you take to be Sunday garb, are making their way in groups from your end of the town towards one point; and, looking up, you see that other groups from the other end are also converging towards it. You inquire the reason, and you are

told, "There is a meeting at the Institute;" and, curiosity smitten, you move along with the rest. You enter an archway, and find yourself in a court. A meeting is being held in one hall, or a lecture is being given.

This you now learn is the Chambers Institute. Here are library, reading-rooms, museum, and so on; all well supplied and well kept up. It is the centre of the intellectual life of the place; and, in spite of the quietness and seeming stagnation, there is a very lively intellectual life here, which the Chamberses, by the founding of this Institute, have done much to cherish and direct, at the same time that they have raised the most fitting and expressive monument to their own struggles and successes.

"Peebles for pleasure," it may be said as of old; for we do not believe there is another town of the same size in the kingdom which can boast of such abundant means of intellectual gratification; nor one where it is likely they would be more used or appreciated.

The brothers Chambers, by their gift of this Institute to the people of Peebles, have testified their love for their native place; and, at the same time, taken, as was fitting, the best means to educe that love of reading and mental improvement by which they themselves rose from penury to position and to wealth; and the Insti-

tute is thus, in several senses, the best possible testimony to that intelligent and indefatigable self-help, which seeks to lighten the burdens of others even when achieving its own ends.

Resolute, cultured, knowing the right point to aim at, and going forward calmly and taking help, in the utmost good-nature, from whatever was available, and never wasting time in whining over adverse circumstances, the Chamberses may well be cited as admirable samples of Scottish self-help.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE,

THE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1806, a lady who had been resident with her husband in garrison up-country, in Ceylon, had come down to Galle from Matura, famous for diamonds, and on being asked by a friend whether she had brought any of these precious stones with her, replied readily, "Yes;" and, with a pride above jewels, called in the nurse with her little boy, and, presenting him, said, "This is my Matura diamond!"

"Like mother, like son," is an old saw which has found many remarkable illustrations in history; but hardly could one cite a more remarkable instance than that of this son and this mother, who so unconsciously presents herself to us in guise like to that of the ancient heroine of Roman story. And throughout her life, in many of its phases, she was Cornelia-like; proving the worthy wife of one who showed perhaps more of Roman or Spartan virtue in the service of his country than most of his contemporaries, in a time when the courage and virtue of the English soldier were right well tested. She was the wife

of Alexander Lawrence, the youngest of several sons of a mill-owner at Coleraine, who had come of a Scottish race.

The boy had had tolerable schooling, and all inducements to settle down in the fair county of Derry, with sisters' loving care about him; but his restless spirit would not brook sisterly government; and at sixteen he left home, and sought service in the army as a volunteer. He joined His Majesty's 36th Regiment, then serving in India, and, before very long, had shown such metal that General Sir John Burgoyne, commander-in-chief, appointed him an ensign in the 101st Regiment; and a good while afterwards, when he had served through an arduous campaign, he had the mortification to find the "commission not confirmed at the Horse Guards."

Encouraged by his senior officers he continued to serve, and again was recommended for a commission, to be disappointed a second time by the commission being diverted to a "half-pay officer in England." His friends and fellow-officers, who knew his worth, now made practical efforts to purchase a commission for him; but this was not realized for four years, during which he had served constantly in the field.

He was gazetted to the 52nd Regiment; and in the year 1788 was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 77th. Then he was in the thick of all the

hard service in India through the stormy years that followed. He was at Seringapatam, where, losing his baggage, he laid the foundation of fever through lying on the wet ground at night; he was at the siege of Cochin; in the expedition against Colombo, in 1796, and next year in the severe and harassing service in the Cotiote country under Colonels Dow and Dunlop, who both recommended him for promotion.

He was in the action of Sedaseer in 1799; and in the same year commanded the grenadier company of the 77th Regiment at the second siege of Seringapatam, where he twice greatly distinguished himself, successfully leading the Forlorn Hope in spite of wounds.

“The first ball hit him just as the party reached the top of the glacis, where they found that the storming party ‘had formed, and commenced a fire,’ instead of rushing in. Lawrence, wounded as he was, ‘ran from right to left’ of the rear rank of the Forlorn Hope, ‘hurrahing to them to move on;’ but at last was obliged to run through the files to the front, calling out, ‘Now is the time for the breach!’ This had the desired effect. At the foot of the breach he received the second ball, but even then did not give it up, till he saw the few remaining men gain the breach; then, fainting from the loss of blood, he was removed to a less exposed place.”

He himself, in after-years, used to tell his children the story of this siege and its touching sequel, as regarded himself:—

“ He was left scarcely sensible on the breach, under the burning midday sun of May; and his life was only saved by one of the soldiers of the 77th, who, strolling over the spot after the heat of the conflict, recognized the facings of his own corps on what he supposed to be a dead officer. Stopping and turning the body over, he muttered to himself, ‘ One of ours!’ then, seeing who it was, and that the lieutenant was not dead yet, the soldier raised him with a violent effort (Lawrence was six feet two, and stout in proportion), and staggered off with his burden to the camp, swearing, as he toiled along, that ‘ he would not do as much for any other man of them!’ ”

Before he had recovered from his wounds, and because of the scarcity of officers, he joined in the siege and assault of Jumalabad; and suffered shipwreck on the Malabar coast in going from it to Cochin. He tells us himself that he “ did not leave the beach until he saw every man safe on shore, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that by his exertions his men were saved, though by it he lost the use of his limbs for many months.”

In May, 1800, he was appointed to a captain-lieutenancy in the 19th Foot; and as soon as he

was recovered from the effects of the wreck, he joined that regiment in Ceylon, and remained with it there till the year 1808, "when from repeated attacks of the liver and rheumatic fever, brought on by hard service on the continent of India, he was obliged to return home, as the only chance of saving his life."

Reaching home only to find himself superseded in the majority of his own regiment, he was introduced by his colonel to the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, who named him to the next majority in the 19th Foot, and ordered him to Yorkshire to enlist recruits. Three years later he was appointed to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 4th Garrison Battalion at Guernsey. In 1815 the regiment was ordered to Ostend, and Colonel Lawrence commanded the garrison there throughout the Waterloo campaign — not, however, without occasional stirrings of the old spirit.

We are told that he chafed at being cooped up in this post, and appealed to the Duke of Wellington, for "Auld lang syne," to let him come to the front with a body of picked men from his garrison. The Iron Duke replied that he remembered him well, and believed he was too good a soldier to wish for any other post than the one which was given to him.

On returning to Ireland, an abscess burst in

his liver, and it was feared he would not survive. However, by his own bravery, and great care on the part of others, he reached home, and so far recovered — to sell out his commission, in order to save the little it was worth for his family; to bear the mortification of making vain appeals to the War Office for some recognition of his long services, and something in lieu of the £300 pension, of which, “under the rules of the service, he had made sure;” to turn at last to the East India Company with better success; the court of directors at once voting him a present of a hundred guineas and a pension of £80 a-year for life, which, in 1820, they increased to £130 a-year, “to mark their sense of his merits.”

Colonel Lawrence after the siege of Seringapatam had married, in May, 1798, while yet a lieutenant, Letitia Catherine, daughter of the Rev. G. Knox, of the county Donegal, collaterally descended, as she loved to tell, from John Knox, the reformer. Few wives have more devotedly shared a soldier's fortunes. She was with him in most of the changing circumstances of the latter part of his earlier career, in midst of war and the trying climates of various portions of India; and, during their eight years' stay in Ceylon, five children were born to them, Henry, the “Matura diamond,” being their fifth child.

George, the first-born, had died in his third

year in Ceylon, on the very day that there was added to the family that sister Letitia whose influence on Henry and the younger brothers in future years was so marked and so beneficial. The shock, we are told, endangered the mother's life. In few cases can the influence of the parents on the children, forming them to high motive and strong character, be more directly traced than in that of the Lawrences. One of the sons thus writes :—

“ Both my father and mother possessed much character. She had great administrative qualities. She kept the family together, and brought us all up on very slender means. She kept the purse and managed all domestic matters. My father was a very remarkable man. He had left home at fourteen years of age, and had to struggle with the world from the beginning to the end. But he possessed great natural powers: ever foremost in times of war, and somewhat restless in times of peace. He was a fine, stout, soldier-looking fellow, a capital rider, a good sportsman, and an excellent runner. I have heard old military men, when I was a boy, say that he was one of the hardiest and best officers they ever met, and that he only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things. . . . I fancy he was rather headstrong and wayward; and, though much liked by his equals and inferi-

ors, not disposed to submit readily to imbecility and incompetency in high places.

“When I was coming out to India, my poor old mother made me a speech somewhat to the following effect:—‘I know you don’t like advice, so I won’t give you much. But, pray, recollect two things. Don’t marry a woman who had not a *good* mother; and don’t be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects.’”

From first to last the mother’s training and example were in strictest keeping with these parting words. When the little Henry was two years old, he came, with father and mother, to England. Many stories are told of his childhood which illustrate his faithfulness, and his great love for his mother, in which it had root. Nurse Margaret, who was a favorite, now and then ventured, in spite of clear rule, to indulge the children with jam to their tea. Henry used to refuse it, because “Mamma said we were to have bread and milk.”

The family income was so very narrow that the place of abode was chosen more with regard to its cheapness than almost anything else. They were first in Guernsey, and then at Clifton, Bristol, where the preaching of Robert Hall proved a great attraction to the family. And that is a very quaint and beautiful picture of the

two brothers, Henry and John, uniting their hands, and carrying the delicate Letitia up the hills from Clifton to be in time for the preaching.

In 1822, when they went to Guernsey, Letitia had been left at school at Southampton, in the family of the Rev. Dr. Mant. This separation was a terrible grief to her and to her brothers; and, at Henry's suggestion, the boys saved up all the Spanish pieces and crooked sixpences that were given them in Guernsey, and sent them in a bag to Letitia.

But their school-days also were close at hand. In 1813, Alexander, George, and Henry, were all sent together to Foyle College at Derry, of which their uncle, the Rev. James Knox, was head-master. Whether it was the fault of the boys or of defective training, they did not learn much there; but it is something that they did not fall away from the moral training of their home, but were established and settled in it.

“It is a substantial, inornate building,” says Sir John Kaye, “with a bold grey frontage looking across the high road towards the river, from which it has derived its name of Foyle College. There is something grim and forbidding about it, suggestive of stern discipline and hard training. . . . And there they heard the grand historical traditions of the famous city by which

they dwelt, and went forth into the world with the old watchword of Derry, 'NO SURRENDER,' engraven on their hearts."

And if in this way the courage of the lads — which had, doubtless, often been aroused by tales heard from their father's lips of the wild campaigns in which he had figured — was anew called forth and confirmed, there can be no doubt that the tenderer and more pitiful elements in them were awakened and stimulated by the presence of their "Aunt Angel" beside them; for she had had disappointments such as are wont to figure in fiction to advantage, but in real life are seldom found to produce such gentle nobility and strength of purpose as they did in her.

"Her room was ever the happy resort of all the children, and latterly they came more and more under her influence as their father's failing health absorbed more of their mother's care. Mrs. Lawrence often told them that it was a 'blessing to them to have Aunt Angel living with them, and that some day they would understand it;' but on none of them does she seem to have made the abiding impression that she did on Henry.

"It happened, very fortunately, that during four of the six years that he was at school at Derry, Aunt Angel was there too (her brother James's house being her home), so that her influence

over him was sustained just when it was most wanted and would ordinarily have been lost. If Henry Lawrence got little learning in Foyle College, he got Aunt Angel's teachings well by heart, and remembered them gratefully through life."

There were college customs, too, that must have impressed him and remained in his mind. "One of these," his biographer says, "may have had its share in eliciting that recollection of the ever-present poor, and that native desire to minister to them, which became so strong a habit of his mind. There were no poor rates then in Ireland, so that relief was dependent on private charity, and Mr. and Mrs. Knox were in the habit of distributing what was left from the college table among the poor of Derry, who collected at the lodge to receive it.

"The assistants of the great and good man who, in after days, amid the cares of high office, and pomps and vanities of a Native court, never forgot the poor, and was so fond of collecting on Sunday mornings, under the shade of his verandah, crowds of halt, blind, and leprous, and, undismayed by the army of flies which hovered round them, walked so compassionately through their ranks, putting money into their hands, and speaking sympathy to their hearts, may, perhaps trace the first outlines of those scenes in the por-

tions given to the hungry at the lodge-gate of Foyle College."

Clearly a training that was not without its own advantages, especially on a character like that of Henry Lawrence.

The bitter experiences of the father led him to resolve that none of his sons, if he could help it, should enter the service which had rewarded him so poorly; and it was fortunate that Mrs. Lawrence, in addition to being an excellent administrator, had for a cousin Mr. Huddleston, who was one of the directors of the East India Company. Through his influence, cadetships were procured for Alexander and for George, who accepted cavalry appointments; and in 1820 another Addiscombe appointment was procured for Henry, who declined a cavalry commission in order that he might show that a Lawrence could pass an examination and fit himself for a scientific branch of the service. He was not brilliant, but he was patient and determined — always inquiring into the causes of things, and resolved to do what he did thoroughly. He finally took a good place.

As at College Green, so at Addiscombe, Henry Lawrence was the friend of the helpless, the defender of the weak, and the brave, generous ally of everything noble. While he was ever ready to flash out in indignation at all that was mean and groveling, he was not ashamed to be seen

carrying help to poor people, even in those boyish days ; and there is one incident of the Addiscombe period which brings out this characteristic so thoroughly that we must give it here :—

“At the end of the vacation, when leaving home for Addiscombe, he would go round the family and collect clothes for a poor lady in London ; and on arriving in the metropolis, carry the bundle through the streets himself and deliver it.”

But it must not be thought that Henry Lawrence was, therefore, a little priggish, precocious ascetic, looking down on those about him ; nothing of the kind. Though he did not join in the games and sports, it is to be presumed this was more because of the subscriptions and the expense to which they led than because of inaptitude for the games themselves ; for he had resolved not to apply to his father for more pocket-money than was given to him. He was fond of companionship, and, above all things, enjoyed a walk with a lad of spirit anyway congenial.

“His own approval was his only aim, and his minute and searching pursuit of truth was tempered and beautified by a vein of poetic ardor, which never, perhaps, could have shaped itself in words, but gave glory to the warm affections, the manly aspirations, the matter-of-fact reasons, and solid sense of the youth and of the man.” So

says one of his early companions, who also testifies to his thoroughness, the slow but complete grasp which he took of every subject he studied — “walking slowly, as it were, and marking the road.”

“I remember my brother Henry,” says Lord Lawrence, “one night in Lord Hardinge’s camp, turning to me, and saying, ‘Do you think we were clever as lads? *I don’t think we were!*’ But it was not altogether that we were dull. We had very few adventures — had not had very good education — and were consequently backward and deficient.”

But one of the most noticeable and most admirable traits in Henry Lawrence was his teachableness — his docility and readiness to make the most of his opportunities. This is well brought out in this incident, which, besides, shows how he leant on his sister in matters intellectual as well as others:—

“Sometimes Letitia, sometimes Henry, would borrow a new book from a friend, and then away went both up into her room to study it together. One day, just before Henry went to India, they were thus feasting on the ‘Life of Washington’ (whose character made a lasting impression on his mind); Letitia, looking up between the chapters, soliloquized ‘that it was a pity they had not been better taught.’ Henry mildly replied,

'Well, that's past. We can now teach ourselves.'"

And so successfully had he already acted on this axiom that, in spite of early disadvantages, he successfully passed for the artillery branch of the service, and left Addiscombe in May, 1822, not sailing for India, however, till September. During the interval he was brought afresh under the influence of "Aunt Angel" — who had ere this done much to form his character.

When he was about to sail, his sister Letitia so bitterly bewailed his leaving them that he actually proposed to take her to India with him, to set up a school or a shop in the Himalayas; but Mr. Huddleston at once put an end to that project, and pacified her by saying, "You foolish thing, Henry will distinguish himself. All your brothers will do well, I think; but Henry has such steadiness and resolution that you'll see him come back a general. He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies."

He was appointed to the station at Dum Dum; and on the voyage out had the good fortune to have for fellow-passenger a John Edwards — bound for the same destination. He found in Edwards so much that was congenial that they agreed to live together; but Edwards, evidently a serious, studious fellow, soon fell ill, and was ordered off to Singapore by the doctors, and

Ackers, his successor in the bungalow, before long shared the same fate. But Henry is able to say of himself:—

“For my part, I feel as well as ever I was in my life, and only require plenty of English letters to make me as happy as I can be at such a distance from my friends. I used foolishly to think it would be very fine to be my own master; but now, what would I give to have some kind friend to look after me! Give my love to all the dear little creatures, and to old Margaret [the nurse].”

He abstained from all extravagance; he did not join the regimental hunt, or frequent the billiard-room or the theatre; but devoted himself to professional reading and study, sometimes relieving the monotony by a game of chess — of which he was very fond. But he was now about to step into a circle which was to do much for him.

The Rev. George Crauford, who still lives, and is known to us as Sir George Crauford, had gone out in the same ship with a young officer named Lewin, who had known Lawrence at Addiscombe. As assistant-chaplain, Mr. Crauford soon began to exercise great influence on the young men around him, as well as to fight for the religious liberty of the Sepoys, which he conceived to be infringed by the arbitrary orders of the Gov-

ernment, which forbade an officer to be present at the baptism of a Sepoy, or even to speak to a Sepoy on the subject of religion.

Opening a house which it is said well deserved its name of Fairy Hall, Mr. Crauford had drawn around him a company of choice spirits, who were resolved to live a religious life. Of course, they had made up their minds to meet a good deal of ridicule. Lewin was one of their number, and Lawrence by-and-by followed Lewin to Fairy Hall.

“There is a play here to-night,” he says in one of his letters home, “but as I did not feel inclined to go, I took tea with Lewin, and am just returned home. It is really wonderful to me, the conversion of Lewin, having known him as a worldly-minded lad. His whole thoughts seem *now* to be of what good he can do. I only wish I was like him.”

Probably what at first led Lawrence to Fairy Hall was the quiet and the thoughtful atmosphere that was felt by him to be favorable to study and to his own development. It is noticeable that on Christmas Day, 1823, we find Lewin making this joyous entry in his journal: “Lawrence took the Sacrament: God bless him, now and evermore.” Thus, very soon, Lewin’s influence prevailed, and Lawrence is found reading his Bible more and more, and, later, joining the

friends at prayer, though he was averse to lead devotions himself, or to speak much of his religious state.

But an event was at hand that was to scatter the circle at Fairy Hall.

In March, 1824, Lord Amherst declared war with Burmah. The Burmese had shown too much desire to expand their empire towards British India, and were not over scrupulous of means. The dynasty at Alompra had for years insulted the governor-general, who had sent envoys to the Golden Foot and then forgotten the Burmese — till they presumed on their power, and actually invaded Assam and Cachar.

Henry Lawrence was ordered to Arracan to lead what was called the Chittagong column. After very bad weather, Chittagong was reached on the 18th of June. It is worth remarking that Henry Lawrence carried with him a volume of Scott's Bible, which Mr. Crauford had given to him, and which, in the absence of any regular chaplain, he found of service; whilst Havelock, who was with the main army at Rangoon, converted a cloister of the great Shoag Pagoda into a church, and by the light from a lamp set in the the lap of the image of Guatama, he ministered to the soldiers of his Majesty's 13th regiment.

One of the hardest and most harassing marches on record was undertaken in this war — through

swamps, and hills, and jungles, with here and there "beautiful streams and glens." Lawrence says, "The roads throughout the march were, in general, most wretched; in fact, in many places there were no traces of any."

Reaching the sea-shore, there was a long and painful march for many miles along the beach; then through a succession of gullies and ravines, such as required in the officers the utmost coolness and dexterity; and the Arracan River is reached on the 4th of March. There were a number of skirmishes, and then a hard contest for the possession of Arracan, the capital, in which many of the attacking force were killed or wounded; and the first thing Henry Lawrence does, when he has seen his corps bestowed in their quarters, is to hurry to the hospitals "to see our poor fellows who were wounded."

Well may his biographer remark, "It is natural and well to jot down with sorrow in our journals, after a battle, the brother-officers 'shot through the body,' or 'the leg,' likely to get over it or not. But it is well, too, nay better, to remember (as Lawrence did) the Neelands and the Smiths, with a hearty comrade interest in their wounds, and a commander's knowledge of their individual merits; and not to leave them altogether to the sad chronicle of the surgeon and the nurse."

With the fall of Arracan the whole Burmese province fell into the hands of the British ; but it was a victory for which a dear price was paid. Before General Morrison could lead his division to a junction with that of Sir Archibald Campbell in the valley of the Irrawaddy, the rains had set in, and what had before been a swamp now reeked with malaria.

Officer after officer succumbed and had to leave. Henry Lawrence was appointed to the adjutancy, and for weeks he and his colonel were the only officers of artillery. At length he, too, was struck down, and was sent to Calcutta for three months' air. At the end of this period he returned, and remained till again attacked with sickness, after the declaration of peace. He never got rid of the tokens of these Arracan fevers.

Meanwhile, on this second return to Calcutta, sick, he was tenderly nursed by his former friend, Mr. Crauford. "Talk of the affection of women," he said, "nothing could exceed the tenderness of that good man." At length, as the only means of restoring him, he was ordered home to England ; and, under medical advice, chose to proceed by the China route.

He reached England in May, 1827, to find such companionship with his sister Letitia and her chosen friends as left deep impressions on him ;

for was not Honoria Marshall — his cousin, a fair Irish girl, with remarkable mind — one of the circle? Of her we shall by-and-by hear and see much; let us now notice that Henry Lawrence, observing that no regular worship was held in his father's house, managed to initiate it, and with such prudence and quiet tact that the old man was pleased at the pious habit and the courage of his young Arracan campaigner.

He had several relapses, but his strength of constitution, aided by the English climate, so far prevailed that he soon had active interests, having got leave to join the Trigonometrical Survey in the north of Ireland (in which he was much interested, and in which he did good work for himself), and having set about learning to sketch from nature. He meets Honoria Marshall now and then — has many inquiries as to her training, her tastes, and the books she reads — and thoughts and feelings to which he can give no voice arise in him; he feels that Honoria could never care for him and he cannot speak to her.

Instead, he consults Aunt Angel, who shakes her head over it, declaring it *imprudent*. The word "imprudence" had been enough; for he has a scheme in his mind of creating a fund for his father and mother, so that the old colonel, who hitherto had refused all offers of aid from his sons, might not be in want; nor his mother,

should the colonel die. So, with the sense of duty thus stirred in him by Aunt Angel's words, he deliberately contrives to bid Honoria good-bye on the "steps of a shilling show in Regent's Street," that a scene might be impossible. He swallows down his own fondest desires, and leaves, with no word of love spoken to her.

On the 2nd of September, 1829, Henry, with his brother John, who, in spite of his desire to be a soldier, had, at the urgent entreaties of his friends, accepted a writership, sailed for India, their sister, Honoria, with them. Henry at once got posted to a company at Kurnaul, where his brother George also was, and for eight months he lived under George's roof—the one helping the other in their studies—Hindustani and the rest. Then he went to Cawnpore, where he took lessons in riding—as he pictured himself, "a gay trooper bumping away in the riding-school!"—but where he also attracted notice for his studious ways, passing his examination in the native languages with great credit, and thus qualifying himself for staff employment.

On the 23rd of January, 1833, he was named interpreter to a Golundaz battery at Cawnpore; but he had scarcely entered on these duties, when, on the 22nd of February, he found himself appointed an assistant revenue surveyor in the North-West Provinces. Of the manner in

which this office was secured we have the following anecdote:—

“George had been so successful the year before in getting the Commander-in-chief to put Henry into the Horse Artillery, that he thought he might as well now try the Governor-general. Accordingly, he sought and obtained an interview. ‘Well, what have *you* come for?’ asked Lord William Bentinck. ‘Nothing for myself,’ answered George. ‘What then?’ said his lordship, ‘I can tell you, you’re the first man I have met in India who wanted nothing.’ George then explained that he wanted his lordship to appoint Henry to the Revenue Survey; and the Governor-general, after asking a few pertinent questions, said, ‘Well, go and tell Benson; and, although I make no promises, I will see what can be done.’”

Clearly the inquiries into Henry’s qualifications and character had been found satisfactory, and those days devoted to labor on the Irish Trigonometrical Survey, when there was every excuse for idleness, and most men would have taken their ease, now bore their own fruit.

In India, where the Crown is really the proprietor of all the land, and where a survey fixes the rent, or land-tax, to be paid, and many other things, there is great call for correctness and for fairness. Carelessness may be broad injustice

and wrong. It was this conviction that led to the survey; and the practical work could not have fallen into better hands than such as those of Henry Lawrence. The people were to be benefited and public money saved; and he went into it with ardor. But his ardor was tempered by patience, and skill, and thoroughness. And these were essential to success.

“Beginning with large circles of villages, the work descends to single villages; and from them to every single field. Not only has he to map these, but to give their areas, and collect their statistics; and when the large circles have thus been elaborated, they have to be fitted together like the pieces of a puzzle, and be united into a whole, which then becomes the map of a district. An Indian district corresponds with an English county, and it may readily be understood how laborious would be the task of surveying two or three such districts with the utmost minuteness of detail, under every possible disadvantage of climate, instruments and establishments.”

But Henry Lawrence was never the man to deal with “land-measurement” as “a thing apart.” It took on all its interest for him because men and their well-being were involved in it. He now learned more of the natives and their wants than he could possibly have learnt elsewhere; and we shall see how, in no long time, he turned

his knowledge to account. He saw the immense importance of good roads, and urged on progress in forming them. And those under him he drilled into honesty and self-respect. This is an anecdote out of many such : —

“A native surveyor, who refused to go back some ten miles to revise a serious error that had been discovered in his work, was laid upon a native bed by order of Henry Lawrence, and carried by bearers to the spot, where he was turned out to rectify his error. The man was obstinate, refused to re-observe his angles, and returned to camp. Lawrence ordered him up into a mango-tree, where he kept the recusant guarded by two Burkundazes with drawn swords, until hunger changed the mind and temper of the surveyor. The man ultimately proved an excellent worker.”

Mr. Reade, of the Bengal Civil Service, with whom he now renewed a much-valued friendship, thus tells of some of his habits at this time : —

“At Goruckpoor, his house and mine were in adjacent compounds. A plank bridge led from the one to the other, and my kitchen was midway between the two domiciles. Lawrence, who in those days seemed to live upon air, and was apt, in the full tide of his work, to forget every-day minor matters, used frequently to find that he had no dinner provided, though he had asked

people to dine with him ; and we used to rectify the omission by diverting the procession of dishes from the kitchen to his house instead of to mine.

“ My inestimable major-domo had wonderful resources, and an especial regard for Lawrence. The gravity of manner with which he asked in whose house dinner was to be laid, was a frequent source of amusement. We had other matters beside a kitchen and buttery in common. He had taken by the hand a young man, who had been in the ranks, by name Pemberton, who afterwards rose in the Survey Department. At the same time I had charge of a young fellow whose discharge from a regiment had been recently purchased by his friends.

“ Interested in a young Scotch student who had found his way to India by enlisting in the Company’s Artillery, Lord Auckland had recently emancipated him, and sent him up the country, to be master of the English school at Goruckpoor. To that school, Lawrence, who was greatly interested in it, and who supported it with personal aid and liberal pecuniary contributions, gathered all the boys of poor Christian parents to be found in the cantonment and station, and thence transplanted them, with some of the more intelligent lads of the city, to the Survey Office.

“ Some of the former were little fellows—so little, indeed, that Mr. Bird used to call them his

‘Lawrence’s offsets;’ but his care of them was as kind as his teaching was successful. He had a tattoo (pony) for each of them, and relieved the labors of the desk by hurry-skurrying them over the country.

“I note these particulars, ‘because in comparing the experiences we elicited of inner barrack life from the young men above mentioned, as we often did, in the teaching and manipulation of the said offsets, and the satisfactory result, I think we may trace the germ in Lawrence’s mind of the noble design of the great establishments imperishably associated with his name.’”

For five years Henry Lawrence thus wrought on at the survey work — so unremittingly that he brought “reproach” on himself, from some quarters, for increasing the amount of work demanded; but his eyes are opened to possibilities beyond. So, when his health fails, and he has to go to the hills in the autumn of 1833, we find him writing thus:—

“On my way back from Simla, if I have time, I may come by Agra, and rap at Sir Charles Metcalfe’s door, for I have taken a violent fancy to push myself into a Civil situation. Oude, I fear, is beyond my mark. Besides, *it is not ours yet!* However, I’ll take anything—political, magisterial, or judicial, and will willingly give up my claim of firing large guns at the black

people, or blowing off people's heads, as Marcia used to insist was my delight. No! I would now much prefer preventing them breaking each other's heads, and be instrumental in leading them into paths of civilization."

And now that he and his brothers have succeeded in forming that "pious hoard" for the benefit of the declining days of father and mother—in making of which he showed all the "fervor of an apostle and the simplicity of a child," as was afterwards said by a friend of his, who knew all the circumstances, to Sir John Kaye—thoughts of Honoria begin to be cherished again. About this time he wrote to his eldest sister:—"I really think I shall be mad enough to tell her my story, and try to make her believe that I have loved her for five years, and said nothing of my love. The thing seems incredible, but it is true." And now that circumstances seem fully to justify his writing to her, he shrinks from doing so.

Returning to duty, he applies himself so closely to the work that friends come in with warnings. "But either he must fag and forget Honoria Marshall, or else talk of her to his sister Letitia by way of rest." And that talk at length accomplishes more than he had hoped.

Meanwhile, he hears of the serious illness of his father, who closed his brave life in 1834. It was a comfort to Henry Lawrence to know that

the grand old man at length forgot his wrongs, and ceased to grumble, having found the true Remedy at last.

It was now speedily arranged that Honoria Marshall should, in a year, join him in India, whereupon John writes his warm congratulations, adding — “You must try and get some other appointment than in the Survey, which will never do for a married man, as you can’t drag your wife about in the jungles in the hot winds.” But where there’s a will, there’s a way.

Once more Henry Lawrence, broken down by hard work, had to seek the hills, and Honoria landed at Calcutta whilst he was there, to be taken in charge by his friends, the Hutchinsons. Her letters to him fixing her time of sailing had miscarried. But he hurries down from Simla on hearing the news, and is married on the 21st of August. Scarcely was the marriage over when they both fell ill of fever; but, through it all, she remains cheerful, and soon writes the bravest, most charming letters. Nay, she is already exercising a benignant influence on those about her, and is reflecting deeply on the characteristics of Indian life, and the possibilities of improving some features of it. She writes to a friend:—

“During my short residence in this country I have been struck by the depth of coloring with

which the scenes of existence are here painted. Life is so uncertain, disease so rapid — there are such lengthened separations, and so many uncertainties in the conveyance of intelligence, that I feel quite bewildered at the startling occurrences I hear of. . . .

“I think the system respecting servants in this country is very hurtful to one’s own mind. You hire your servants at so much a month. They do your work, and you have no further concern with them. If they do not please you, you dismiss them. They make their *salaam*, and next day you are surrounded by new faces. All this is very free from care, but has a sad tendency to make you selfish.

“At home every conscientious person feels responsible, to a certain degree, for the moral conduct and religious instruction of his domestics, as well as the duty of consulting their comfort. Here the difference of religion does away with the first; and the habits of life, in a great measure, do away with the second. It is difficult for the master and mistress to recollect that their servants are responsible, immortal beings, or to think of more than their own convenience.

“I was surprised to find among Europeans the prejudices of *caste*, and that many of them object to a low caste native (simply on that ground) as much as a Hindoo would. This is surely con-

trary to our faith, though I can easily understand the feeling gaining on one. The obsequious manner of the servants annoys me greatly. I do not mean that they ought not to be respectful, but a man standing with folded hands waiting for his master's orders, seems to me more like devotion than service."

If this had been the feeling of the bulk of the men and women who had previously gone to India in similar capacities, it is hardly too much to say that some of the horrors of future days might possibly have been spared. At any rate, Honoria Lawrence brings a fresh sense, and a cultured sympathy, to the side of her husband that may aid him. She is deeply impressed by the work done at the Orphan Refuge by Mrs. Wilson; and we see at once that she will speedily become a power through her husband. "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."

In opposition to all that John and others had said, she accompanied her husband to "the Rechabite home in the Survey Camp," near Goruckpoor. One who owed to Sir Henry Lawrence much of his training thus writes of these days:—

"He gave himself little rest even at night. I was called up at all hours to take a meridian altitude of Sirius or some other star for the latitude,

or an elongation of Polaris to test our meridian line, or not unfrequently more for fun than utility, for a lunar observation, which we called 'humbugging the stars;' for we could seldom come within twenty miles of our exact longitude, and used to wonder how such very uncertain observations, with their intricate calculations, could be turned to account at sea. . . . The natives employed upon the survey evinced great aptitude in learning the use and great delicacy in the manipulation of the theodolite, but he would not employ them when there was any danger to be apprehended.

"Thus, on one occasion after his marriage, we had to enclose a large tract of the Dhoon, at a season of the year when Europeans had never ventured to expose themselves, so he took one side of the area himself and gave me the other side, and we were to meet. It was a dense jungle at the foot of the Nepaul hills, intersected with belts of forest trees — a famous tiger tract. The dews were so heavy that my bed under a small tent was wet through. Fires were kept constantly lighted to keep off the tigers and wild elephants, which gave unmistakable indication of their proximity, and it was not till eleven or twelve o'clock that the fog cleared sufficiently to permit of our laying a theodolite.

"It was in such a tract that, after three or

four days, we connected our survey, and when we met, to my surprise I found Mrs. Lawrence with him. She was seated on the bank of a nullah, her feet overhanging the den of some wild animal. While she, with a portfolio in her lap, was writing overland letters, her husband, at no great distance, was laying his theodolite. In such roughings this admirable wife (a fitting helpmate for such a man) delighted to share, while at other times, seldom under circumstances of what other people call comfort, she would lighten his labors by reading works he wished to consult, and by making notes and extracts to which he wished to refer in his literary compositions.

“ She was one in a thousand ; a woman highly gifted in mind, and of a most cheerful disposition, and fell into his ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality with no attempt at external appearance of luxury or refinement. She would share with him the wretched accommodation of the ‘ Castles ’ — little better than cowsheds — of the Khytul district, and be the happiest of the happy. Or we would find her sharing a tent some ten feet square, a suspended shawl separating her bed-room from the hospitable breakfast-table ; and then both were in their glory.

“ No man ever devoted himself more entirely to what he considered his duty to the State, but

it did not prevent his devotion to the amelioration of his fellow-creatures, whether European or Native, and no man in either duty ever had a better helpmate than he had in his wife.

“It was one day, when on leave for the benefit of his health, that these two, in happy commune, were reclining on the side of the Sunawar mountain opposite Kussowlee, when the thought occurred to one, was responded to by the other, and taken up by both, that they would erect a sanatorium for children of European soldiers on that very spot. The result is well known, and the noble institution, now under the direction of Government, bears his honored name.”

Henry Lawrence is moved to Allahabad, to go through the same process of hard survey work there; but now he has a helper. She has literary tact, and encourages him to write. There is great activity and development of mind during these years; and such decisive powers of administration and government making themselves felt as lead him to desire another sphere. Acquaintance with the people in their rural life corrected the prejudices and enlarged the ideas of the young English officer in cantonments. The vastness of the land, the density of its population, and the vital importance of the Civil government, now came home to him.

“Things he had read all fitted themselves into

their places, and he got glimpses into the thousand questions of our position in India which lie on the right hand and on the left of so many of our countrymen without their even knowing of their existence. Day by day he explored these byways of native society and British rule; and year after year found him more informed of existing conditions, more thoughtful of our mistakes, more earnest to correct them, more clear as to directions that reform must take." He has suggestions for those in power on roads and canals, and on army organization, drawn from his experiences in the Burmah campaign, and offers proposals for a staff corps.

Before long the first note of the Afghan war was sounded, and Lawrence entreated leave to join his regiment. He had proposed the formation of a corps of guides, which was acted on; but he was, after some delay, attached to his own corps, the 2nd brigade of Horse Artillery; and, to his mortification, it was decided soon after he had joined that this brigade should remain behind with the army of observation at Ferozepoor.

It was whilst they were in the midst of preparations for this move that their first child was born. But, in spite of this, Mrs. Lawrence in a few weeks was at Ferozepoor, with the infant, Alexander Hutchinson. "No words can ex-

press," she said, writing to a friend, "the fountain of delight he has opened up to us."

But as Henry Lawrence was not in action — the only inducement he had had to request to join his corps — he was anxious to fall back on political employment, and appealed to Mr. George Clerk, now well known as Sir George Clerk, Ex-Governor of Bombay, to secure this. He was accordingly appointed, in January, 1839, to the civil charge of the little principality of Ferozepoor, which had come into our hands a few years previously. His friend, Mr. Currie, who had interested himself in securing the appointment, wrote :—

"Now I have helped you put your foot into the stirrup, it rests with you to put yourself into the saddle." And well did Henry Lawrence act on the advice. Never was Ferozepoor so well ruled; it rose up a fresh city; so that the agent to the governor-general had specially to "report his satisfaction derived from witnessing the flourishing state of the town, and the great improvements made on the fort and public buildings."

Mrs. Lawrence was at the same time active in trying to form there a mission centre, in which she managed to unite the various denominations, drawing from the Rev. John Newton the remark, "Mrs. Lawrence's sentiments about differences of denomination have my cordial sympathy;"

which leads Sir Herbert Edwards to add, "Yes; there is nothing like a heathen land for drawing Christians together. Differences about bishops look very small under the shadow of an idol with twelve heads."

As Mrs. Lawrence well put it in one of her letters home, "This bleak spot (Ferozepoor) is now become of great importance as the depot from whence troops, provisions, and treasure, are forwarded to Beloochistan and Cabul."

And Captain Lawrence had become of importance, too, if hard and faithful labor can make one so. Knowing how anxiously the troops engaged in Cabul would look for their letters, Captain Lawrence and his wife — because the Government could not afford a post-clerk! — would sit up half the night sorting them, after the multifarious duties of revenue-collector, engineer, commissariat officer, and paymaster, had been discharged. But this is only one instance out of many of Lawrence's exquisite regard for others.

Six months after Lawrence was appointed to Ferozepoor, Runjet Singh, our faithful ally, died, the Sikh kingdom passing into anarchy. To Lawrence it is due that order was restored, and that we were not then subject to a Sikh invasion, making necessary then a lengthened Sikh war.

In March, 1841, overwork and exposure prostrated him, and he had once more to betake him-

self to the hills, his wife joining him at Subathoo; and there the couple were allowed to rest for a little while, and there they buried the little girl that had been born to them. Meanwhile the Cabul war proceeded — that disastrous war the result chiefly of our inconsequent policy in allowing Persia to be absorbed in defiance of treaties, and not supporting as we ought to have done the strong *de facto* powers along our frontiers, so as to have had a ready-made means of keeping invaders back — by which we aimed at dethroning a reigning prince to set up an exile.

Snow and disease enfeebled the army, and General Elphinstone, on the 5th of January, had to retreat. Many died, some were taken prisoners, and among them George Lawrence. Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland, and, like the eccentric administrator he was, blew hot and blew cold by turns — that defeat of General England at Hykulzye, in the attempt to reinforce Nott at Kandahar (who thought so little of it as simply to order him to come on again), leading Lord Ellenborough completely to change his mind, and order retreat instead of the advance of a few weeks before, and wholly forgetting the captives; while those who had foreseen disaster were inclined to pique themselves on prophecy rather than on action. But not so Henry Lawrence. Supports had to be sent up to relieve the unfortunate prisoners.

Henry Lawrence's "first duty was to expedite the march of these troops, and he worked at it with a will." The resolute Nott had refused to evacuate Kandahar. The absurd condition of undertaking a war without a base was now clearly seen, and even the Sikhs, who by treaty were bound to aid us for Shah Shoojah, began to sneer at us. Lawrence's heart was set on retrieving the evil.

It was now purely a question of British honor and British bravery; and right willing was he to go into Peshawur to get together the Sikh force, for which George Clerk had obtained the order — although no common difficulties lay in his path. It was most important to show the Afghans that the Sikhs were with us; but the problem of how to get Sikhs and hired Afreedees really to aid us in keeping communications open through the wildest hill country was one fit to tax the best administrator; and it was only by the rare tact and skill of Captains Lawrence and Mackeson that it was managed.

And when, in letters home at this time, he justified his own daring to his wife, assuring her he ran no risk that could be helped, being "mindful of you, and of my boy, and of myself," she, like a true soldier's wife, wrote back such words as these: —

"No, my own husband, I do *not* think you

forget wife and child when you fly about. I need not talk of my prayers for your safety, but I never wish you safe by keeping out of the way. No; I rejoice you are there, with your energy and sense; and if I could but be a button on your sleeve, I never would wish you to come away. . . . Who talked of your force turning back? God forbid that such counsel should prevail. . . . Doubly mean would it be now to turn—to run from such a wretched foe, whose force lies in our vacillation—and to turn our backs on our friends in distress. No, my husband; I would not see you back to-morrow on such terms. . . . Oh, how much sharper would be the trial of receiving one cold or unkind line from you! While this does not, cannot happen, let me be thankful and happy.”

General Pollock was chosen to lead the avenging army that had been organized along with this Sikh contingent. On the Sikhs, truly, no great confidence could be placed; at first they showed no disposition to go forward, or to fight, rather were they inclined to plunder their allies; but Lawrence managed them admirably, and soon Pollock made it plain that he meant fighting.

The Khyber Pass was forced on the 5th April, 1842; and the Sikhs began to see that their interest lay in pushing forward, as there might be a chance of booty at Cabul, hardly elsewhere.

Lawrence was interpreter, commissary, and artillery officer. He himself humorously says he was general, artilleryman, pioneer, and cavalry, at different times. He was literally unresting. His guns played beautifully from the heights, and slowly Pollock advanced up the long, fearful eight-and-twenty miles, to find, on reaching Jelalabad, Sale's garrison coming out to meet them, their band playing, "Oh, but ye've been lang o' comin'."

Sale's men had driven off the Afghans who besieged them, 1,800 to 6,000. "They moved down upon the line of the Afghans in three stripling columns, led by Havelock, Dennie, and Montéath, like David going down to meet Goliath."

In spite of orders from Lord Ellenborough, Pollock and Nott now made a race for the capital, rescued the captives, and returned in triumph. Of the episode of the Khyber Pass there is an anecdote. "Sir George Pollock still recalls how, about three o'clock in the morning on which the Khyber Pass was to be forced, he repaired to Lawrence's tent, in order that they might start together with the main column, and found him sitting up, deadly sick and vomiting, apparently attacked by cholera. The general was obliged to leave him in this desperate condition, and says, 'I did not expect to see him again

alive;' but, to his great surprise, when he reached the front of the pass, there was Henry Lawrence with the guns, helping to get them into position — all bodily infirmities subdued by force of will and sense of duty."

Here again, too, Havelock and Lawrence met — the former having been in Jellalabad garrison; and there, as aforetime, they passed many hours in prayer and religious converse, having got up meetings of the soldiers and officers, by which great good was done.

But hard work, as much in keeping with Henry Lawrence's character, followed when he reached his station; and for it he as much deserved the Governor-general's thanks as for his services in the Khyber Pass. We must let Sir Herbert Edwards describe it:—

"During the months of March and April the frost-bitten and crippled native soldiers and camp-followers, who had escaped the wreck of the Cabul army, had been crawling into Peshawur 'by hundreds,' and strongly drew out the humanity of Lawrence's character. He lodged, fed, and visited them continually; made up camel-panniers 'for the poor creatures whose feet were destroyed;' and at last dispatched them in a large caravan, under charge of a native doctor, to British territory. Here, too, for the first time, we find him going the round of the

military hospitals, which, in after years, even in peace time, became a settled habit with him, and greatly endeared him to the soldiery.

“No one who has ever seen him walking thoughtfully and observantly down a sick ward, pointing to windows that should be opened, or stopping by the bedside of some bad case to consider what comfort could be given, what kind word spoken, or what fruit from home for the poor fellow, will ever forget it.”

And the consciousness of duty done thus nobly and well was soon supplemented by the praises of his superiors. For the immense service of getting the mutinous Sikhs to march on to Jellalabad, when the heat in the Khyber was such that Lawrence himself said “one day’s march would kill hundreds of our troops, and cattle too,” and showing the Afghans that Lahore was with us, Mr. Clerk addressed to him a special letter, in which he said that he was “very sensible of the persevering exertions, patience, and care, that must have been exercised on your part to induce them to move onwards.”

And it is very characteristic that what Lawrence best of all liked in this was being called “patient,” notwithstanding that he had shown something more than that when he led these same Sikhs into action at Tezeen, compelling the special praises and thanks of Colonel Richmond for the service rendered.

Lawrence had fallen back on his political assistantship on the frontier, as we have seen ; but hopes had arisen in his heart that promotion would come as it was earned. He was passed over—even the honor of a C.B. was denied him, though Lord Ellenborough seemed at once to accuse and excuse himself in so addressing him, when sending him the Cabul medal. He confesses :

“Like many others, I was disappointed at the distribution of honor ; in fact, it would seem to have been supposed I was a kind of assistant, in the Commissariat Department, to Mackeson. However, the least said, the soonest mended ; so I have tried to hold my tongue, and should now be packing up my traps for England, but for my Peshawur accounts, not an item of which has yet been passed. So I must fag away here for another year on the same pay as when I went to Peshawur, being less than if I were with my regiment.”

At length Lord Ellenborough tried to make amends by appointing him to be superintendent of the Dehra Doon, as pleasant a spot as there is in India, at the foot of the Himalayas, with the Ganges on the one side, the Jumna on the other. But it was found this could only be held by a covenanted civilian ; and he was no sooner settled in it than he was recalled. So he was

transferred to Umballa, with the title of assistant to the envoy at Lahore ; but he mourned the loss of Dehra Doon as a field for pioneering work.

Work and worry once more made their mark on him, and he is inclined to seek a respite in England. He writes to his sister Letitia at this time :—

“Here I am again, with my old wife, in our pleasant cottage of Kussowlee. My visit is a flying one, but better than none. . . . We have got *two* rooms in our house, and have four children, as well as our four selves, and to-morrow or next day are to have another—a little Napier. We are building another cottage close to this, and shall then be very comfortable.

“Clerk, we hear, is Governor of Agra. I *ought* to succeed him here, if knowing anything about the work has ought to do with the matter. . . . I don't think that you would see much difference in me, further than the wrinkles that time has drawn on my face ; in all else I am much as I was—perhaps a little tamed and quieted by years, but still with impulse enough for half-a-dozen such frames as my own.”

In a few months the death of the childless Rajah of Kythul, a territory close to Umballa, led to that province lapsing to the British, and Lawrence was appointed to administer it. Retainers of the rajah's family, themselves eager

for plunder, had incited the soldiery to resist the transfer, and Lawrence had some work to do to arrange matters. Even officers of British regiments were corrupted and joined in the "looting," and courts-martial followed.

Lawrence soon restored order; and left the province in excellent order, when, in September, 1843, he was appointed Resident at Nepal. The healthy air of the hills soon had a beneficial effect, he had less of active work than heretofore; the business being rather to wait and watch demurely, than to interfere in the affairs of the Nepal court — a policy the more necessary as the Nepaulese were almost as jealous of foreign interference as the Chinese.

So now he finds the use of his pen; and, aided by his wife's cultured mind, he contributes articles to the organ Sir John Kaye had just established as *The Calcutta Review* — articles which showed such experience, foresight, and sagacity, as made men in power ask after the writer. In one of the earliest of these he says: —

"Perhaps our greatest danger arises from the facility with which our conquests have been made; a facility which has betrayed us into the neglect of all organized rules for military occupation. Our sway is that of the sword, yet everywhere our military means are insufficient. There is always some essential lacking at the

very moment when troops are wanted for immediate service. If stores are ready, they may rot before carriage is forthcoming; if there are muskets, there is no ammunition. If there are infantry, there are no muskets for them. In one place we have guns without a man to serve them; in another, we have artillerymen standing comparatively idle, because the guns have been left behind."

Then he goes on to examples — Delhi, Agra, Bareilly, Kurnaul, Benares, Saugor; and recites a scheme of organization. And what is very characteristic of him is, that all leads up to the best means of influencing our native army to faithful service.

"We forget that our army is composed of men, like ourselves, quick-sighted and inquisitive on all matters bearing upon their own personal interests; who, if they can appreciate our points of superiority, are just as capable of detecting our deficiencies, especially any want of military spirit or soldierly bearing."

And so, having got a post which demanded great qualities rather than great work — the power of wisely and unobtrusively advising, rather than of ordering or taking initiatives — he finds new outlets for his practical energies, as such a man always will. With the mingled humility and strength which is apt to puzzle one at

first, he has taken advice from those whose opinion he values — from Mr. Thomason, Mr. Clerk, and others, and duly saturates his mind with it. Such a counsel as this must have sunk deep into a nature like that of Lawrence :

“ A Native minister is never the worse for the advice (given quietly and obtrusively) of a British Resident, supposing the latter a proper man ; and nine times out of ten he feels obliged for it.

“ The mischief is, that we are so elated when such advice produces good consequences, that we hasten to make manifest our influence, exhibit the minister in leading strings, and thus kicking down all his popularity among parties, destroy his efficiency ; and then we cast about for another.”

His wife is with him in his endeavors, helping him to realize the words she had written to him before she joined him at Nepal : —

“ How delightfully snug we shall be ! How much we shall read and write and think ! How regular will be our life, and how strong we shall become ! How we shall teach Tim, [pet name for Alexander, their first child] and grow wise and good ourselves ! May these visions be realized ; and, oh ! when they are, may we in our new walk of life have ‘ the blessing of God, that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it.’ ”

He faithfully held by the “ let alone ” policy in

Nepaul; observed the Ghoorkas, saw through their intrigues, and detected their weaknesses; but acknowledged they were good masters; the peasantry so happy and well ruled, that he had no desire to hasten the taking of the country before the Ghoorkas themselves compelled it, although he saw that its possession would supply a splendid "line of sanatoria from Darjeeling to Almora."

His own health was not strong, but he made temperance his best medicine. "I often ail," he says, "but, with the exception of slight dyspepsia, do not remember to have been confined to my bed since 1826. My habits are extremely abstemious. I keep very early hours, eat sparingly, and scarcely touch wine, beer, or spirits. I believe I can stand fatigue of mind or body as well as any man in India. I have repeatedly ridden eighty and a hundred miles at a stretch in the hottest season of the year."

He read, studied, wrote; and now in his leisure his thoughts turned more and more to the elaborating and perfecting of a work which remains for him a lasting monument. This is the Lawrence Asylums for the children of Indian soldiers. When at Dehra Doon, and at Umballa, he had resolved to establish European charity schools, but found it impracticable.

In a country like India, where strict limita-

tions are put on marriage amongst the soldiery, there is terrible immorality in barracks, which it is one of the worst things children — girls especially — could be near to or witness. One woman, in barracks, dies annually out of every twenty; one child out of every ten. Moved by these facts, not to speak of the influence of far higher considerations in Sir Henry Lawrence's mind, he now devoted his leisure to develop his ideas of charity schools into great homes for these children in healthy hill-parts of India.

The chief men not only approved, but helped — his friend, Sir George Clerk, among the rest; and to ensure permanence and support, he was desirous to get the sanction of the Government, which was soon obtained. Addressing it, he says,—

“My proposal is no sudden freak of enthusiasm, but the sober result of long acquaintance with the condition of barrack children, and of the especial degradation of girls. . . . I calculate that, under good management, each child will not cost above ten rupees per month; as soon, therefore, as Government sanction is obtained, a commencement may be made with the subscriptions and donations already registered.

“I have, however, little doubt that, as soon as the institution is fairly set on foot, many persons who have hitherto held back will come forward

in its support. I have purposely refrained from drawing up any definite scheme of management, being desirous that in the framing of rules the institution should have the advantage of the judgment of the committee."

A year before this he had offered £500, if the managers of the Military Orphan Schools in Calcutta would remove them to the hills, but without result—a proposal which, however, was adopted afterwards, to his delight, when the first Sikh war had been begun. The first Lawrence Asylum was planted at Subathoo, near Simla; and commenced with a girls' asylum to the extent of one hundred orphans in excess of paying children; and then, according to the extent of funds in hand, a boys' establishment was to be commenced within a reasonable distance from the female asylum. This institution, as our readers can conceive, was largely supported through life by Henry Lawrence, and was most tenderly watched over by both him and Mrs. Lawrence. The major's wisdom was well seen in one of his instructions.

"Being about to proceed to the plains, I now record my often-expressed opinion that the chief defect in the school is a defect of bodily energy in the children. I wish each boy to learn the use of his hands at some trade—I don't care what it is: let him cobble, carpenter, tailor, or

smith. This should be apart from telegraph, survey, printing, or garden work. . . . The boys, and indeed the girls, should be occasionally taken across country; and encouraged to break the monotony of their walk, by running races double-quick, &c., &c. I wish the dullest child to be made to understand that a prize may be obtained by industry and good conduct. Every one that tries, and whether he or she succeeds or not, shall have a prize next year."

Ere long other asylums, on the same model, sprung up at Murree in the Punjaub, at Mount Aboo, in Rajpootana, at Ootacamund, and on the Neilgherry Hills in Madras.

The Bible, without sectarian comment, is the corner-stone of the system of education; and this was not objected to by Roman Catholic parents, though it has been so by Roman Catholic priests. Only in one instance did difficulties arise, and this was in the case of the Ootacamund school, when he wrote thus to Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, the secretary:—

"From the outset all the children at the Lawrence Asylum have read the Bible. Of the first batch of children sent to the Asylum from Lahore by me in 1847, seven or eight out of about sixteen were Roman Catholics, whose parents *were distinctly told*, by myself, that *all children* admitted to the Asylum must read the

Bible. Not one parent objected. It is quite true that the proportions of Roman Catholics have since greatly decreased, and that there are now few in the Asylum; but this is attributable to the priests, not to the parents. I have no desire to force the consciences of Roman Catholics.

“Indeed, I do not desire that disputed points of Scripture be mooted in the schools, but that such portions be read in common as Protestants and Roman Catholics acknowledge. . . . I beg, then, it be understood that my donations and subscriptions will depend on the authorized version of the Bible being read in open school, in the spirit of Rule XXVII.” We should mention, however, that Roman Catholic priests were allowed to visit and teach children of their own persuasion.

It was his delight to snatch a few days from pressing duties, together with Lady Lawrence, to visit the Asylums. “In 1850 they remained a fortnight on the Asylum premises at Sunawar, and again stayed there for two months in the autumn of 1851, daily looking into all departments of the institution, and testings its working in all branches. Lady Lawrence, during these visits, daily talked to the girls, and evinced a mother’s interest in their welfare. Being unable to walk among them, they would flock around

her litter, and watch for its coming down to their playground." And it is very touching to record that when dying, amid the shot and shell of Lucknow, he faintly murmured, "Remember the Asylum; do not let them forget the Asylum."

But we anticipate. From amid the quiet of Nepaul he had just arranged to send Mrs. Lawrence to England for her health, when, at the close of December, 1845, the first Sikh war broke out, setting the whole Punjaub in a blaze. Lawrence was at once summoned to action. He transferred his charge at Nepaul to his assistant; and, receiving the news at 7 P.M. on January 6th, was off next day at 3 P.M. So, as the plan of sending Mrs. Lawrence home for the sake of health, and for the children's sakes, was still adhered to, he was left to pursue his course alone.

Lord Hardinge knew well the merits of Henry Lawrence, and had him named Governor-general's agent for the Punjaub. The battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, and Aliwal had been fought; but Sobraon was still to come, and Lawrence was present at it. Though he was a "political," he followed his old precedent of having a hand at working the guns. But, after this great victory, the political battle remained.

Lawrence — opposed as he was to annexation — convinced himself that the Sikh kingdom

could be reconstructed, and set himself to the task with energy, notwithstanding that few who knew the Ranee, and the character of the ministers she surrounded herself with, believed it possible.

Besides, there was the Cashmere difficulty. This little state had been the payment accorded by the vanquished, according to agreement, for the expenses of the first Sikh war; but as it would have been difficult to hold Cashmere while the Punjaub was still an independent state, it was made over to Gholab Singh, the Jummo chief, on payment of the sum for which it was equivalent. The people of Cashmere did not like to be so disposed of, and the Sikh governor hoisted the flag of rebellion.

Henry Lawrence had therefore to proceed in front of Gholab Singh with a Sikh force — “the very men,” says Kaye, “who had recently been in conflict with the British” — and at great risk he managed to settle matters, attaining, in the course of this business, such remarkable influence over Gholab Singh, that he prevailed on him to abolish suttee, female infanticide, and slavery, throughout all his dominions. Not only so, but the Hindoo chief contributed munificently to the Asylum on the Hills, showing what a rare influence a straightforward English officer may exercise over the native princes. And yet, according to others, Gholab Singh was a common villain.

Time, however, powerfully showed that Lawrence had been too hopeful of the Sikhs. In spite of his desire to act, by suggestion and no more, upon the native Durbar only for good, he was disappointed and thwarted: the Maharanee had to be separated from the young Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and a Council of Regency established, of which, of course, he became the head.

If there was a weakness in Sir Henry Lawrence's government, it was a fault that leaned to virtue's side as government goes — it lay in the high opinion of human nature, and his belief in the power of sympathy and benevolence. His success was such as to justify him in most cases.

But it was doomed to fail in the Punjaub; and, by-and-by, it led to something of difference between him and his brother John, who had been associated with him in the council — John urging a more robust and decisive polity. Certainly the *sentiment* was all to the honor of Henry, and if in the view of some, as compared with his brother Lord Lawrence, he lost as an Indian administrator, he certainly gained as a man. The materials he had to work with in this case had, however, gone too far in decay — the train had been set on fire before he touched it; vice, crime, and intrigue so abounded, that the evil, staved off for a time by his wisdom and mingled gentleness and resolution, broke out when he

had gone to England with Lord Hardinge to recruit his strength, and to receive at last his hard-won K.C.B.

All through the year 1847 there had been a lull, and no outbreak could have been anticipated when he left. The lower orders were quick enough to see that so far as he had been compelled to act directly on a corrupt Durbar, it had been in their interest; so that we can the more readily accredit the words of Colonel Abbott on this topic:—

“The people of the Punjaub — I mean the industrious classes — blessed the name of Sir Henry Lawrence; but the Sikh nobility and gentry cursed from their inmost hearts those foreigners who, by raising up the people and instructing them in their rights, were rendering their future oppression difficult, if possible.

“Such was the state of things when Sir Henry Lawrence’s failing health obliged him to return to England; and Sir Frederick Currie, a Bengal civilian, was appointed to his place. The Sikh army rose as our Sepoy army has since risen. The master mind was away, and for a while they prevailed; but finally their indecision enabled us to crush them, and the Punjaub was annexed, greatly to the grief of Sir Henry Lawrence.

“Had he been present his genius might have

averted this blow for a few months; but the conspiracy was deeply laid, and no human skill or presence could have prevented the outbreak. Upon this subject, he who had left the Punjaub in such profound repose may naturally have come to a different conclusion; but the assistants to the President, who were in charge of the several districts of the Punjaub, had all foreseen for some time the coming storm.

“ I need not, to you who were eye-witnesses of his acts, expatiate upon the powers of mind which this annexation called forth; the watchful benevolence, the catholic charity, the wisdom — far-seeing, provident, and sound — which calculated every contingency, and provided for every emergency.

“ What the watchmaker is to the watch, that was Sir Henry Lawrence to the Punjaub. His assistants fashioned wheels, pivots, springs, and balance; but it was his great mind which attributed to each his work, which laid down the dimensions of every circle, the power of every spring, the length of every lever, and which combined the whole into one of the greatest triumphs of modern polity. He was the spirit which inspired every act of the local government, which touched the heart of all his subordinates with ardor to fill up each his own part in a system so honorable to the British name.”

As soon as Sir Henry Lawrence heard of this outbreak, he hurried back to India with Lady Lawrence, though the Court of Directors had left him to act on his own judgment. There was some stiff fighting, in which he bore his share. Active on the fatal field of Chilianwallah, though without recognized position, he managed to save Lord Gough from the error of withdrawing his army from the scene of action, as the Sikhs would have certainly accepted this as evidence of defeat, and taken fresh heart.

He assumed the post of Resident at Lahore; and soon this loss was retrieved at Goojerat. The Punjaub was annexed: Sir Henry Lawrence allowing the justice but not the expediency of this step. However, he was made head of the Board of Administration, at which was seated his brother John and other young officers of note and promise.

Sir John Kaye says, "Never, perhaps, had a little band of English administrators done so much good within a short space of time; yet there was something in the machinery of the administration which the Governor-general did not like."

Sir Henry Lawrence was too inclined to hold out a helping hand to the ruined and impoverished Sikh nobles; Lord Dalhousie's policy was one which did not allow for this — did not recog-

nize its possible use. The differences, also, between the brothers, which have been hinted at, soon became more pronounced; they were, in fact, in spite of themselves, representatives of opposing policies. The one felt, the other thought; the one sympathized, the other reasoned.

It would be impossible for us here to give any idea of the thought and assiduity with which Sir Henry fulfilled his duties as head of the Board. He was wont to make periodical progresses over every part of his dominions; indeed he tells Sir John Kaye that, in 1850, he had been twice round the Punjaub, visiting every station.

The Punjaub must have been well governed when, as one of his colleagues tells us, he went, in March of that year, a circuit of not less than 1,000 miles, the greater part with an escort of 1,000 men, half of them Sikhs — often for days with a single soldier, and for one march, in the Kholat Pass, with half a company and half a troop. But his frequent absences from headquarters were not approved at Calcutta.

Lord Dalhousie, as has been said, sided with John; the administration was plainly found fault with by him; and after the shedding of much official ink, Sir Henry at length for peace's sake, and the prosperity of the Punjaub, agreed to accept another appointment, and leave John at the

head of the Board. This was the first real grief and disappointment of the kind he had had, and for long he fretted over it; a grumble against Lord Dalhousie coming often into his letters.

Sensitive to blame, he regarded his transference from the Punjaub as a premeditated slight; and we believe we do not go beyond the truth if we say that, notwithstanding that his high sense of duty and his happy domestic relations did much to sustain him, he was never the same man after. He, who had hitherto been so free from internal dispeace, now fretted and mourned, and failed to carry his whole mind so completely into his work as was his wont. He tried it faithfully, but was only too conscious of the effort it cost him.

“I am now,” he said in one letter, “after twenty years of civil administration, and having held every sort of civil office, held up as wanting civil knowledge. . . . As for what Lord Dalhousie calls training, I had the best sort. I trained myself by hard work, by being put into all sorts of offices, without help, and left to work my way. I have been for years a judge, a magistrate, a collector; for two years a Chief Commissioner; for five years President of the Board. I am at loss to know what details I have yet to learn.”

And his wife, always ready to come to his side

at a crisis, thus wrote ably and well, in reference to some criticism of his rule in the Indian newspapers :—

“ If the new doctrine that sympathy with a people unfits a man to rule them, then, indeed, Sir Henry Lawrence has shown himself unfit for his position. If it be unlike an English gentleman to consider the rank and feelings of other men, irrespective of their color, creed, or language, then truly has he renounced his birth-right to adopt ‘ native ideas.’ . . . I watch the conduct of the English in India, and from the private soldier to the general officer, from the clerk to the judge, I see prevalent the spirit that talks of the ‘ black fellows ;’ that, perhaps unconsciously, assumes that the natives are very much in our way in their own country, except so far as they may be turned to our comfort or aggrandizement.”

Men of all ranks wrote, mourning his removal. John Nicholson— who died like a hero not very long afterwards, wrote thus :—

“ MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—I have just got your express of the 1st, and am very sorry for the country’s sake to hear you are going, and also not a little selfishly sorry on my own account ; for I don’t know how I shall ever get on when you are gone. If there is any work in Rajpootana I am fit for, I wish you would take me with

you. I certainly won't stay on the border in your absence. If you can't take me away, I shall apply for some quiet internal district like Shahpoor."

Sir Henry was transferred to Rajpootana, where he endeavored to apply his beneficent ideas of Christian government, but found it hard, up-hill work; and he longed to be back in the Punjab, which is proved by the fact that when he heard his brother John had got leave of absence in England, he applied to be appointed his substitute. He had been misinformed, but the fact is significant. He had for a little while longer to bide among his Rajpoots. Sir John Kaye says of them:

"Traditionally, the Rajpoots were a brave, a noble, a chivalrous race of men; but, in fact, there was little nobility left in them. The strong hand of the British Government, which had yielded them protection, and maintained them in peace, had enervated and enfeebled the national character, and had not nurtured the growth of any better qualities than those which it had subdued. They had ceased to be a race of warriors, and had become a race of debauchees."

Sir Henry Lawrence tried faithfully to discern whatever principles of good were in them, and to work on these; but it was a severe labor; and

it was a pleasure to him to escape sometimes from the cares of government to Mount Aboo, with Lady Lawrence, whose health rapidly declined. But he did not go so often as he might have done, or was needful for him. Lady Lawrence grew worse and worse, and died, praying that her boys in England might be good boys, and live to be good men. Her memory is preserved in the little chapel of the Asylum at Sunawar by a stained-glass window and an inscription on a monumental slab. Her death was a great blow to her husband.

He devoted himself to his work more thoroughly than before. He inquired into the position of suttee in the kingdom; he visited the jails personally, and managed to effect great reforms, demanding classification of prisoners; and he had his mind full of schemes of improvement. He had arranged, too, for a furlough in England, and looked forward to it eagerly.

“My health,” he says to the Governor-general, “has been for some months so indifferent that three doctors have given me medical certificates; but I do not propose to remain in England beyond the end of autumn. Had my health been better I should have placed myself at your lordship’s disposal for serving towards Herat, if an army go in that direction, though I sincerely hope that no such step will be taken.”

This was written on the day after Christmas, 1856; but scarcely had the new year come in when he received a summons of a different sort. The administration of Oudh had been most unfortunate. The civilians who had been entrusted with it had mismanaged the land settlement, and alienated the class whom it was most their interest to conciliate, and had then quarrelled among themselves. General Outram had then come in, and tried strong military measures, which, it is not too much to say, only made matters worse.

When, at the end of March, 1857, Sir Henry reached Lucknow, he found the city up in discontent, which was fast spreading to the country. He knew well what he undertook, and saw what might be in the future. He told Mr. Reade, whom he saw on his way there, that "the time was not far distant when he (Mr. Reade), with the Lieutenant-governor and other big Brahmins, would be shut up in the fort of Agra, by a rebellion of the native army." As he made himself acquainted with details his worst fears were confirmed. Large sections of the upper classes were thrown into utter ruin — some were actually starving.

The settlement of the pension list was in abeyance, and meanwhile crowds suffered beyond the power of language to portray. "Sir Henry Lawrence, who carried with him to Oudh the

best of heads and the best of hearts, saw at once the terrible omission, and promptly proceeded to redress the wrong. Like many other good deeds done by good men, it was too late."

Had he organized the administration from the first there would, in all likelihood, have been no rebellion in Oudh; and its nobles might have been used, as were those of the Punjaub, to aid us in putting down the uprising. He saw clearly that if the Sepoys once rose in Oudh, the rebellion would soon spread to other classes.

His efforts to undo the evil were no half-hearted ones, and they might have availed had not the spirit of revolt been so deep and so widespread. Though the European force at his disposal was only 700 strong, such was the power of his name, and the success of his measures, that "in ten days" the worst of the difficulties had disappeared.

He saw clearly that the cartridge difficulty was but a symptom, and acknowledged to one who worked with him, that "the rule of strangers was only tolerated because they could not help themselves." But he did not believe the Sikhs would yield, and his endeavor was to segregate them from the rest of the native soldiers. This was wise: but he did not trust to chance. Weeks before any one else really believed that Lucknow would be besieged, he began to lay his plans.

“He bought up and stored grain and supplies of every kind; bought up all the supplies of the European shop-keepers; got the mortars and guns to the Residency; got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain; arranged for water supply; strengthened the Residency; had outworks formed; cleared away all obstructions close up to the Residency, and made every preparation for the worst; and when, after the fight at Chinhut, the mutineers closed in on the Residency, and the whole population of the city and the province rose against us, they found the little garrison amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind. . . . It was Henry Lawrence’s foresight, humanly speaking, that saved every one of the garrison. But for him, I do not believe that one would have escaped.”

Lucknow, under his able administration, might have been saved; but it was only one point, and was acted on by other points, as if electrically. At Berhampoor and Barrackpoor in Lower Bengal, and at Meerut and Delhi in Upper India, the storm had already burst; and, on May 30th, the long-expected outbreak at Lucknow came. But Sir Henry Lawrence was so well prepared, in spite of all disadvantages, that the mutineers were completely defeated, and their revolt sup-

pressed ; so that they had to make their way out of the city, to join their more formidable allies at Delhi. He had shown singular wisdom in his distribution of his forces.

The artillery he had placed with the European infantry, he had taken care to distribute well the discontented irregulars, he had skilfully garrisoned the fort Muchee Bawn. And not only so ; he had comfort and advice for others. Lord Canning looked upon him as a "tower of strength;" and the Home Government had done him the honor which he would have delighted in, but which he was never to know of — he was nominated Provisional Governor-general of India.

On the 19th of June his health was declared to be such that it was absolutely necessary he should remain quiet for some days, and he reluctantly named a council of administration. Affairs did not work well in their hands. During the few days that the council conducted business several steps were taken that Sir Henry did not approve of, especially that act, for which we have reason to believe Mr. Gubbins was responsible, of disarming all the Sepoys and dispensing with them.

Sir Henry sent messengers after the Sepoys, and had the satisfaction of seeing numbers of them return to their post with tokens of delight,

the honesty of which was verified by their loyalty during the siege.' It was on the fourth day on hearing of these acts of the council that he declared it at an end; and at once resumed his work.

On the 29th, probably owing to his own weakly reduced condition, he listened to the urgent representations of the party who were in favor of more active measures, and marched out of Lucknow to reconnoitre the rebels at Chinhut, about eight miles from the city. He had with him only 336 white troops and 11 guns; his 220 natives went over to the enemy. This is Sir John Kaye's description of it:—

“Some six or seven miles from Lucknow, Lawrence halted his force, and, dismounting from his horse, walked into a grove which skirted the roadside, and remained there for half an hour—it is believed, instant in prayer. When he emerged, he remounted, and gave his orders for the troops to advance. They had not proceeded far when they came upon the whole body of the enemy, consisting, it is said, of fifteen or sixteen thousand men, with more than thirty pieces of ordnance. The action at once commenced, but it was soon little more than a rout. Our native artillerymen cut the traces of their guns and went over to the enemy.

“Colonel Case, at the head of the 32nd Regi-

ment, fell gallantly, and his men were disheartened by his fall. It is a wonder that any of our people, deserted and betrayed as they were, escaped from such an overwhelming multitude of the enemy. Our loss was very heavy.

“It is probable, indeed, that the whole of the 32nd Regiment would have been destroyed but for an act which manifested Henry Lawrence’s coolness and fertility of resource in this distressing conjuncture. When there was not a shot left in our tumbrils, he caused a gun to be drawn up and portfires to be lighted as if he were about to fire, and under cover of this harmless piece of ordnance the Europeans were enabled to retreat.

“It is related that he was always in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from point to point, amidst a terrific fire of grape, roundshot, and musketry. It is added, that he was deeply moved by the sufferings of our people. He wrung his hands in agony of mind, and was heard to say, ‘My God! my God! and I brought them to this!’”

They were now shut up in the Residency, and all that was left for them was to prepare to stand a siege. Sir Henry still held to his work, though very weak, and often requiring to lie down to rest. As he was thus lying, on the 2nd July, his nephew beside him, a shell came through the roof of the Residency, and struck him — “a

sheet of flame, a terrific report and shock, and dense darkness."

Colonel Wilson, who had come into the room at the moment with some papers, fell down stunned. On recovering consciousness, he could see neither Sir Henry nor his nephew for the smoke and dust. In deep concern, he twice cried out, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" The third time there came the low response, "I am killed." He was carried, by some soldiers of the 32nd, to a safe room in Dr. Fayrer's house. His wounds were soon seen to be unto death, and all that the physician could do was to dull pain with opiates. But his mind remained clear. Dr. Fayrer says:—

"He remained perfectly sensible that day, and for a great part of the next, the 3rd. He died from exhaustion, on the morning of the 4th, at about eight o'clock. I was there, and his last moments were peaceful, and, I think, almost painless. You remember how much he said during the first day, when he gave instructions concerning his successor, about what he wished us to do, and what he thought of the coming troubles; how thoughtfully he dwelt on every point of importance in reference to the defence of the garrison; and also, when speaking of himself, how humbly he talked of his own life and services. I have no doubt you remember that he

several times said, he desired that no epitaph should be placed over him, but this: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.'"

In these dying hours he did not think of himself; he had called round him those officers he had best known, to tell them the lesson of his life. "Earnestly he entreated them to consider the vanity of earthly things, and the importance of living unto Christ while life and time were granted to them. He exhorted them not to set their hearts on the transitory pleasures, or honors, or riches of the world. . . . He spoke most humbly of himself as having failed to do what he ought, though he had tried; spoke of himself as unworthy, and died, I hope and trust, a humble, good Christian, none the worse for being a soldier of the centurion's stamp, who did not deem himself worthy that our Lord should come under his roof."

What gives a peculiar attraction to the character of Henry Lawrence is the admirable balance in him of the ideal and practical elements. His greatness and heroism are of the Puritanic order, but they are softened by the glow of a later chivalry, of which neither the Middle Ages, nor the Puritan era, knew.

Unconsciously to himself he was essentially a modern man — a man of the dâÿ, easily touched by those flitting and evanescent lights and

shades which derive from a complex order of civilization. Yet one could not say he was *subtle* in mind — that was about the last word one would have applied to it — rather the utmost simplicity at once of conception and expression marked his every effort.

But behind there was the sensitive imagination, always busy at many points, realizing distant events, guessing and clasping remote possibilities, and holding a whole store of reasons in reserve for actions which, as they could not always be *logically* justified with the precision that is loved by officials, were sometimes apt to puzzle men of a more exact and stolid temperament.

He had thus in large measure what usually, in lesser or greater degree, accompanies the sympathetic impulse, especially where it is subdued and colored by high religious motive, the divining and forecasting power. He foretold the Afghan war, thinly veiling his prophecies under a gentle, semi-humorous disguise, for he hated to be the bearer of ill-news to his brethren; he saw the Mutiny afar off, and knew the sort of form it would take, and prepared for it with the discreet calm that is found only in such natures, along with the enthusiasm that to the end imparts a dash of youthful fervor, and draws willing followers. But his sense of duty was even stronger than his forecasting power.

His readiness to go to Oudh, where he knew that, humanly speaking, only danger, if not death itself, could await him, is wholly in keeping with his character. And nothing could be more illuminative than that episode in the Afghan advance, when Akbar Khan proposed to yield up the English captives, if Pollock would retire and release the Afghan prisoners, and Henry Lawrence at once offered to take the place of his brother George in the hands of the murderer of MacNaghten—a proposal in which, wonderful to say, he had the full acquiescence of his wife—which marks her a heroine as conclusively as it marks him a hero.

He was, in the highest sense, a trained nature—a cultured one. Proofs have come before us beyond number of the strength of his sympathies, which yet were held in rein by that wonderfully vivid sense of duty which controlled all. His love for Honoria Marshall, subdued for many years, and unexpressed even, under the necessity and duty of providing for his parents, is enough; all the grandeur of the man's character in this aspect may be said specially to sum itself up here. Even that apparently inconsistent episode of the duel, which his wife's remonstrances failed to put him past, and only his confreres' decision, that his honor did not need such justification, rendered unnecessary, is thus to be viewed.

His intense sensitiveness, and his intense self-respect, touched by his vivid imagination, made slights more than slights to him; and it was a necessity for him that he should be "without reproach." All his tendencies were to impulsive action, but he had learned to restrain and subdue them, and to wait till the suggestions of happy moments could be at least partially tested by practical demands.

With his foresight, his sympathy, his fine sense of immediate demand, along with his hunger for a fully realized ideal, he was especially a reconstructor, a builder, more fitted, perhaps, to adjust affairs in a crisis than to sit at the helm of government in quiet or prosperous times, when his sympathies might have seemed to claim too large a place in the machinery of administration. And notwithstanding that he himself, in several instances, gives color to the idea that he regarded civilian duties as really higher than those of the soldier, yet he was a great civilian, essentially because he was first a great soldier.

The same qualities of personal attraction — the power of drawing men around him with complete trust — by which he managed to lead mutinous, greedy Sikhs, against their own immediate interests, and with no inducements in his hand save the charm of his presence, into the wildest of Afghan passes, was that which enabled him to

rule as he did — which drew young, ingenious souls like John Nicholson to his feet with the profound reverence of disciple to master, even of son to father.

Wherever Henry Lawrence was placed he would have been fatherly ; as a soldier he sought to be the father of his troops ; as a ruler, the father of his people. Nay, he was constantly striving to place himself *in loco parentis* to the great unfathered clan of wanderers — of vagabonds — who drift to our Eastern settlements, and, with a kind of fatality, too often find themselves friendless or sick in India ; and we have reason to know that he had said he should not consider his work of Asylums complete till he had provided one for the sick and infirm of such, and another for the poor waifs and strays — the children of English fathers and native mothers, who are so often most miserably neglected.

Alas ! alas, that this work remains undone ! In his fatherly sympathy pre-eminently lay his strength ; and it made him beloved. There was in him no conflict between the official and the man ; his character was strong enough to blend the two into kindest harmony. And so we can say with safety that India has had no more benevolent or more gifted spirit in her service — no one more fully endowed with the power of fashioning schemes of polity, mainly by the divining

instincts of sympathy, aided by no ordinary shrewdness in choosing the instruments for their realization.

In spite of all that has been said about the reactionary attachment of the native people to the English rule, it needs to be borne in mind that the ingrained traditions of generations exist, under supple helpless compliance, like long-laid trains ready to catch fire if the spark could be hopefully applied. The mutiny was too much treated as if it had been an isolated phenomenon; whereas it was but a powerful expression of the native sentiment, that India, after all, with its historical faiths, its castes, its customs hoary with antiquity, is, by divine appointment, for the dusky races alone; and that white men are but intruders.

It was often with a pang that Henry Lawrence thought of the ground given them for this their secret view; it is one of the greatest tributes to his statesmanship that, while faithful to his duty, he made himself so beloved, that had there been many like him, the Mutiny had been impossible; for the "spirit that talks of the black fellows" had assuredly its own share in that grim work.

Sincerity in intent, and thoroughness in the carrying out of any plan of whose fitness he has convinced himself, these are Henry Lawrence's

first qualifications. Though he is sensitive and imaginative, he is never *sentimental*. There is a core of shrewd practicality in his most wayward fancies, as witness *Darby Connor*. Personally humble, and no way inclined to insist on his dignities, his ideas, rising from the depths of his character, and always touched with *religious* light, are by him to be jealously guarded and realized. Hence he becomes to us a yet more elevated type of the *sufficiency* of which we have spoken in former pages.

If he does not believe in himself, he believes in a charge that has been given to him, in a strength that has been vouchsafed. Here, as in his severity of habit, and his self denial, he is Puritanic; but the delicacy and apprehensiveness of his emotional nature made it impossible for him to close his ideal in rigid rules. So he preserved about him a savor of poetry, sympathy, romance, religious enthusiasm, for there was in it something of all these; and he remains for us one of the greatest of Indian soldiers, and the humblest, and yet highest-hearted, of Indian statesmen.

JOHN JAY.

JOHN JAY, a man who deserves a place by the side of Washington, was born at New York, December 12th, 1745. His father, Peter Jay, was a wealthy merchant, descended from a long line of wealthy ancestors; his mother was Mary Van Courtlandt.* These had ten children, of whom John was the eighth.

*The character of these parents is thus drawn in the work entitled "The Life of John Jay," &c.; by Wm. Jay, his son, and from which we derive our sketch. "Both father and mother were actuated by sincere and fervent piety; both had warm hearts and cheerful tempers; and both possessed, under varied and severe trials, a remarkable degree of equanimity. But, in other respects, they differed widely. He possessed strong masculine sense, was a shrewd observer, and admirable judge of men; resolute, persevering and prudent; an affectionate father; a kind master, but governing all under his control with mild but absolute sway. She had a cultivated mind and fine imagination; mild and affectionate in her temper and manners, she took delight in the duties as well as the pleasures of domestic life; while a cheerful resignation to the will of Providence, during many years of sickness and suffering, bore witness to the strength of her religious faith. So happily did these various dispositions harmonize together, that the subject of this memoir often declared that he had never, in a single instance, heard either of his parents use toward each other an angry or un-

While he was yet an infant, the family removed to Rye, twenty-eight miles northeast of New York, partly that they might devote themselves with more care to two of their children, rendered blind by the small-pox. John's first instruction was from his mother; at the age of eight he was sent to the neighboring village of New Rochelle, and placed under the care of an eccentric Swiss clergyman, who had charge of the French church in that place. This person was a devoted student, and left his worldly affairs to his wife, who was as penurious as she was careless.

The parsonage and everything about it were suffered to go to decay, and the boys under the pastor's charge were treated with much scolding and little food. John, who had been accustomed to a luxurious mode of life, was now driven to the necessity of taking care of himself. The snow drifted upon his head through the broken panes of his windows, but these he closed with pieces of wood. The food was coarse, but he learned to be content with it. His health was good, and it is probable the privations he suffered, were of advantage to him through life.

kind word. Notwithstanding the cares of a large family, the mother devoted much of her time to the instruction of the two blind children, and of the little John. To the former she read the best authors; to the latter, she taught the rudiments of English, and the Latin grammar."

He was reduced to the simple, homely pursuits of other boys; he gathered nuts in the woods, and, stripping off a stocking, brought them home in it. In his after greatness, he used to speak of these days, as among the happiest of his existence.

The inhabitants of New Rochelle were chiefly French refugees, and John soon learned their language, for which he had afterwards abundant use. He remained at the school here three years, and, in 1760, was sent to Columbia college, at New York, a respectable seminary, but then in its infancy.

Being now introduced into a new scene, and with new companions, he soon remarked certain peculiarities and deficiencies in himself, and the energy with which he set about curing them shows great decision of character. His articulation was indistinct, and his mode of pronouncing the letter L exposed him to ridicule. He purchased a book written by Sheridan, probably his lectures on elocution, and, shutting himself up daily in his room, studied it till his object was accomplished. He had a habit of reading so rapidly as to be understood with difficulty.

For the purpose of correcting this fault, he read aloud to himself, making a full stop after every word, until he acquired a complete control of his voice; and he thus became an excellent

reader. With the same energy, he pursued all his studies. He paid particular attention to English composition, and so intent was he on this, that, when about to write an English exercise, he placed a piece of paper and pencil by his bedside, that if, while meditating on his subject in the night, a valuable idea occurred to him, he might make some note of it, even in the dark, that he might recall it in the morning.

His good conduct acquired for him the favor of the president of the seminary; but an incident occurred in the last year of his college life which threatened to alter this state of feeling. A number of students being assembled in the college hall, some of them, either through a silly spirit of mischief, or in revenge for some fault imputed to the steward, began to break the table.

The president, attracted by the noise, entered the room, but not so speedily as to find the offenders in the act. He immediately ranged the students in a line, and beginning at one end, asked, "Did you break the table?" The answer was, "No." "Do you know who did?" "No." Passing along the line, the same questions and answers were asked and received, till he came to young Jay, who was the last but one in the line. To the first question he replied as the others had done, and to the second he answered, "Yes, sir." "Who was it?" "I do not choose to tell you,

sir," was the unexpected reply. The young gentleman below him returned the same answers. The contumacious students were called before a board of the professors, where Jay made their defence.

Each student, on his admission, had been required to sign his name to a written promise of obedience to all the college statutes. Young Jay contended that he had faithfully kept this promise, and that the president had no right to exact from him anything not required by the statutes; that these statutes did not require him to inform against his companions, and that, therefore, his refusal to do so was not an act of disobedience.

The defence was overruled, and the delinquents were sentenced to be suspended and rusticated. Jay returned to college at the expiration of his sentence, and Dr. Cooper, the president, by the kindness of his reception, suffered him to perceive that he had not forfeited any part of his good opinion.

Left to his own choice of a profession, young Jay chose that of the law, and, immediately after taking his degree, entered the office of Mr. KISSAM, a leading lawyer in New York. It is interesting to remark that he found in the same office, Lindley Murray, afterwards celebrated for his various works, especially those for education.

In one of these he speaks of young Jay, referring to the time of their companionship in the law office, in these words:—

“His talents and virtues gave at that period pleasing indications of future eminence; he was remarkable for strong reasoning powers, comprehensive views, indefatigable application, and uncommon firmness of mind. With these qualifications, added to a just taste in literature, and ample stores of learning and knowledge, he was happily prepared to enter on that career of public virtue by which he was afterwards honorably distinguished, and made instrumental in promoting the good of his country.”

On commencing his clerkship, young Jay asked his father's permission to keep a riding horse. His prudent parent hesitated, and remarked that horses were seldom eligible companions for young men; adding, “John, why do you want a horse?” “That I may have the means, sir, of visiting you frequently,” was the reply; and it removed every objection. The horse was procured; and during the three years of his clerkship, he made it a rule to pass one day with his parents at Rye, every fortnight.

In 1768, Jay was admitted to the bar, and, continuing his residence in New York, almost immediately acquired an extensive and lucrative practice. It now sometimes happened that he

and his teacher, Mr. Kissam, were engaged on opposite sides in the same cause; and on one of these occasions the latter, being embarrassed by some position taken by the other, pleasantly remarked in court that he had brought up a bird to pick out his own eyes. "Oh, no," replied his opponent, "not to pick out, but to open your eyes."

Mr. Jay's devotion to his profession, at length began to affect his health, and the physician advised him to take exercise, as indispensable to its recovery. This advice was followed with characteristic energy and perseverance. He took lodgings six miles from his office, and for a whole season came to town every morning on horseback, and returned in the evening. The experiment was attended with complete success.

In 1774, Mr. Jay was married to Sarah, the youngest daughter of William Livingston, Esq., afterwards for many years governor of New Jersey, and a zealous and distinguished patriot of the revolution. His prospects of domestic happiness and professional eminence were now unusually bright; but they were soon clouded by the claims of his country, which called him from the bar and the endearments of home, to defend her rights in the national councils and at foreign courts.

The passage of the Boston Port Bill, on the 30th of March, 1774, disclosed to the American

people the vindictive feelings of the British ministry, and taught them that a prompt and vigorous resistance to oppression could alone preserve their freedom. The news of this act excited universal alarm. A meeting of the citizens of New York was assembled on the 16th of May, to "consult on the measures proper to be pursued in consequence of the late extraordinary advices received from England." The meeting nominated a committee of fifty to correspond with our sister colonies on all matters of moment.

Mr. Jay was a member of this body, and the result of their deliberations was the recommendation of a congress of deputies from the several colonies, to take into consideration the proper measures to be taken in the pending crisis. This suggestion was adopted, and Mr. Jay was chosen as one of the delegates from New York. He took his seat in that body — the first continental congress — which was to lay the foundation of American independence, September 5, 1774, this being the first day of the session. He was in his 29th year, and was the youngest member of the house. He survived all his colleagues many years.

The first act of the new congress was to appoint a committee to state the rights of the colonies in general; the several instances in which those rights had been violated and infringed; and the means most proper to be pursued for obtaining a resto-

ration of them. Mr. Jay was placed on this committee and that for drafting an address to the people of Great Britain and a memorial to the people of British America. The writing of the address to the people of Great Britain was assigned by the committee to him. The occasion, the subject, his own youth, and this being his first appearance in the national councils, all united in demanding from him the utmost exertion of his powers. To secure himself from interruption, he left his lodgings, and shut himself up in a tavern, and there composed that celebrated state paper, not less distinguished for its lofty sentiments than for the glowing language in which they are expressed. The address was reported by the committee and adopted by congress, and immediately led to much inquiry and discussion respecting the author. Mr. Jefferson, while still ignorant of the author, declared it to be "a production certainly of the finest pen in America."

After a session of six weeks, congress adjourned, having, among other measures, provided for another congress to be held at the same place,—Philadelphia. Of this, also, Mr. Jay was a member. It met, May 10, 1775, and such was now the serious aspect of affairs, that it continued in session a whole year, excepting a recess during the month of August.

On the 15th of June, Washington was chosen

commander-in-chief of the army, and, a few days afterwards, the subordinate generals were appointed. These officers were selected from different parts of the continent, and it was thought expedient to take a brigadier from New Hampshire; but congress was unacquainted with any military gentleman from that colony fit for the station.

In this dilemma, Mr. Jay nominated Mr. John Sullivan, a delegate in congress from New Hampshire,—saying that his good sense was known to the house, and as to his military talents, he would take his chance for them. The nomination was confirmed, and the discernment which prompted it was abundantly justified by General Sullivan's active and useful career.

The contest had now begun in earnest, though independence was not yet avowed as its object. Addresses to the people of Canada and of Ireland were resolved upon, and they were drawn up by Mr. Jay with his usual ability. He also moved a petition to the king, to be signed by the members of congress, which he carried against great opposition. The result was auspicious to the cause of liberty; for being unheeded, it roused more deeply the indignation of the country.

Congress having now taken all the measures which human prudence could dictate, submitted their cause, with prayer and fasting, to Him with-

out whose blessing the wisdom of man is folly, and his strength weakness. The 20th of July, agreeably to a previous recommendation of congress, was observed throughout the colonies "as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer;" and congress, in a body, attended divine service, both in the morning and afternoon, and listened to sermons from preachers, whom they had requested to officiate on that occasion.

America had now commenced a struggle for her rights, trusting to the justice of her cause, and probably without the remotest expectation of foreign aid. But a singular incident occurred in November of this year, 1775, which excited a gleam of hope. Congress was informed that a foreigner was then in Philadelphia, who was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jay, Doctor Franklin and Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say.

These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the committee rooms in Carpenter's Hall. At the time appointed they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him they were authorized to receive his communication; upon which he said that his Most Christian Majesty had heard with

pleasure of the exertions made by the American colonies in defence of their rights and privileges; that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments toward them.

The committee requested to know his authority for giving these assurances. He only answered by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head."

They then asked what demonstrations of friendship they might expect from the king of France. "Gentlemen," answered the foreigner, "if you want arms, you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it."

The committee observed that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. "Gentlemen," said he, repeating his former gesture, "I shall take care of my head;" and this was the only answer they could obtain from him. He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the committee that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give these indirect assurances, but in such a manner that they might be disavowed if necessary.

These communications were not without their effect on the proceedings of congress. On the

29th of November, a secret committee was appointed, including Mr. Jay, for corresponding "with the friends of America in Great Britain, Ireland, and *other parts* of the world." There is reason, therefore, to believe that the mysterious stranger, whether acting by authority or not, was the immediate occasion of those steps which resulted, at last, in obtaining the assistance of France.

In the spring of 1776, though still a member of congress, Mr. Jay was called to New York, to take part in a colonial convention there. This assembled in May. On the 29th of June, Lord Howe and his army arrived off the harbor of New York, and the convention, apprehending an attack upon the city, ordered all the leaden window sashes, which were then common in Dutch houses, to be taken out for the use of the troops; an order that strikingly shows how ill the colony was prepared for the arduous conflict that ensued. The next day, the convention adjourned to White Plains, about twenty-seven miles from the city.

The new convention, clothed with power to establish a form of government for the colony, convened at White Plains, on the 9th of July; and, on the same day, they received from congress the Declaration of Independence. This important document was immediately referred to

a committee, of which Mr. Jay was chairman, and he speedily reported the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted :

“*Resolved*, That the reasons assigned by the continental congress, for declaring these united colonies free and independent states, are cogent and conclusive; and that while we lament the cruel necessity which has rendered this measure unavoidable, we approve the same, and will, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other colonies in supporting it.”

Thus, although Mr. Jay was, by his recall from congress, deprived of the honor of affixing his signature to the Declaration of Independence, he had the satisfaction of drafting the pledge given by his native state to support it. The act has the greater merit, and more clearly shows the decision of his character, from the consideration that New York was less unanimous in the assertion and defence of the principles of the revolution than any other of the thirteen colonies.

In almost every county there were numbers who secretly or openly sided with the mother country, and many of them were persons of wealth and consideration. These circumstances had no influence, however, upon the steadfast mind of Jay.

We cannot enter into the details of his various

services during the fearful crisis that speedily followed. It must be sufficient to say, that, with ceaseless industry and unabating zeal in various capacities, he devoted himself to the cause of the bleeding country. We must not omit, however, to notice the manner in which he was instrumental in opening negotiations with the French government, which resulted in the co-operation of that power in our struggle for independence.

In 1775, Mr. Jay had been placed by congress on a secret committee of correspondence. The proceedings of this committee were enveloped in the most profound secrecy, and they led to important results. Mr. Jay seems to have been its chief organ of correspondence. The committee, having secured the friendship of certain individuals in France and Holland, sent, in the spring of this year, Mr. Silas Deane, a late member of congress, as their agent to France. He was directed to appear in that country as a merchant; and certain persons were mentioned, to whom he was to confide the object of his mission, and through whose agency he was to obtain an interview with Count Vergennes, the French minister for foreign affairs. It was hoped that he would thus be enabled to procure military supplies for congress.

As France was at this time at peace with England, it became necessary to resort to expedients

to provide for the consequences that might result from the miscarriage of Mr. Deane's letters. For this purpose he was provided with an invisible ink, and Mr. Jay with a chemical preparation for rendering the writing legible. But as letters apparently blank might excite suspicion, and lead to experiments that might expose the contrivance, Mr. Deane's communications were written on large sheets, commencing with a short letter in common ink relative to some fictitious person or business, and under a feigned name; and the residue of the paper was occupied by his dispatch in the invisible ink.

The correspondence, thus arranged, was carried on for a considerable time, and Mr. Deane's mission proved successful.

The convention of New York had assembled in 1776, to form a constitution for the state, as well as to exercise the powers of government till that could be accomplished. The stirring events which followed occupied their whole attention for a considerable time; but in March, 1777, a committee, appointed for the purpose, reported the plan of a constitution, drawn up by Mr. Jay, which, with slight modifications, was adopted. Under the new government, now organized, he was appointed chief justice.

In the duties of his new station, he was actively engaged for a time, but his services being partic-

ularly needed in congress, he took his seat there in December, 1778, after an absence of two years. Though this was not legally incompatible with his judicial station, he found that congress had no recess, and that his time was therefore wholly occupied in its duties. In the autumn of 1779, he accordingly resigned the office of chief justice of New York.

But his services were now required in another sphere. Desirous of strengthening their foreign alliances, congress deemed it advisable to dispatch a minister to Spain, and Mr. Jay took his departure on a mission to that government, October 20, 1779. He sailed with his wife, on board the American frigate *Confederacy*, bound for Spain. Being crippled by a storm, the vessel put into Martinique; but here he found a vessel bound for Toulon, which took him and his family on board, and they landed at Cadiz, January 22, 1780.

On the fourth day after he had landed, Mr. Jay dispatched his secretary to Madrid, with a letter for the Spanish minister, acquainting him with the commission with which he was charged. An answer was returned, inviting him to Madrid, but intimating that it was expected he would not assume a formal character, which must depend on a future acknowledgment and treaty.

Mr. Jay was thus led to perceive, at the very outset of his negotiation, that the acknowledg

ment of American independence, by Spain, would on her part be a matter of bargain, and that she expected to be paid for admitting an indisputable fact. He, however, lost no time in repairing to Madrid, and in doing so encountered all the delay and inconveniences incident to Spanish traveling.

On his arrival at Madrid he discovered no disposition in the Spanish government to enter into negotiation with him; and he remarked soon after, in a letter to a friend, "pains were taken to prevent any conduct towards me that might savor of an admission or knowledge of American independence."

Shortly after Mr. Jay's departure from America, congress adopted a measure that was prompted rather by the exigencies of the country than by any sound principles of policy. As one expedient for raising money for present necessities, they ordered bills to be drawn on Mr. Jay, for more than half a million of dollars, payable six months after sight, in the hope that, before that time, he would have obtained a subsidy from the Spanish court. With these bills, supplies were purchased for the army, and the holders sent them to their European correspondent, who presented them to Mr. Jay, for acceptance. That congress should have ventured on such a measure, not only without knowing that Mr. Jay could procure money in

Spain, but even before they had heard of his arrival there, proves the desperate state of their finances at this period of the revolution, and the conviction that the means of continuing the contest were to be provided for at every hazard. Similar bills were drawn upon Mr. Laurens, who had sailed as American minister for Holland, and unfortunately they arrived before the minister, who, being captured by a British cruiser, was consigned to the Tower of London.

The bills thus drawn upon him, Mr. Jay concluded to accept, in the hope of obtaining means of meeting them from the Spanish government. A portion of them, to the amount of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was provided for in this way, but at last difficulties arose, and bills he had accepted to a large amount were protested.

Mr. Jay's situation was now very painful; but he was soon relieved by getting a letter from Dr. Franklin, one of our ministers at Paris, authorizing him to draw upon him for the amount of all the bills that had fallen due. Thus he had the satisfaction of seeing the credit of his country restored, and his own apparently rash conduct justified by the event.

Mr. Jay's continued residence in Spain now afforded no prospect of usefulness to his country. Although treated with great personal civility, he

was not acknowledged in his public character, nor did he see any opportunity of forming any other treaty with Spain, than such as might be extorted from the necessities of America.

Thus situated, it must have been with no small satisfaction that he received, early in May, a letter from Doctor Franklin, pressing him to repair to Paris, to assist in the negotiations for peace, which the doctor believed would soon be opened. With his usual promptitude, he obeyed the summons in a few days, and, abandoning a field in which his labors had produced but little fruit, he entered another in which he gathered for his country an abundant harvest.

Shortly before his departure from Spain, he received from Doctor Franklin a copy of a letter written by Mr. Deane to a friend in America, representing the American cause as desperate, and recommending an immediate reconciliation with Great Britain. The letter had been intercepted and published by the English.

Mr. Jay, who, as we have already seen, was on friendly terms with Deane, had suspended his portrait in his parlor at Madrid; but, on receiving this evidence of his apostasy, he took down the picture and threw it into the fire, and ever after showed great reluctance to speak of the original.

On leaving Spain, Mr. Jay was informed that

Count Aranda, the Spanish ambassador at Paris, would be authorized to continue the negotiations with him. Although there was no reason to anticipate favorable results from a renewal of the negotiations, Mr. Jay was determined to omit nothing that might promote the interests of his country; and therefore he addressed a letter to the count, expressing his readiness to commence the necessary conferences.

A meeting accordingly took place, but resulted in no benefit, beyond the mutual esteem and intimacy of the two ministers. Count Aranda was one of the richest subjects of Spain, and he lived at Paris in great splendor. His assortment of wines was perhaps the finest in Europe. Instead of purchasing, as usual, of the dealers, he employed agents to explore the wine countries, and to select the choicest kinds at the vineyards where they were made. His plate, of which he had a profusion, was kept constantly burnished by a silversmith, maintained in the house for the purpose, so that it always appeared new.

He had the character of being extremely inflexible, and the following anecdote is told of him. He was one day disputing a point with the king with much earnestness, when the latter, who was also remarkable for a hard head, said to him, "Aranda, you are the most obstinate man of all Arragon." "No, sire," replied the count;

“there is one still more obstinate than I am.”
“And who is that?” said the king. “The king of Arragon!” answered the count. The king laughed, and took no offence at the freedom.

The part taken by France in our revolution was dictated by policy; it did not proceed merely from a sense of right, and a love of justice, or a desire to promote the cause of liberty; but also from a desire to cripple England, her enemy.

When the war was drawing to a close, and the independence of America was certain, the cabinet at Paris began to consider what ultimate benefits could be derived from the exertions they had made in our behalf. It seemed to them desirable that the new republic should, as far as possible, continue to be dependent upon her old ally, and for this purpose they sought rather to restrain than enlarge her power. They, therefore, desired to narrow her boundaries, to exclude her from the navigation of the Mississippi, and to prevent a liberal treaty with England, which might establish amicable relations with that country.

To enable him to accomplish these objects, the French minister, Vergennes, by a series of intrigues, induced congress to instruct their ambassadors at Paris, who were about to enter upon negotiations with England, to govern themselves by the advice of the French court. This placed

the American ministers virtually under the dictation of France. Such a position seemed to Mr. Jay humiliating to America and her agents, and he strongly remonstrated against it.

It was not till the 25th of July, that the British ministry took a decided step for commencing negotiations with the American commissioners. On that day the king issued an order to the attorney general, to prepare a commission to Richard Oswald, empowering him "to treat, consult of, and conclude with any commissioner or commissioners named, or to be named by the thirteen *colonies* or plantations in North America, and any body, or any bodies, corporate or politic, or any assembly or assemblies, or description of men, or any person or persons, whatever, a peace or truce with the said *colonies* or plantations, or any part thereof."

The French minister thought this commission sufficient, and Dr. Franklin approved of it; but Mr. Jay objected to entering upon negotiations, as colonies, and by the decisive measures he took, independent of his colleague, the king of Great Britain removed the difficulty by authorizing Mr. Oswald to treat with the commissioners of the *United States of America*. Thus was an acknowledgment of our independence extorted from the mother country.

In October, 1782, John Adams, one of our com-

missioners, arrived at Paris. He fully concurred in the views of Jay, and sought to enlighten Dr. Franklin as to the sinister views of the French court. In this he succeeded, and consequently the commissioners, disregarding the instructions of congress to submit themselves to the dictation of France, proceeded independently in the negotiations with Mr. Oswald. These were soon brought to a successful issue, and a provisional treaty was signed, securing our right to participation in the fisheries of Newfoundland, the navigation of the Mississippi, and a territory of which that river was the western boundary. Thus were the sinister designs of the French minister baffled, through the firmness and sagacity of Jay, seconded by Adams. Mr. Lawrence, the fourth commissioner of the United States, arrived soon after, and his name was attached to the treaty.

The character of the French minister may be inferred from an incident that occurred during these negotiations.

Mr. Jay was one evening in conference with Mr. Oswald, when the latter, wishing to consult his instructions, unlocked his escritoire; when, to his great astonishment and alarm, he discovered that the paper was missing. Mr. Jay smiled, and told him to give himself no concern about the document, as he would certainly find it in its place as soon as the French minister had done with it. In a few days the prediction was verified.

The minister had caused the document to be stolen, probably by bribing a servant; and when he had taken a copy of it, it was returned. So well apprized of the artifices of the French government was Mr. Jay that he always carried his confidential papers in his pocket.

Mr. Jay continued in England as one of our commissioners, to settle the definitive treaty with England. This was accomplished in August, 1783, the provisional treaty, before mentioned, being adopted as its basis. Having visited England for his health, and adjusted his accounts, he set out on his return, and arrived at New York July 24, 1784.

He was soon elected a member of congress, and, in 1785, accepted the office of secretary of foreign affairs, in which station he continued till the office expired with the termination of the confederation. On the 17th September, 1787, the convention, which had met at Philadelphia for the purpose, submitted a constitution to a convention of each state, for ratification or rejection.

Although this constitution did not in all respects equal the wishes of Mr. Jay, its superiority to the articles of confederation was too obvious to permit him to hesitate to give it his support. The opposition to it, however, became active and virulent, and it was studiously inflamed by gross misrepresentation.

At this momentous crisis, Mr. Jay united with Mr. Madison and Colonel Hamilton in an attempt to enlighten and direct the public opinion by a series of newspaper essays, under the title of the *FEDERALIST*. These papers were not only circulated throughout the Union by means of the periodical press, but were collected and published in two volumes, and have since passed through many editions; they have been translated into French, and still form a valuable standard commentary on the constitution of the United States.

Mr. Jay was elected a member of the convention of New York, to consider the proposed constitution, and, seconded by Hamilton and Chancellor Livingston, gave it able support. After a deliberation of three weeks, he moved its acceptance, which was finally carried, July 26, 1788, by a majority of three votes.

Washington being elected president under the new constitution, reached New York, April 23, 1789, and, on the 30th, took the oath of office. At nine o'clock on that day, all the churches of New York were opened, and the several congregations, with their pastors, assembled for the purpose of solemnly invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the new government. After the president's address to congress, he, with both houses, attended divine service at St. Paul's, to render thanks to the Supreme Being for the successful establishment

of the government, and to implore the divine blessing. Thus was our union founded in the piety and prayers of our fathers.

Mr. Jay officiated as secretary of state, till Mr. Jefferson should arrive from Europe, to take charge of its duties. But having accepted the office of chief justice of the United States, he held the first circuit court, at New York, April 3, 1790. Continuing to discharge the duties of this high office, he was a candidate for governor of his native state in 1792, and received a majority of votes; but the canvassers set aside a portion of the returns, as being informal, and the democratic candidate, George Clinton, was declared elected.

In the spring of 1794, Mr. Jay was appointed ambassador to England, with a view to adjust the difficulties which had grown up with that country, and which had for some time threatened the return of war. He embarked May 12th, and reached Falmouth in June. With his usual promptitude he immediately announced his arrival to Lord Grenville, the British secretary of foreign affairs. In a few days after, he reached London.

Three objects were contemplated by Mr. Jay's instructions. These were compensation for the losses sustained by American merchants, in consequence of the orders in council; a settlement of all existing disputes in relation to the treaty of peace, and a commercial treaty. The confidence

placed by the president in his envoy led him to direct him to consider his instructions merely in the light of recommendations.

Lord Grenville was duly commissioned by the king to treat with Mr. Jay, and the sincerity and candor of the two negotiators soon led to a degree of mutual confidence that both facilitated and lightened their labors. Instead of adopting the usual wary but tedious mode of reducing every proposition and reply to writing, they conducted the negotiations chiefly by conferences, in which the parties frankly stated their several views, and suggested the way in which the objections to those views might be obviated.

It was understood that neither party was to be committed by what passed in these conversations; but that the propositions made in them might be recalled or modified at pleasure. In this manner the two ministers speedily discovered on what points they could agree, where their views were irreconcilable, and on what principles a compromise could be effected.

Proceeding in this manner, the treaty was at length formed, and signed on the 19th of November. In May, he returned to New York, and found that, two days previous to his arrival, he had been elected governor of his native state by a large majority. He was received with enthusiasm by the people, and, resigning his office of chief justice, took the oath as governor, on the 1st of July.

Mr. Jay had foreseen the opposition which his treaty was likely to meet, in America, from several sources,—a desire to embarrass Washington's administration, a hatred of England, and a predilection in favor of France. Even before its contents were known, a furious attack upon it was commenced. The following extract from one of the democratic organs of the period will show the spirit of the time :

“No treaty ought to have been made with Great Britain, for she is famed for perfidy and double dealing ; her polar star is interest ; artifice with her is a substitute for nature. To make a treaty with Great Britain is forming a connection with a monarch ; and the introduction of the fashions, forms and precedents of the monarchical governments has ever accelerated the destruction of republics. If foreign connections are to be formed, they ought to be made with nations whose influence would not poison the fountain of liberty, and circulate the deleterious streams to the destruction of the rich harvest of the revolution. France is our natural ally ; she has a government congenial with our own. There can be no hazard of introducing from her, principles and practices repugnant to freedom.”

The democratic societies commenced by Genet were likewise active in exciting opposition to the treaty, and in preparing the public mind for war

with England, and an alliance with France. A society in Virginia thus announced its wishes :

“ Shall we Americans, who have kindled the spark of liberty, stand aloof and see it extinguished, when burning a bright flame in France, which hath caught it from us? If all tyrants unite against free people, should not all free people unite against tyrants? Yes, let us unite with France, and stand or fall together.”

As yet, the contents of the treaty, as propriety required before its ratification, had been kept secret ; but on the 29th of June, a senator from Virginia, regardless both of the rules of the senate and of official decorum, sent a copy of it to a democratic printer in Philadelphia, who published it on the 2d of July. This act was applying the torch to that vast mass of combustibles which the party had long been engaged in collecting, and the intended explosion instantly followed.

On the 4th, a great mob assembled and paraded the streets, with an effigy of Mr. Jay, bearing a pair of scales ; one labelled, “ American Liberty and Independence,” and the other, which was in extreme depression, “ British Gold ; ” while from the mouth of the figure proceeded the words, “ Come up to my price, and I will sell you my country.” The effigy was afterwards publicly committed to the flames.

No time was lost in getting up meetings through-

out the country, to denounce the treaty; and, in many instances, inflammatory resolutions, previously prepared, were adopted by acclamation, without examination or discussion. Despite these formidable movements, the senate sanctioned the treaty and Washington gave it his signature in the face of threats that might have shaken less steady nerves.

The last hope of the opposition lay in the house of representatives. Here an attempt was made to defeat the measure, by refusing to pass the laws necessary to carry it into effect. The democratic party had a large majority in this body, and every effort was made, both in and out of the house, to bring them up to an adverse decision.

The subject was debated with great power, and it was during this discussion that Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, pronounced one of the most eloquent speeches that ever fell from human lips. Its effect was deepened by his condition; he was wasted and pale with consumption. As he rose, it seemed indeed that he had hardly strength to speak. As he proceeded, his countenance gathered brightness, and his tones, force and fervor.

The power of his argument,—the solemn earnestness of his manner,—the prophetic wisdom of his views, all spoken while standing on the verge of the grave,—gave his speech almost supernatural force. In pointing out the evils which must

follow the rejection of the treaty, he adverted to the certain renewal of the Indian war at the west, in the following terms :

“ On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them,—if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal,—I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, that it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants,—wake from your false security ; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed ; the wounds yet unhealed are to be torn open again ; in the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed ; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father,—the blood of your sons shall fatten your field. You are a mother,—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle !

“ It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen. They are so far from inevitable, that we are going to bring them into being by our vote ; we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them, as for the measure that we know will produce them.

“ By rejecting the treaty, we light the savage

fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make ; to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake ; to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable ; and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bug-bear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

“ There is no mistake in this case — there can be none ; experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness ; it exclaims that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture ; already they seem to sigh in the western wind ; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains. ”

At the outset of the discussion, it was supposed that the house would decide against the treaty ; but when the gulf into which the party spirit was about to plunge the country was laid open, some

of the leaders of the opposition began to shrink from the responsibility of taking the leap. After a protracted and heated discussion, the question was taken — and, thirteen of the democratic party voting to sustain the treaty, the house was equally divided. The speaker gave his casting vote in its favor, and it went into operation. Its results proved it to be one of the wisest and most beneficent measures in the history of our government.

Mr. Jay discharged the duties of governor of New York with great ability, and was a second time elected to that office. He was offered again the post of chief justice of the United States, but this he declined. In 1801, having been in public life twenty-seven years, and now being fifty-six years old, he left Albany, where he had resided since he was governor, and settled upon his estate in Bedford, about fifty miles northeast of New York. Here he spent the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and in the peaceful and unostentatious discharge of the duties which religion and benevolence demand.

About this time the religious associations were formed in our country for the dissemination of the Scriptures. To them he was a sincere friend. In 1821, upon the death of the venerable Elias Bowdinoth, president of the American Bible Society, Mr. Jay was chosen successor. He discharged the duties of the station till 1828, when his declin-

ing health obliged him to resign. He accompanied this act by a liberal donation to the society.

In May, 1829, he was seized in the night with the palsy; medical skill was obtained, but nothing could arrest the disease. His speech was affected, but his mind seemed clear. He lingered till the seventeenth, when he died, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Jay had survived nearly all who had ever been personally opposed to him in politics. His character had triumphed over the calumnies by which it had been assailed; his long retirement had exempted him from all participation in the conflicts and animosities of modern parties; and when he left the world, he probably left no one in it who harbored an unkind feeling towards him. Hence, the intelligence of his death called forth from men of all parties willing attestations of his worth.

The public journals, however discordant on other topics, united in doing justice to his memory. The judges and members of the bar of the county court put on mourning for thirty days, and the supreme court of the state, being in session when the news of his death was received, immediately adjourned, as a mark of respect; and, by order of congress, a bust of the first chief justice has since been executed, and placed in the chamber of the supreme court of the United States.

The character of Mr. Jay may be gathered from the acts recorded in the preceding pages. In its simplicity, harmony, equanimity, and patriotism, it bears a strong resemblance to that of Washington. It would seem that his affections were strong—his love of country fervent; yet he appeared to be prompted even by higher motives of action.

A sense of future accountability seems to have been ever present to his mind, and to have made him think the judgments of men as dust in the balance, compared with the realities of a future reckoning. He was a friend to churches and schools; an ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery; a Christian, a patriot, and a philanthropist.

In manner, he was modest and simple. Though few men have done so much, in any age or country, he assumed no importance, claimed no deference, boasted no merit. A stranger might have lived with him for months, and never have known, from his lips, the history of his great deeds. As a writer, he was among the first of his time; his wisdom was deep; his mind penetrating and farsighted; his judgment cool, circumspect, and seldom mistaken.

Mr. Jay's religion was fervent, but mild and unostentatious. Through life, he continued a member of the Episcopal church, and approved the

doctrines and policy maintained by that portion of the denomination which is distinguished as the low Church. While his health permitted, he was regular in his attendance on public worship, and was always a scrupulous, but not superstitious observer of the Sabbath. On the whole, his life exhibits a rare but interesting picture of the Christian patriot and statesman, and justifies the reverence for his character so eloquently described in an address delivered soon after his death :

“ A halo of veneration seemed to encircle him as one belonging to another world, though lingering among us. When the tidings of his death came to us, they were received through the nation, not with sorrow or mourning, but with solemn awe, like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient scripture, ‘ And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.’ ”

PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY was born in the county of Hanover, Virginia, May 29, 1736. His parents,* though not rich, were in easy circumstances, and, in point of character, were among the most respectable inhabitants of the colony. Until ten years of age, Patrick was sent to school in the neighborhood, where he learned to read and write, and made some small progress in arithmetic. He was then taken home, and under the direction of his father, who had opened a grammar school in his own house, he acquired a superficial knowledge of the Latin, and learned to read the Greek character, but never to translate the language. At the same time, he made considerable proficiency in mathematics, the only branch of education for

* His father, Colonel John Henry, was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and came to Virginia to seek his fortune about 1730. He was a man of liberal education, of sound judgment, great integrity and fervent piety. His mother, the widow of Colonel Syme, at the time of her marriage to Mr. Henry, was a native of Hanover county. She was a woman of excellent character, and marked by fine powers of conversation, said to be hereditary in her family.

which, it seems, he discovered in his youth the slightest predilection.

But he was too idle to gain any solid advantage from the opportunities that were thrown in his way. He was passionately addicted to the sports of the field, and could not endure the confinement and toil which education required. Hence, instead of system, or any semblance of regularity in his studies, his efforts were always desultory, and they became more and more rare, until, at length, when the hour of his school exercises arrived, Patrick was scarcely ever to be found. He was in the forest with his gun, or over the brook with his angle rod; and in these frivolous occupations, when not controlled by the authority of his father, — which was rarely exerted, — he would spend whole days, and even weeks, with an appetite rather whetted than cloyed by enjoyment.

His school-fellows, having observed his passion for these amusements, watched his movements, to discover, if they could, the cause of that delight which they seemed to afford him. Their conclusion was, that he loved idleness for its own sake. They often observed him lying under the shade of some tree that overhung the sequestered stream, watching for hours the motionless cork of his fishing line, without one encouraging symptom of success, and without any apparent source of enjoyment, unless he could find it in the ease of his

posture, or in the illusions of hope, or, which is most probable, in the stillness of the scene, and the silent workings of his own imagination.

His love of solitude in his youth was often observed. Even when in society, his enjoyments were of a peculiar cast; he did not mix in the wild mirth of his equals in age, but sat quiet and demure, taking no part in the conversation, giving no responsive smile to the circulating jest, but lost to all appearance in silence and abstraction. His absence of mind, however, was only apparent; for, on the dispersion of the company, if interrogated by his parents as to what had been passing, he was able not only to detail the conversation, but to sketch, with strict fidelity, the character of every speaker.

It does not appear that he displayed any of that precocity which sometimes distinguishes uncommon genius. His companions recollect no instance of premature wit, no striking sentiment, no flash of fancy, no remarkable beauty or strength of expression; and no indication, however slight, either of that impassioned love of liberty or of that adventurous daring and intrepidity, which marked so strongly his subsequent character. So far was he, indeed, from exhibiting any one prognostic of this greatness that every omen foretold a life at best of mediocrity, if not of insignificance.

His person is represented as having been coarse, his manners uncommonly awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation very plain, his aversion to study invincible, and his faculties almost entirely benumbed by indolence. No persuasion could bring him either to read or work. On the contrary, he ran wild in the forest, like one of the aborigines of the country, and divided his life between the dissipation and uproar of the chase, and the languor of inaction.

The propensity to observe and comment upon the human character was the only trait that distinguished him at this early period. This tendency appears to have been born with him, and to have exerted itself instinctively, whenever a new subject was presented to his view. Its action was incessant, and became, at length, almost the only intellectual exercise in which he seemed to take delight. To this cause may be traced that consummate knowledge of the human heart which he finally attained, and which enabled him, when he came upon the public stage, to touch the springs of passion with a master hand.

When Patrick had reached the age of fifteen, his father, finding it inconvenient to sustain the expenses of his large and increasing family, placed him behind the counter of a country merchant. The next year he purchased a small amount of goods for Patrick and William his elder brother,

and, according to the language of the country, they set up in trade. Unhappily, they were both destitute of those habits of industry, energy and attention, which were indispensable to success in their present pursuit. The business of the store soon rushed to its catastrophe, and at the end of the year it was closed.

William was thrown loose upon society, and for a time was addicted to dissipation. Patrick was engaged for two or three years in winding up his disastrous experiment in trade. During the confinement of this period, he solaced himself with music, and learned to play well on the violin and on the flute. From music, he passed to books, and, having procured a few light and elegant authors, acquired, for the first time, a relish for reading.

Adversity does not seem to have taught him prudence. At the age of eighteen, he married Miss Shelton, the daughter of a poor but honest farmer in the neighborhood, and the young couple were soon settled upon a small farm. Assisted by one or two slaves, Henry began to delve the earth with his own hands; but he could not endure systematic labor, and at the end of two years, selling out his early possessions, he again turned merchant.

But his early habits still continued to haunt him. The same want of method, the same facil-

ity of temper, soon became apparent, by their ruinous effects. He resumed his violin, his flute, his books, his curious inspection of human nature ; and not unfrequently ventured to shut up his store, and indulge himself in the favorite sports of his youth.

This second mercantile experiment was still more unfortunate than the first. In a few years it left him a bankrupt, and placed him in a situation than which it is difficult to conceive one more wretched. Every atom of his property was now gone ; his friends were unable to assist him any farther ; he had tried every means of support, of which he could suppose himself capable, and every one had failed ; ruin was behind him ; poverty, debt, want, and famine before ; and, as if his cup of misery were not already full, here were a suffering wife and children to make it overflow.

But, though Henry possessed acuteness of feeling, he had great firmness of character, as well as an unvarying cheerfulness of temper. His misfortunes, even at this period, could not be traced in his countenance or conduct. His passion was still music, dancing and pleasantry. He excelled in the last, and thus attached every one to him. As yet, however, no one had suspected the extraordinary powers of his mind.

Having failed in all other attempts, he at last determined to make a trial of the law. He stud-

ied six weeks, and being examined, obtained a license, though with difficulty. He was now at the age of twenty-four. Of the science of law, he knew almost nothing; of the practical part, he was so wholly ignorant that he was not only unable to draw a declaration or a plea, but incapable, it is said, of the most common and simple business of his profession; even of the mode of ordering a suit, giving a notice, or making a motion in court.

For several years he lingered in the back-ground of his profession. During this period his family was reduced to extreme want; and, to obtain the necessaries of life, he was obliged to take up his residence with his wife's father, who now kept the tavern at the Hanover Court-House. In his absence, Patrick Henry was accustomed to receive the guests and provide for their entertainment.

But the clouds, which had thus far obscured his existence, were now about to pass away. The Episcopal religion was established by law in Virginia, and the clergy had each a right to claim an annual stipend of sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. Various acts in relation to this were passed, one of which gave the people the right of paying the tobacco at a certain rate per pound. It became, at last, a question whether this right existed or not; and, as the tobacco was worth more than the rate fixed by law, the clergy had

an interest to maintain the privilege of taking the tobacco and not the money.

The case that arose, and which was to determine the whole question, was a suit of Rev. James Murray, against the collector of Hanover. Already a partial decision, favorable to the claims of the clergy, had taken place, and hardly a more hopeless case could have been chosen, than that of the defendant, in which Henry was now to commence his career as an advocate.

The array before his eyes, as he was about to begin his plea, was indeed formidable. On the bench were more than twenty clergymen. The court-house was crowded to excess, and in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat his own father! The opposing counsel opened the cause, and, after a flourishing speech, concluded with an eulogium upon the clergy. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose awkwardly, and faltered at the outset. The people hung their heads; the clergy exchanged sly looks, and his father almost sunk with confusion from his seat.

But these feelings were brief. Henry seemed speedily to burst the clownish fetters which embarrassed his limbs, and the impediments which fettered his speech. His attitude became erect; his countenance glowed; his tones became mel-

low and touching, and his words flowed like a torrent. He piled argument upon argument, illustration upon illustration.

The whole crowd around seemed fixed with amazement and awe, as if some miracle had taken place before their eyes. Every look was riveted upon the wonderful speaker; every ear stretched to catch his lightest word; the mockery of the clergy was turned to alarm, and, at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they left the bench, disconcerted and despairing of their cause.

As for the father, he was taken completely by surprise, and, unconscious of his position, gave vent to a shower of tears. The jury, captivated and bewildered, and forgetting even the obvious right of the plaintiff to reasonable damages, brought in a verdict of one penny. This was indeed a triumph — though it was at the expense of law and justice. The event caused a great sensation, and was long remembered. It was the custom of the people in that quarter, for many subsequent years, to express their utmost conception of eloquence by referring to *Patrick's plea against the parsons*.

Henry found himself suddenly elevated to the summit of his profession, at least in the estimation of the people around him. They had witnessed the display of his talents, and they considered him

as having vindicated their cause against the clergy. He saw at once the advantage to be derived from cultivating their good will, and this he did with success. He dressed as plain as the plainest; partook of the homely fare of the country; mixed with the mass on terms of equality, and even continued to imitate their vicious language. "*Nait-eral* parts is better than all the *larnin* upon *yearth*," is given by his biographer as a specimen of his speech in condescension to the corrupt standard of those he sought to flatter.

His practice was now considerable, and his fame was rapidly extended. But he was soon called to another theatre of action, where his highest laurels were won. In January, 1765, the famous Stamp Act was passed in England. A general feeling of alarm, attended however by a prevailing disposition to submit to the heavy hand of tyranny, spread through the country. About this period Henry became a member of the house of burgesses in Virginia, from the county of Louisa, whither he had removed. In this assembly he met a galaxy of great men, but chiefly belonging to the old aristocracy of the colony.

It was in this assembly that he moved his famous resolutions, which, Mr. Jefferson said, "gave the first impulse to the ball of the revolution." Henry speaks of them himself, in a paper he left for his executors, in the following words :

“They formed the first opposition to the stamp act and the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture; and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book, wrote the within.”

These resolutions created a violent debate, which lasted for several days. The leaders of the house — Pendleton, Wythe, Bland, Randolph — those accustomed to exert a despotic sway, resisted them with all their force. Henry supported them with equal ability. His talents seemed to rise with the occasion, and his resources to multiply with the force he had to encounter.

It was in the midst of this great debate that he uttered a remarkable passage which has come down to our time. While descanting upon the tyranny of the obnoxious act, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, and with a look of great dignity, — “Cæsar had his Brutus — Charles the First his Cromwell — and George the third —

("Treason!" cried the speaker — "treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the fiercest emphasis.)—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it." Sustained by such powers, the resolutions were carried by a majority of two, and Mr. Henry left the assembly with the reputation of a statesman added to that of an orator.

He continued to be an active member of the house of burgesses, and was always a leader in measures calculated to arouse the country against the march of British usurpation. In 1774, he was appointed a delegate to the new congress at Philadelphia, and took his seat in that body when it came together in the following September.

The most eminent men of the various colonies were now for the first time brought together. They were known to each other by fame; but they were personally strangers. The meeting was solemn indeed. The object which had called them together was of incalculable magnitude. The liberties of no less than three millions of people, with that of all their posterity, were staked on the wisdom and energy of their councils. No

wonder then at the long and deep silence which is said to have followed immediately upon their organization; caused by the anxiety with which the members looked round upon each other, and the reluctance which every individual felt to enter upon a business so momentous.

In the midst of this deep and death-like silence, Patrick Henry arose. As if oppressed by the occasion, he began in slow and faltering tones to address the assembly. In a few moments, however, his manner changed. He proceeded to speak of the wrongs sustained by the colonies. As he advanced, his countenance glowed, his form dilated, and his words fell with the mingled power of thunder and the lightning. Even that great assembly was struck with emotions of amazement and awe. When he sat down, there was a murmur of applause, and the great orator of Virginia was now felt to be the orator of a nation.

But here the triumph of Patrick Henry ceased. In the discussion of general grievances, he took the lead, but when called down from the heights of declamation to the sober test of practical business, he was entirely at fault. He was now made to feel the fatal neglect of early study, and the waste of opportunities which could never return.

Several addresses were proposed by congress—and that to the king was assigned to him. When reported, every countenance betrayed disappoint-

ment. It was indeed so ill-suited to the occasion, that it was set aside, and a new draught, prepared by Mr, Dickinson, was adopted. Such was the severe penalty paid for youthful follies. After all, this great orator had but a single gift, and though one of the most wonderful, he was doubtless among the least useful members of that great assembly, which he had electrified by his magic skill in touching the sources of human emotion.

Congress rose in October, and Mr. Henry returned to his native county. In March following, another convention of delegates from Virginia met at Richmond; of this he was also a member. The petition of congress to the king had been received, and the reply was smooth and gracious in its terms. The loyalty of the country, though shaken, was still strong, and the desire to heal the breach which had been threatened, was common. Such feelings prevailed among the leaders of the Virginia convention; Henry had entirely opposite views. He believed a crisis had come which it was vain to attempt to avert, and for which immediate preparation should be made. He therefore introduced a series of resolutions to that effect.

These produced a sudden and painful shock. They were resisted, as fraught with danger — as rash, impolitic and unjust. Seldom has any proposition been assailed with such a weight of argu-

ment, eloquence, and authority, as were directed against these resolves. But the mover was unabashed. He rose and replied with a power that was irresistible. After proceeding for some time in a strain of lofty eloquence, he closed in these stirring words.

“They tell us sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and indulging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot! Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were

base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come!! I repeat it, sir; let it come!!!

“It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale which sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms; Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me,”—cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, and every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation,—“give me liberty, or give me death!” The effect of these burning sentences was overwhelming; the opposition was rebuked, and the resolutions were adopted.

In the spring of 1775, Henry took his seat in the second congress, but no opportunity offered for the display of his peculiar talent. He was deficient as a writer, and was disgusted with the dry

details of business. His rambling and desultory habits unfitted him for that close attention, careful deliberation, and patient investigation, which were the qualifications then chiefly demanded of the members of congress.

Doubtless, feeling this, he accepted an appointment, tendered by the Virginia convention, as commander of the forces raised for the defence of the colony. He was at his post in September. As he had been previously engaged in a military enterprise against Lord Dunmore, considerable expectations were entertained from him in his new station. He did nothing, however, to fulfil their hopes, and it was said of him, as John Wilkes said of Lord Chatham, "all his power and efficacy is seated in his tongue." He resigned his office in March, 1777—a circumstance greatly regretted by the troops, with whom he was a favorite. It is evident that Henry was deficient in military talents, yet it is probable that the entire barrenness of his career as a soldier, is to be attributed to adverse circumstances, which he had not the tact to overcome.

Immediately after his resignation, he was chosen a delegate from Hanover to the convention about to assemble for the purpose of forming a state government. In June, a constitution was adopted, and Henry was immediately chosen governor of the commonwealth, by the convention.

The fall of the year 1776 was one of the darkest and most dispiriting periods of the revolution. The disaster at Long Island had occurred, by which a considerable portion of the American army had been cut off; a garrison of between three and four thousand men had been taken at Fort Washington, and the American general, with the small remainder, disheartened and in want of every kind of comfort, was retreating through the Jerseys before an overwhelming power, which spread terror, desolation, and death on every hand. This was the period of which Tom Paine, in his *Crisis*, used that memorable expression, —“These are the times which try the souls of men!” For a short time, the courage of the country quailed. Washington alone remained erect, and surveyed, with sublime composure, the storm that raged around him. Even the heroism of the Virginia legislature gave way, and, in a season of despair, the mad project of a dictator was seriously meditated. That Mr. Henry was thought of for this station, as has been alleged, is highly probable; but that the project was suggested by him, or even received his countenance, is without evidence or probability.

Mr. Henry was twice elected by the people to the office of governor. His administration was marked with no very signal act, yet he retired from the administration with a confirmed and in-

creased popularity. He continued to represent the county of Hanover in the legislature of the state, and took an active part in sustaining the measures connected with the great contest for independence.

After the close of the war, a question arose whether the tories who had fled from the country and given their aid to Britain should be allowed to return. The feeling against them was deep and bitter, and the popular current was strong in opposition to their being tolerated in the country. The subject was warmly discussed in the assembly, and but for the eloquence of Henry in their behalf, it had been decided against them. He took a broad and liberal view of the subject; he described the ample resources of the country, and urged the obvious policy of encouraging the increase of the population by every proper means. He closed his speech in these words:

“Sir, I feel no objection to the return of these deluded people — they, to be sure, have mistaken their own interests most woefully, and most woefully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed — their king hath acknowledged our independence — the quarrel is over — peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies

and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. These are an enterprising moneyed people ; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage — and, as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief they can do us. Afraid of *them* ! what, sir,” said he, rising to one of his loftiest attitudes, and assuming a look of the most indignant and sovereign contempt, “ shall we, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his whelps ? ”

In 1784, Mr. Henry was again chosen governor of Virginia, but he resigned his seat in consequence of his inability to sustain the expenses in which it involved him. He was now encumbered with debt, and such was his situation, that, although appointed a delegate to proceed to Philadelphia, and assist in forming a national constitution, he was forced to decline the station. He saw, indeed, no escape from continued embarrassment and poverty, but a return to the bar, and this course he adopted, in 1788. He, however, refused the details of the profession, and was only engaged in arguing important causes.

In June, of this year, the convention, assembled to consider the proposed constitution of the United States, met at Richmond. Henry was a member, and here, among a host of stars, he met Madison, and Marshall, and Monroe. It might have been expected, from the structure of his mind, and his habits of thought, that he would oppose the constitution, — and this course he adopted. Bred up in irregular habits, of a vagrant and excursive fancy — he naturally thought more of liberty than tranquillity, and was more solicitous to ensure freedom than security. He seemed, indeed, to think that liberty involved every earthly blessing. “Give us that precious jewel,” said he, “and you may take everything else.” It was this constant desire to breathe a free atmosphere which had given him such power when the purpose was to obtain deliverance from British bondage; but now that this was obtained, and the question came how we might secure and perpetuate the privileges we had won, he became jealous even of a government of our own formation.

He therefore opposed the constitution, denouncing it as a consolidated, not a federal government. He especially objected to the terms in which it begins — *we the people*. This he said implied a compact of the whole people and not a compact of states, which he contended it should be. He proceeded to express the utmost apprehensions of

the result, if it were adopted. For twenty days he continued to hurl against it and its supporters, not argument only, but wit and ridicule, often attempting to shake the nerves of his antagonists by his unrivalled powers of fancy. But his efforts were vain. There were minds in that convention above his own, whom mere eloquence could not move from the fixed foundations of a calm and deliberate judgment. The constitution was finally approved by a majority of two — and its happy results have served to lessen our respect for the sagacity of its opposers, and to increase our admiration of its founders.

Mr. Henry continued at the bar, and, in 1791, made a celebrated plea before the United States Court, against the power of a British creditor before the war, to enforce his claim upon an American debtor, in an American court, after the war. In 1794, however, he retired from business, and thenceforward was devoted to retirement. He had now become affluent, and, in the tranquil enjoyment of home, he spent the remainder of his days. In 1799, he was elected a member of the assembly of Virginia, but his health had been long declining, and on the 6th of June, of that year, he died.

Patrick Henry was twice married, and had fifteen children, eleven of whom were living at his death. In person, he was nearly six feet high,

spare, and stooping. His complexion was dark, his skin sallow, his countenance grave and thoughtful. His eye was bluish gray, and, being deep-set and overhung with dark and full eyebrows, had a remarkable look of penetration.

In his disposition, he was social and kind-hearted. His conversation was peculiarly attractive, and his demeanor such as to win the hearts of those around him. Of his wonderful eloquence, we have given several specimens. His humor was as remarkable as those loftier powers of rhetoric by which he sometimes electrified his hearers. The following instance illustrates his talent for ridicule.

During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two steers, belonging to one Hook, for the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and, on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have

complete control over the passions of his audience ; at one time, he excited their indignation against Hook ; vengeance was visible in every countenance ; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not throw open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the door of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots ? Where is the man ? *There* he stands — but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge."

He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains of Yorktown, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of ; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence ; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches ; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rung and echoed through the American

ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river; but, "hark!" — said he — "what tones of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory?—they are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'beef! beef! beef!'" The effect was electrical. The court was thrown into a paroxysm of laughter, and the poor plaintiff not only lost his case, but he became a general object of ridicule and contempt.

The character of Patrick Henry is by no means to be presented as a model. That he was an orator of wonderful powers, we cannot deny; that he benefited the cause of the revolution, we may also gratefully acknowledge. It is due to truth to say, also, that his external morals were strict, and, as a husband and father, he was exemplary. He was, however, miserly in respect to money, sometimes charged excessive fees in his practice, and was engaged in speculations which subjected him to merited censure. He was greedy of fame, and jealous of the reputation of his rivals.

In early life, as we have already stated, he affected the dress and manners of the common people, and sought to win their favor by adopting their tastes and habits. We have shown that he even condescended to copy their corrupt speech. The want of dignity, as well as honesty, in this,

merits reproach. A man of talent should be the instructor of the people; he should seek to elevate them by high example, not to confirm them in error or vice by imitation. The people have always reason to distrust the sincerity of a flatterer — and it appears in the case of Henry, as it has often appeared before, that beneath a seeming love of the people, there was a lurking desire to rule them. That his early rusticity was but a cover to ulterior views is sufficiently evinced by the fact that, when he had acquired honors, station, and fortune, he became ostentatious of his wealth.

There was, therefore, in the midst of his intellectual greatness, a humiliating littleness of soul. As his conduct was never subjected to the discipline of fixed habits, so his heart seems not to have been regulated by an ever-present sense of justice. In the exercise of his talents, he seems to have had but a single object in view — success. His biographer, Mr. Wirt, tells us that even in the legislative halls he always spoke for victory. He knew all the local interests and prejudices of the members, and upon these he played with the utmost skill and effect. This was performed with so much delicacy and adroitness, and concealed under a countenance of such apostolic solemnity, that the persons on whom he was operating, were unconscious of his design. Such is the language

of his eulogistic biographer. Yet the triumphs thus obtained were rather a disgrace than an honor to the winner ; they displayed a radical defect in morals, and an insensibility to the claims of holy truth and manly honor. The only excuse that can be offered, lies in the fact, that in debate, as well as in war, all the artifices which the combatants can bring to their aid are deemed admissible. This, however, is but to offer a poor apology for a vile practice ; it is but to admit that the master spirits of mankind — in the exercise of the great gift of oratory, whose guide and goal should be *truth* alone — are allowed to adopt a code of morals which would be disgraceful at the gambling table. It is probable that the loose practice of the bar, which has done so much to debauch public morals, carried by the great orator of Virginia to the legislative halls, was, in part, the source of the error to which we allude.

Let us not be thought to speak rashly of the dead ! Patrick Henry was one of the master spirits of the revolution — a patriot and a benefactor. But he had his great faults ; and while we admit his splendid gifts, we are bound to point out the defects of his character, lest even his vices and his foibles become respectable in our eyes, through their alliance with genius and renown.

LA FAYETTE.

GILBERT MOTTIER DE LA FAYETTE* was born at the castle of Chavaniac, in Auvergne, on the 6th of September, 1757. His family was one of the most ancient in the country, and of the highest rank in the French nobility. As far back as the fifteenth century, one of his ancestors, a marshal of France, was distinguished for his military achievements; his uncle fell in the wars of Italy, in the middle of the last century; and his father lost his life in the seven years' war at the battle of Minden.

His mother died soon after, and he was thus left an orphan at an early age, the heir of an immense estate, and exposed to all the dangers incident to youth, rank, and fortune, in the gayest and most luxurious city in the world, at the period of its greatest corruption. Yet he escaped unhurt. Having completed the usual academical course at the college of Du Plessis, in Paris, he

* We have taken the greater part of this article from the splendid Eulogy of La Fayette, delivered by Edward Everett, at Faneuil Hall, at the request of the young men of Boston, September 6, 1834. To the original we refer the reader for the best sketch of the life and character of La Fayette that has ever appeared.

married, at the age of sixteen, the daughter of the Duke D'Argen, of the family of Noailles, somewhat younger than himself, and at all times the noble encourager of his virtues, the heroic partner of his sufferings, the worthy sharer of his great name and of his honorable grave.

The family to which he thus became allied was then, and for fifty years had been, in the highest favor at the French court. Himself the youthful heir of one of the oldest and richest houses in France, the path of advancement was open before him. He was offered a brilliant place in the royal household. At an age and in a situation most likely to be caught by the attraction, he declined the proffered distinction, impatient of the attendance at court which it required. He felt, from his earliest years, that he was not born to loiter in an ante-chamber. The sentiment of liberty was already awakened in his bosom. Having, while yet at college, been required, as an exercise in composition, to describe the well-trained charger, obedient even to the shadow of the whip — he represented the noble animal, on the contrary, as rearing at the sight of it, and throwing his rider. With this feeling the profession of arms was, of course, the most congenial to him; and was, in fact, with the exception of that of courtier, the only one open to a young French nobleman before the revolution.

In the summer of 1776, and just after the American declaration of independence, La Fayette, not then nineteen years old, was stationed at Metz, a garrisoned town on the road from Paris to the German frontier, with the regiment to which he was attached, as a captain of dragoons. The Duke of Gloucester, the brother of the king of England, happened to be on a visit to Metz, and a dinner was given to him by the commandant of the garrison. La Fayette was invited, with other officers, to the entertainment. Dispatches had just been received by the duke, from England, relating to American affairs — the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the ministers to crush the rebellion. Among the details stated by the Duke of Gloucester, was the extraordinary fact, that these remote, scattered, and unprotected settlers of the wilderness *had solemnly declared themselves an Independent People*. These words decided the fortunes of the enthusiastic listener; and not more distinctly was the great declaration a charter of political liberty to the rising states, than it was a commission to their youthful champion to devote his life to the sacred cause.

The details which he heard were new to him. The American contest was known to him before, but only as a rebellion in a remote transatlantic colony. He now, with a promptness of percep-

tion which, even at this distance of time, strikes us as very remarkable, addressed a multitude of inquiries to the Duke of Gloucester, on the subject of the contest. His imagination was kindled at the idea of an oppressed people struggling for political liberty. His heart was warmed with the possibility of drawing his sword in a good cause. Before he left the table, his course was mentally resolved upon; and the brother of the king of England, unconsciously no doubt, had the singular fortune to enlist, from the French court and the French army, this gallant and fortunate champion in the then unpromising cause of the colonial congress.

He immediately repaired to Paris to make further inquiries and arrangements, towards the execution of his great plan. He confided it to two young friends — officers like himself — the Count Segur and Viscount Noailles, and proposed to them to join him. They shared his enthusiasm, and determined to accompany him, but, on consulting their families, they were refused permission. But they faithfully kept La Fayette's secret. Happily for his purpose, he was an orphan, independent of control, and was master of his own fortune, amounting to nearly forty thousand dollars per annum.

He next opened his heart to Count de Broglie, a marshal in the French army. To the experi-

enced warrior, accustomed to the regular campaigns of European service, the project seemed rash and quixotic, and one that he could not countenance. La Fayette begged the count at least not to betray him, as he was resolved, notwithstanding his disapproval, to go to America. This the count promised, adding, "I saw your uncle fall in Italy; witnessed your father's death at the battle of Mindèn; and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family." He then used all the powers of argument which his age and experience suggested to dissuade La Fayette from the enterprise; but in vain. Finding his determination unalterable, he made him acquainted with the Baron de Kalb, who, the count knew, was about to embark for America,—an officer of experience and merit, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Camden.

The Baron de Kalb introduced La Fayette to Silas Deane, then agent of the United States in France, who explained to him the state of affairs in America, and encouraged him in his project. Deane was but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, and was of manners rather repulsive. A less enthusiastic temper than that of La Fayette might have been somewhat chilled by the style of his intercourse. Deane had not, as yet, been acknowledged in any public capacity, and

was beset by the spies of the British ambassador. For these reasons, it was judged expedient that the visits of La Fayette should not be repeated, and their further negotiations were conducted through the intervention of Mr. Carmichael, an American gentleman, at that time in Paris. The arrangement was at length concluded, in virtue of which Deane took upon himself, without authority, but by a happy exercise of discretion, to engage La Fayette to enter the American service, with the rank of major-general. A vessel was about to be dispatched with arms and other supplies for the American army, and in this vessel it was settled that he should take passage.

At this juncture, the news reached France of the evacuation of New York, the loss of Fort Washington, the calamitous retreat through New Jersey, and the other disasters of the campaign of 1776. The friends of America, in France, were in despair. The tidings, bad in themselves, were greatly exaggerated in the British gazettes. The plan of sending an armed vessel with munitions was abandoned. The cause, always doubtful, was now pronounced desperate; and La Fayette was urged by all who were privy to his project to give up an enterprise so wild and hopeless. Even our commissioners, — Deane, Franklin, and Arthur Lee, — told him they could not in conscience urge him to proceed. His answer was,

“My zeal and love of liberty have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing motive with me, but I now see a chance of usefulness which I had not anticipated. These supplies, I know, are greatly wanted by congress. I have money ; I will purchase a vessel to convey them to America, and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage.”

In pursuance of the generous purpose thus conceived, the secretary of Count de Broglie was employed by La Fayette to purchase and fit out a vessel at Bordeaux ; and while these preparations were in train, with a view of diverting suspicion from his movements, and passing the tedious interval of delay, he made a visit, with a relative, to his kinsman, the Marquis of Noailles, then the French ambassador in London. During their stay in Great Britain they were treated with kindness by the king and persons of rank ; but having, after a lapse of three weeks, learned that his vessel was ready at Bordeaux, La Fayette suddenly returned to France. His visit was of service to the youthful adventurer, in furnishing him an opportunity to improve himself in the English language ; but, beyond this, a nice sense of honor forbade him from making use of the opportunity which it afforded for obtaining military information that could be of utility to the American army. So far did he carry this scruple that he

declined visiting the naval establishments at Portsmouth.

On his return to France, he did not even visit Paris ; but after three days spent at Passy, the residence of Dr. Franklin, he hastened to Bordeaux. Arriving at this place, he found that his vessel was not yet ready ; and had the still greater mortification to learn that the spies of the British ambassador had penetrated his designs, and made them known to the family of La Fayette, and to the king, from whom an order for his arrest was daily expected. Unprepared as his ship was, he instantly sailed in her to Passage, the nearest port in Spain, where he proposed to wait for the vessel's papers. Scarcely had he arrived in that harbor, when he was encountered by two officers, with letters from his family, and from the ministry, and a royal order, directing him to join his father-in-law at Marseilles. The letter from the ministers reprimanded him for violating his oath of allegiance, and failing in his duty to his king. La Fayette, in some of his letters to his friends about court, replied to this remark that the ministry might chide him with failing in his duty to the king when they learned to discharge theirs to the people. His family censured him for his desertion of his domestic duties ; but his heroic wife, instead of joining in the reproach, shared his enthusiasm and encouraged his enterprise.

He was obliged to return with the officers to Bordeaux, and report himself to the commandant. While there, and engaged in communication with his family and the court, in explanation and defense of his conduct, he learned from a friend at Paris that a positive prohibition of his departure might be expected from the king. No farther time was to be lost, and no middle course pursued. He feigned a willingness to yield to the wishes of his family, and started as for Marseilles, with one of the officers who was to accompany him to America. Scarcely had they left the city of Bordeaux, when he assumed the dress of a courier, mounted a horse and rode forward to procure relays. They soon quitted the road to Marseilles, and struck into that which leads to Spain. On reaching Bayonne, they were detained two or three hours. While the companion of La Fayette was employed in some important commission in the city, he himself lay on the straw in the stable. At St. Jean de Luz, he was recognized by the daughter of the person who kept the post house; she had observed him a few days before, as he passed from Spain to Bordeaux. Perceiving that he was discovered, and not daring to speak to her, he made her a signal to keep silence. She complied with the intimation; and when, shortly after he had passed on, his pursuers came up, she gave them an answer which baffled their penetra-

tion, and enabled La Fayette to escape into Spain. He was instantly on board his ship and at sea, with eleven officers in his train, and accompanied also by the Baron De Kalb.

We cannot here detail the various casualties and exposures of his passage, which lasted sixty days. His vessel had cleared out for the West Indies, but La Fayette directed the captain to steer for the United States. As the latter had a large pecuniary adventure of his own on board, he declined complying with this direction. By threats to remove him from his command, and promises to indemnify him for the loss of his property, should they be captured, La Fayette prevailed upon the captain to steer his course for the American coast, where at last they happily arrived, having narrowly escaped two vessels of war, which were cruising in that quarter. They made the coast near Georgetown, South Carolina. It was late in the day before they could approach so near land as to leave the vessel.

Anxious to tread the American soil, La Fayette, with some of his fellow-officers, entered the ship's boat and was rowed at night-fall to shore. A distant light guided them in their landing and advance into the country. Arriving near the house from which the light proceeded, an alarm was given by the watch-dogs, and they were mistaken by those within for a marauding party from the

enemy's vessels, hovering on the coast. The Baron De Kalb, however, had a good knowledge of the English language, acquired on a previous visit to America, and was soon able to make known who they were, and what was their errand. They were of course readily admitted, and cordially welcomed. The house in which they found themselves was that of Major Huger, a citizen of worth, hospitality and patriotism, by whom every good office was performed to the adventurous strangers. He provided the next day the means of conveying La Fayette and his companions to Charleston, where they were received with enthusiasm by the magistrates and people.

As soon as possible, they proceeded by land to Philadelphia. On his arrival there, with the eagerness of a youth anxious to be employed upon his errand, he sent his letters to Mr. Lowell, who was then chairman of the committee of foreign relations. He called the next day at the hall of congress; the letters made known his high connections and his large means of usefulness, and, without an hour's delay, he received from them a commission of major-general in the American army, a month before he was twenty years of age. Thus, at this early and inexperienced age, he was thought worthy, by that august body, the revolutionary congress, to be placed in the highest rank of those to whom the conduct of their army was entrusted in this hour of extremest peril!

Washington was at head-quarters when La Fayette reached Philadelphia, but he was daily expected in the city. The introduction of the youthful stranger to the man on whom his career depended was therefore delayed a few days. It took place, in a manner peculiarly marked with the circumspection of Washington, at a dinner party, where La Fayette was among the several guests of consideration. Washington was not uninformed of the circumstances connected with his arrival in the country. He knew what benefits it promised the cause, if his character and talents were adapted to the course he had so boldly struck out; and he knew also how much it was to be feared that the very qualities which had prompted him to embark in it would make him a useless and even a dangerous auxiliary. We may well suppose that the piercing eye of the father of his country was not idle during the repast. But that searching glance, before which pretense or fraud never stood undetected, was completely satisfied. When they were about to separate, Washington took La Fayette aside — spoke to him with kindness — paid a just tribute to the noble spirit which he had shown, and the sacrifices he had made in the American cause; invited him to make the head-quarters of the army his home, and to regard himself, at all times, as one of the family of the commander-in-chief.

It was on the 31st of July, 1777, that La Fayette received, by a resolution of congress, his commission as a major-general in the American army. Not having at first a separate command, he attached himself to the army of the commander-in-chief, as a volunteer. On the 11th of the following September, he was present at the unfortunate battle of Brandywine. He there plunged, with a rashness pardonable in a very youthful commander, into the hottest of the battle, exposed himself to all its dangers, and exhibited a conspicuous example of coolness and courage. When the troops began to retreat in disorder, he threw himself from his horse, entered the ranks, and endeavored to rally them. While thus employed, he was shot through the leg. The wound was not perceived by himself till he was told by his aid that the blood was running from his boot. He fell in with a surgeon, who placed a slight bandage on his limb, with which he rode to Chester. Regardless of his situation, he thought only of rallying the troops, who were retreating in disorder through the village; and it was not till this duty was performed, that the wound was dressed. It was two months before it was sufficiently healed to enable him to rejoin the army. This was the first battle in which he was ever engaged, and such was his entrance into the active service of America.

It is impossible in this sketch to do more than

glance at the military services of La Fayette in our revolution. He was in the battle of Monmouth, where he displayed the utmost courage and skill. On the arrival of the French under D'Estaing, at Rhode Island, he was detached to join them with the army under General Sullivan. He was here exceedingly useful in securing harmony between the French and American forces. In 1779, he embarked for France, that country being now in a state of declared war with England. He was received in his own country with enthusiasm by the people, and with favor by the court. He turned to the advantage of America the influence he had acquired. It is not easy to over-estimate the service he thus performed in our behalf, for it was chiefly through his influence that the aid of France was secured.

He returned to America in 1780, and was at West Point when the treachery of Arnold was discovered. The following winter he was at the head of his division in Virginia. During the summer of 1781, he conducted the campaign in that state with a vigor and success which showed that he possessed the highest qualities of a general. In the confidence inspired by his powerful army, his great experience, and superior abilities, Lord Cornwallis declared that "the boy should not escape." He did escape, however; and it was in a great degree owing to the admirable conduct of

the youthful general that the British commander was soon after obliged to lay down his arms, and surrender his whole force of seven thousand men to the combined armies. In the memorable siege of Yorktown, which resulted so gloriously, La Fayette took an active and efficient part, and obtained a due share of renown.

Spain had now shaken off her indifference, and concluded to join France in the attempt to humble Great Britain. A powerful fleet was assembled at Cadiz, which, with twenty-four thousand troops, was to proceed to make a descent on the island of Jamaica, and then strike upon the British army at New York. La Fayette proceeded to Europe to aid the expedition, and, at the head of eight thousand men, went from Brest to Cadiz. But these mighty preparations were seen by Great Britain, and, guided by a wise prudence, she consented to peace.

The following year, 1784, La Fayette made a visit to America, where he was received with every demonstration of joy. After his return to France, he visited Germany, whither his fame had preceded him. He was entertained with distinction by the emperor of Austria, and Frederick the Great of Prussia. On his return to Paris, he united with M. de Malherbes, in endeavoring to ameliorate the political condition of the protestants. In concert with the minister of the marine,

the Marshal de Castries, he expended a large sum, from his private fortune, in an experiment towards the education and eventual emancipation of slaves. To this end, he purchased a plantation in Cayenne, intending to give freedom to the laborers as soon as they should be in a condition to enjoy it without abuse. In the progress of the revolution, this plantation, with the other estates of La Fayette, was confiscated, and the slaves sold back to perpetual bondage, by the faction which was drenching France in blood, under the motto of liberty and equality.

At length, a mighty crisis was at hand; the French revolution began. The first step in this fearful drama was the assembly of notables, February 22, 1787. Its last convocation had been in 1626, under the cardinal, Richelieu. It was now convoked by the minister, Colonne, the comptroller-general of the finances, on account of the utter impossibility, without some unusual resources, of providing for the deficit in the finances, which had for the preceding year amounted to thirty-six millions of dollars, and was estimated at the annual average of twenty-eight millions of dollars. This assembly consisted of one hundred and thirty-seven persons, of whom scarcely ten were in any sense the representatives of the people. La Fayette was of course a distinguished member, then just completing his thirtieth year. In an assem-

bly, called by the direction of the king, and consisting almost exclusively of the high aristocracy, he stepped forth at once, the champion of the people. It was the intention of the government to confine the action of the assembly to the discussion of the state of the finances, and the contrivance of means to repair their disorder. It was not so that La Fayette understood his commission. He rose to denounce the abuses of the government. The Count d'Artois, since Charles X., the brother of the king, attempted to call him to order, as acting on a subject not before the assembly. "We are summoned," said La Fayette, "to make the truth known to his majesty; I must discharge my duty."

Accordingly, after an animated harangue on the abuses of the government, he proposed the abolition of private arrests, and of the state prisons, in which any one might be confined on the warrant of the minister; the restoration of protestants to the equal privileges of citizenship, and the convocation of the States General, or representatives of the people. "What," said the Count d'Artois, "do you demand the States General?" "Yes," replied La Fayette, "and something better than that!"

The assembly of notables was convoked a second time, in 1788, and La Fayette was again found in his place pleading for the representation of the

people. As a member of the provincial assemblies of Auvergne and Brittany, he also took the lead in all the measures of reform that were proposed by those patriotic bodies.

But palliatives were vain ; it became impossible to resist the impulse of public opinion, and the States General were convened. This body assembled at Versailles on the third of May, 1789. Its initiatory movements were concerted by La Fayette and a small circle of friends, at the hotel of Mr. Jefferson, who calls La Fayette, at this momentous period of its progress, the Atlas of the revolution. He proposed, and carried through the assembly of which he was vice-president, a declaration of rights, analogous to those contained in the American constitutions. He repeated the demand which he had made in the assembly of notables, for the suppression of *lettres de cachet*, and the admission of protestants to all the privileges of citizens. For the three years that he sustained the command of the National Guard, he kept the peace of the capital, rent as it was by the intrigues of parties, the fury of a debased populace, and the agitations set on foot by foreign powers ; and so long as he remained at the head of the revolution, and with much to condemn, and more to lament, and which no one resisted more strenuously than La Fayette, it was a work of just reform, after ages of frightful corruption and abuse.

When matters had arrived at a critical point, La Fayette proposed the organization of the National Guard of France. The ancient colors of the city of Paris were blue and red; to indicate the union which he wished to promote between a king governing by a constitution, and a people protected by the laws, he proposed to add the white, the royal color of France; and to form of the three the new ensign of the nation. "I bring you, gentlemen," said he, "a badge, which will go round the world, an institution at once civil and military, which will change the system of European tactics and reduce the absolute governments to the alternative of being conquered if they do not imitate them, and overturned if they do!" The example of Paris was followed in the provinces, and the National Guard, three millions seven thousand strong, was organized throughout France, with La Fayette at its head.

On the 5th of November, 1789, occurred a scene of the most fearful character. It was rumored at Paris that the king and his family, at Versailles, had denounced the revolution.

At this moment the populace were suffering from famine, and being told that the scarcity was caused by the monarch, the cry arose, "To Versailles for bread!" Like a flood of boiling lava, the tide of people rolled toward Versailles. The king and the royal family had been sacrificed to

the fury of the mob, but for the aid of La Fayette. Placing himself at the head of a detachment of troops, he rushed to the scene of action, and conducted them in safety to Paris.

From the commencement of the revolution, La Fayette refused all pecuniary compensation and every unusual appointment or trust. Not a dignity known to the ancient monarchy, or suggested by the disorder of the times, but was tendered to him and refused. More than once it was proposed to create him Field Marshal, Grand Constable, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The titles of dictator and commander-in-chief of the armies of France were successively proposed to him, but in vain. Knowing that the representatives of the great federation of the National Guards, who repaired to Paris in 1790, designed to invest him with the formal command of this immense military force, he hastened a passage of the decree of the Assembly, forbidding any person to exercise the right of more than one district; and having, at the close of a review, been conducted to the national assembly by an immense and enthusiastic throng, he took the occasion to mount the tribune and announce the intention of returning to private life as soon as the preparation of the constitution should be completed.

On the recurrence of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, on the 14th of July, 1790,

the labors of the assembly, in the formation of the constitution, were so far advanced that it was deemed expedient, by a grand act of popular ratification, to give the sanction of France to the principles on which it was founded. The place assigned for the ceremony was the Champs de Mars, and the act itself was regarded as a grand act of federation, by which the entire population of France, through the medium of an immense representation, engaged themselves to each other, by solemn oaths and imposing rites, to preserve the constitution, the monarchy, and the law. In front of the military school at Paris, and near the river Seine, a vast plain was marked out for the imposing pageant. Innumerable laborers were employed, and still greater multitudes of volunteers cooperated with them, in preparing a vast embankment, disposed on terraces, and covered with turf. The entire population of the capital and its environs, from the highest to the lowest condition of life, of both sexes, and of every profession, was engaged from day to day, and from week to week, in carrying on the excavation. The academies and schools, the official bodies of every description, and every class and division of the people, repaired, from morning to night, to take part in the work, cheered by the instruments of a hundred full orchestras, and animated with every sport and game in which an excited and cheerful populace gives vent to its delight.

It was the perfect saturnalia of liberty; the meridian of the revolution, when its great and unquestioned benefits seemed established on a secure basis, with as little violence and bloodshed as could be reasonably expected in the tumultuous action of a needy, exasperated and triumphant populace. The work was at length completed, the terraces were raised, and 300,000 spectators were seated in the vast amphitheatre. A gallery was elevated in front of the military school, and in its centre was a pavilion above the throne. In the rear of the pavilion was prepared a stage, on which the queen, the dauphin, and the royal family were seated. The deputed members of the federation, eleven thousand for the army and navy, and eighteen thousand for the national guard of France, were arranged in front, within a circle formed by eighty-three lances planted in the earth, adorned with the standards of the eighty-three departments. In the midst of the Champs de Mars, the centre of all eyes, with nothing above it but the canopy of heaven, arose a magnificent altar — the loftiest ever raised on earth. Two hundred priests, in white surplices, with the tri-color as a girdle, were disposed on the steps of the altar, on whose spacious summit mass was performed by the bishop of Autun. On the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the members of the federation and the deputies of the assembly advanced to the

altar, and took the oath of fidelity to the nation, the constitution, and the king. The king himself assumed the name and rank of chief of the federation, and bestowed the title of its major-general on La Fayette. The king took the oath on his throne, but La Fayette, as the first citizen of France, advancing to the altar, at the head of 30,000 deputies, and in the name of the mighty mass of the national guard, amidst the plaudits of nearly half a million of his fellow-citizens, in the presence of all that was most illustrious and excellent in the kingdom, whose organized military power he represented as their chief, took the oath of fidelity to the nation, the constitution, and the king. Of all the oaths that day taken by the master-spirits of the time, his was, perhaps, the only one kept inviolate.

The powers of Europe at length roused themselves to action, and began to draw their threatening armies around France. Armies were raised by the latter country to meet them. La Fayette was charged with the command of one of them. At his head-quarters at Sedan, he heard of the bloody tragedy of the tenth of August; and the imprisonment of the royal family. Agents were sent to the departments; the bloody scenes of Paris were enacted there. The reign of terror was now established, and commissioners were sent to the army to arrest the generals, and La

Fayette among the rest. He had no choice but to deluge the country with blood by resistance, or to save himself by flight. He adopted the latter course, but was taken by a military force at Liege, and being dragged from fortress to fortress, was at last lodged in the dungeons of Magdeburg. From this place, he was transferred to the emperor of Germany, and immured in the gloomy castle of Olmutz, in Moravia.

Cut off from all the world, and closely confined, the health of the noble captain gave way, and it was not till several unsuccessful efforts had been made that a mitigation of his sufferings was allowed. He was now permitted to take the air, and this afforded an opportunity to effect his liberation. Dr. Eric Bollman, a young German physician, and Mr. Huger, of South Carolina, engaged in this chivalrous enterprise; and, through their exertions, he made his escape. But a series of unfortunate accidents occurred, and he was retaken and carried back to Olmutz. Bollman and Huger were also taken, and confined in close prisons for six months, when they were set at liberty. La Fayette was now treated with double severity; he was stripped of every comfort; denied decent clothing; kept in a dark room, fed on bread and water; and told that he was soon to be executed on the scaffold.

Nor were these personal sufferings his only

source of anxiety. No tidings were permitted to reach him from his wife and children; and the last intelligence he had received from her was, that she was confined in prison at Paris. There she had been thrown during the reign of terror. Her grandmother, the Dutchess de Noailles, her mother, the Dutchess de Argen, and her sister, the Countess de Noailles, had perished in one day on the scaffold. She was herself reserved for the like fate; but the downfall of Robespierre preserved her. During her imprisonment, her great anxiety was for her son, George Washington La Fayette, then just attaining the age at which he was liable to be forced by the conscription into the ranks of the army. The friendly assistance of two Americans saved him.

Relieved from anxiety on account of her son, the wife of La Fayette was resolved, with her daughters, if possible, to share his captivity. Just escaped from the dungeons of Robespierre, she hastened to plunge into those of the German emperor. This admirable lady, who, in the morning of life, had sent her youthful hero from her side, to fight the battles of constitutional freedom, beneath the guidance of Washington, now went to immure herself with him in the gloomy cells of Olmutz. Born, brought up, accustomed to all that was refined, luxurious and elegant, she went to shut herself up in the poisonous wards of his

dungeon ; to partake his wretched fare ; to breathe an atmosphere so noxious and intolerable that the gaolers, who brought them their daily food, were compelled to cover their faces as they entered their cells.

Landing at Altona, on the 9th of September, 1795, she proceeded, with an American passport, under the family name of her husband (Motier), to Vienna. Having arrived in that city, she obtained, through the compassionate offices of Count Rosenberg, an interview, with the emperor. Francis II. was not a cruel man. At the age of twenty-five, he had not been hardened by long training in the school of state policy. He was a husband and a father. The heroic wife of La Fayette, with her daughters, was admitted to his presence. She demanded only to share her husband's prison, but she implored the emperor to restore to liberty the father of her children. "He was, indeed, sire, a general in the armies of republican America ; but it was at a time when the daughter of Maria Theresa was foremost in his praise. He was, indeed, a leader of the French revolution, but not in its excesses, not in its crimes ; and it is owing to him alone that, on the dreadful 5th of October, Maria Antoinette and her son had not been torn in pieces by the blood-thirsty populace of Paris. He is not the prisoner of your justice, nor your arms, but was thrown by misfortune

into your power, when he fled before the same monsters of bloody crime who brought the king and queen to the scaffold. Three of my family have perished on the same scaffold, my aged grandparent, my mother, and my sister. Will the emperor of Germany close the dark catalogue, and doom my husband to a dungeon worse than death? Restore him, sire,—not to his army, to his power, to his influence — but restore his shattered health, his ruined fortunes — to the affections of his fellow-citizens in America, where he is content to live and close his career — to his wife and children.”

The emperor was a humane man. He heard, reasoned, hesitated; told her “his hands were tied” by reasons of state, and permitted her to shut herself up with her daughters in the cells of Olmutz! There her health failed; she asked to be permitted to pass a month at Vienna, to recruit it, and was answered that she might leave the prison whenever she pleased, but that if she left it, she could never return there. On this condition, she rejects the indulgence with disdain; and prepares to sink, under the slow poison of an infected atmosphere, by her husband’s side. But her brave heart — fit partner for a hero’s — bore her through the trial, though the hand of death was upon her. She prolonged a feeble existence for ten years after their release from captivity, but

never recovered the effects of this merciless imprisonment.

The interposition of the friends of La Fayette, in Europe and America, to obtain his release, was unsuccessful. On the floor of the house of commons, General Fitzpatrick, on the 16th of December, 1796, made a motion in his behalf. It was supported by Colonel Tarleton, who had fought against La Fayette in America, by Wilberforce and Fox. The speech of the latter is one of the most admirable specimens of eloquence ever heard in a deliberative assembly. But justice remonstrated, humanity pleaded in vain. General Washington, then president of the United States, wrote a letter to the emperor of Germany. What would not the emperor afterwards have given to have had the wisdom to grant the liberty of La Fayette to the entreaty of Washington? But an advocate was at hand who would not be refused. The "Man of Destiny" was in the field. The Archduke Charles was matched against him during the campaign of 1797.

The eagles of Bonaparte flew from victory to victory. The archduke displayed against him all the resources of the old school. But the days of strategy were over. Bonaparte stormed upon his front, threw his army across deep rivers, burst upon his rear, and annihilated the astonished duke in the midst of his manœuvres. He fought

ten pitched battles in twenty days, drove the Austrians across the Julian Alps, approached within eleven days' march of Vienna, and then granted the emperor, just preparing for flight into the recesses of Germany, the treaty of Campo Formio, having demanded, in the preliminary conferences of Leoben, the release of La Fayette. Napoleon was often afterwards heard to say that, in all his negotiations with foreign powers, he had never experienced so pertinacious a resistance as that which was made to this demand. The Austrian envoys at the French head-quarters asserted that he was in confinement in the imperial territories. But Bonaparte distrusted this assertion, and sent a former aid-de-camp of La Fayette, to communicate directly with the Austrian minister on the subject. He was finally released, on the 23d of September, 1797. But while his liberation was effected by the interference of the army of the republic abroad, the confiscation and sale of the residue of his property went on at home.

Included in the general decree of outlawry, as an emigrant, La Fayette did not go back to France till the directory was overturned. On the establishment of the consular government, being restored to his civil rights, though with the loss of nearly all his estates, he returned to his native country, and sought the retirement of Lagrange.

He was indebted to Napoleon for release from captivity, probably for the lives of himself and family. He could not but see that all hope of restoring the constitution of 1791, to which he had pledged his faith, was over, and he had every reason of interest and gratitude to compound with the state of things as it existed. But he never wavered for a moment. Bonaparte endeavored, in a personal interview, to persuade him to enter the senate; but in vain.

From the tranquillity of private life, nothing could now draw him. Mr. Jefferson offered him the place of governor of Louisiana, then just become a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling, by leaving France, to take a step that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty on the continent of Europe. Napoleon ceased to importune him, and he lived at Lagrange, retired and unmolested, the only man who had gone through the terrible revolution with a character free from every just impeachment. He entered it with a princely fortune; in the various high offices he had filled, he had declined all compensation, and he came out poor. He entered it in the meridian of early manhood, with a frame of iron. He came out of it, fifty years of age, his strength impaired by the cruelties of his long imprisonment.

But the time at length arrived, which was to

call La Fayette from his retirement, and place him again—the veteran pilot—at the helm. The colossal edifice of the empire, which had been reared by Napoleon, crumbled by its own weight. The pride, the interests, the vanity, the patriotism of the nations were too deeply insulted and wounded by his domination.

The armies of Europe poured down like an inundation on France; twice the conqueror is conquered; the dynasty of the Bourbons is restored; and La Fayette is now found at the tribune. Tranquillity being established in France, and being invited to visit the United States by a vote of congress, he comes to our shores on the 25th of August, 1824, and is received with the most enthusiastic welcome. His tour through the country will never be forgotten. Everywhere he was met by crowds of people, anxious to see the benefactor of their country, and to testify their heartfelt homage and gratitude. There is perhaps nothing in La Fayette's life more remarkable than the admirable tact, sense and propriety displayed in his answers to the various addresses made as he passed through the country.

Having spent several months in the United States, he returns to France, and we soon see him at the head of a new revolution. In July, 1830, Charles X. and his family are seen flying from Paris, and La Fayette is commander of the Na-

tional Guards in the Hotel de Ville. The dynasty is changed. Louis Philippe is established upon the basis of a constitutional monarchy, and La Fayette once more resigns his commission. Insensible to the love of power, of money, and of place, he is again a private citizen, exercising only the office of representative in the chamber of deputies. Thus he continued till May, 1834. In attending the funeral of a colleague, he contracted a cold, which settled on his lungs. After a struggle with the remains of a once powerful constitution, the disease triumphed, and on the 26th of the month the patriot of liberty expired at Paris, aged seventy-seven. He was buried, by his own direction, not within the walls of the Pantheon — not among the great and illustrious, that people the silent alleys of Pere la Chaise — but in a rural cemetery near Paris, by the side of her who had shared his pure love of liberty, his triumphs, his dungeon, and his undying renown. In a secluded garden, in this humble retreat, beneath the shade of a row of linden trees, by the side of his wife and his daughter, the friend of Washington and America lies in his last repose.

In whatever aspect we may regard the life of La Fayette, it must strike us as one of the most wonderful in history. It is crowded with events of an extraordinary character, and displays a union of qualities rarely found in one individual.

In early life he is superior to the seductions of wealth and flattery ; he is not enervated by luxury, nor corrupted by vice. While all around him is bent in homage to royalty, his lofty spirit sympathizes with a remote people, struggling for liberty, and with an elevation of soul rarely paralleled, he crosses the Atlantic, expends his fortune, and risks his life in the cause of freedom.

In his own country, he becomes the leader of mighty movements in behalf of oppressed humanity. He acquires an ascendancy over millions, and is at the head of the mightiest army of citizen soldiers that was ever organized. He became the shield of royalty and the Atlas of the revolution. The scene changes ; the reign of terror is established, and he is obliged to fly before the tempest. He is first an exile — then a captive — and, finally, a prisoner, cut off from light and air, and the knowledge of mankind. He lingers in dungeons for years ; he escapes, is recaptured, and immured in still deeper dungeons. Again he is at liberty — he returns to private life, and here he remains, a witness of the most stupendous events, till a new convulsion shakes the earth, and he is summoned from his retirement. The storm is tranquillized, and, after an absence of more than forty years, he revisits the far land whose liberty he had helped to achieve. Here he finds a nation of three millions increased to

twelve, and a generation born since his departure, now ready to welcome him, and shower honors and blessings on his name. He returns to Europe, and still another revolution is at hand. In the midst of the tempest, he seizes upon the helm, and while the Bourbon monarch flies, he holds the reigns of power in the capital. A new dynasty is founded, and a new king is set upon the throne; order is restored, and the patriot, laying down his mighty power, retires again to the tranquil pursuits of country life.

What a chequered history is here! What vicissitudes of fortune, yet what consistency of action! There is an equanimity, a dignity, a steadfastness about the character of La Fayette, which elevates him as far above the common heroes of history, as the top of the mountain, catching the very hues of heaven, is above the vulgar mounds and knolls that lie scattered at its base; and the secret of this elevation lies in the motive which inspired his actions. He was a patriot—a philanthropist. He lived for his country—for mankind. He was a man of rare faculties—he possessed a skill of adaptation, and a quickness of perception, amounting to genius; yet his fame, his power, his greatness, arose less from his intellectual gifts, than his moral elevation. How great a boon has he conferred on mankind—not only by his deeds, but by his fame, and his exam-

ple! He has taught the world the path to truer glory than that which is won upon the battle-field; he has shown the elevating and ennobling power of a virtuous principle, and he has set before mankind the strong argument of example in favor of a disinterested philanthropic career.

ROBERT FULTON.

This individual, who was the first to establish steam navigation, was born of Irish parents, in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765, being the third child and only son. His father died when he was young, and he had no other means of education than that afforded by the village school.

Following the bent of his genius, he devoted himself to drawing and painting, and at the age of seventeen he was pursuing this avocation for a livelihood. Such was his success that, at the age of twenty-one, he had acquired sufficient means for the purchase of a small farm in Washington county, which he settled on his mother, and which yet remains in the possession of the family.

In 1786, he embarked for England, and became an inmate in the family of his countryman, Benjamin West. An intimacy thus grew up between the young adventurer and the great artist, which was only dissolved by death. He continued to pursue his vocation, and, during a residence of two years in Devonshire, he became acquainted

with the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater and the Earl of Stanhope. About this time he conceived a plan for the improvement of canal navigation, and he received the thanks of two societies for various projects suggested by him. In 1796, he published, in London, a treatise on canal improvements.

From England he proceeded to France, and took up his lodgings at the same hotel with our countryman, Joel Barlow. When the latter removed to his own house, Fulton accepted an invitation to accompany him, and he continued to reside with him for seven years. During this period he studied several modern languages, and perfected himself in the higher branches of the mathematics and natural philosophy. He had now abandoned painting, but his skill in drawing aided him in his mechanical pursuits. It was about this period that he projected the first panorama exhibited in Paris.

The attention of Fulton was early drawn to the subject of steam navigation, as appears by his correspondence with the Earl of Stanhope. But his mind was devoted for a time to the destruction of ships of war by submarine explosion. Hence his invention of the torpedo, and the plunging-boat. With the latter he succeeded in remaining under water several hours, while he could navigate it with facility in any direction. He

partially succeeded in his views, but not to the satisfaction of the governments under whose auspices he prosecuted his scheme.

While Fulton was in France, and still engaged with his experiments in submarine explosions, Robert R. Livingston, of New York, arrived in that country as minister to the court of France. He had been engaged in some attempts to establish steam navigation in the United States, and an intimacy between him and Fulton immediately commenced. They soon agreed to pursue the subject which interested them both, and an experimental boat was soon built on the Seine. It was completed in the spring of 1803, but she was imperfectly constructed, and one night she severed in twain, and went to the bottom with all her machinery. After great labor, she was raised and repaired, and an experiment was made with her in July, which was so far satisfactory as to determine the projectors to continue their efforts.

In 1806, Mr. Fulton returned to America, having procured a steam engine, which was constructed according to his directions, by Messrs. Watt and Bolton, of England. He immediately commenced the building of his first steamboat at New York. In the spring of 1807, she was launched from the ship-yard of Mr. Charles Brown; the engine from England was put on board, and, in August, she moved, by the aid of her machinery, from her birth-place to the Jersey shore.

Great interest had been excited in the public mind in relation to the new experiment, and the wharves were crowded with spectators, assembled to witness the first trial. Ridicule and jeers were freely poured forth upon the boat and its projectors, until, at length, as she moved from the wharf, and increased her speed, the silence of astonishment, which at first enthralled the immense assemblage, was broken by one universal shout of acclamation and applause. The triumph of genius was complete, and the name of Fulton was thenceforward destined to stand enrolled among the benefactors of mankind.

The new boat was called the *Clermont*, in compliment to the place of residence of Mr. Livingston, and shortly after made her first trip to Albany and back, at an average speed of five miles an hour. The successful application of Mr. Fulton's invention had now been fairly tried, and the efficacy of navigation by steam fully determined. The *Clermont* was advertised as a packet-boat between New York and Albany, and continued, with some intermissions, running the remainder of the season. Two other boats, the *Raritan* and *Car of Neptune*, were launched the same year, and a regular passenger line of steamboats was established from that period between New York and Albany. In each of these boats, great improvements were made, although the machinery was yet imperfect.

We have not space to follow Mr. Fulton through the details of his subsequent career. Altogether thirteen boats were built in the city of New York under his superintendence, the last being the steam frigate, which, in compliment to its projector, was called Fulton the I. The keel of this immense vessel was laid in June, 1814, and in about four months she was launched amid the roar of cannon and the plaudits of thousands of spectators. Before the conclusion of this vast undertaking, Fulton was summoned from the scene of his labors, after a short illness occasioned by severe exposure. He died in the city of New York, February 4, 1814.

Mr. Fulton left a family of four children — one son and three daughters; and as is too frequently the case with the benefactors of mankind, he died encumbered with a load of debt which had been contracted in those pursuits which have produced such beneficent results to his country and the world at large.

The personal character of Fulton was in the highest degree attractive. His manners were cordial, cheerful and unembarrassed. He was a kind husband, an affectionate parent, and a zealous friend. Independent of his public fame, he has left, as a private individual, an unsullied reputation, and a memory void of reproach.

The attempt has been frequently made, by

those who were governed by narrow and unworthy motives, to deprive Fulton of the credit due for the greatest achievement of modern times — the actual establishment of steam navigation. The futility of such attempts is sufficiently evinced by the notorious fact that, in 1807, he had put in practical operation the first steamboat that ever was built, and that no boat was launched in Europe which proved successful till five years after. This was constructed by Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, in 1812. At this time, four of Fulton's boats were running from New York.

It is not contended that Fulton is the first individual who conceived the idea of steam navigation, or sought by experiments to accomplish it. Rumsey is known to have attempted it in Virginia as early as 1787; Fitch made experiments in 1783; Oliver Evans in 1785; and Jouffray, in France, in 1792. Indeed, the idea had been suggested by Jonathan Hulls, in England, even so far back as the year 1736. But it was reserved for Fulton to perfect and bring into operation what had been conceived by others, but which had baffled all human attempts to reduce to practice.

The life of this remarkable man suggests various interesting reflections. While he was pursuing his labors, which were to result in one of the most stupendous blessings ever conferred on mankind, he was the incessant theme of ridicule

and contempt. Many a pert editor of a paper, many an habitual satirist, many a man wise in his own conceit, amused himself in dilating upon the folly of attempting so impossible a thing as steam navigation. He was as truly an object of persecution by the bigotry of ignorance, as was Faust, whose improvements in printing subjected him, in a darkened age, to the charge of sorcery; or Galileo, who was imprisoned for discovering the revolutions of the earth. Yet Fulton, with a calmness which beautifully displays the dignity of genius, unmoved by scoffs and sneers, pursued the even tenor of his way, and unabashed by ridicule, undismayed by difficulties, persevered till his triumph was acknowledged by the world.

Another reflection suggested by the life of Fulton is, as to the mighty influence which one individual may exert on the destinies of his fellow-men. It is impossible to estimate, in their full extent, the beneficial results of his labors. There are, at least, eight hundred steamboats in the United States, and probably as many in England. A large part of the navigation of our rivers is performed by steamboats, as well as a considerable portion of the travel from one section of the country to another. It is the cheapest, and probably the safest mode of travel yet devised. The following statistics of steam navigation will not only show that the risk of travel on steamboats is

almost nothing, but it will suggest the amazing extent of steamboat travel.

During the five years ending on the 31st of December, 1838, the estimated number of miles run by steamboats connected with the single port of New York was 5,467,450; the number of accidents, two; lives lost, eight; the number of passengers, 15,886,300; and the proportion of lives lost, to the passengers, about one in two millions! If we compare this state of things with what existed prior to Fulton's operations in 1807; if we extend our views over the whole country; if we cross the Atlantic, and see the mighty movement in respect to this subject, there; if we take into account the recent navigation of the Atlantic by steam, and its incalculable consequences; if we look to the navies of the great powers of the world, and remark that Fulton's discoveries are being applied to the art of maritime warfare — then we may begin to feel, in some faint yet inadequate degree, the effects which one man of genius, by one great invention, may produce on the interests of mankind.

THE END.

OPINIONS EXPRESSED.

GRANDPA'S DARLINGS, by Pansy, author of "Three People," &c. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Nominally for children, this delightful story can but interest anybody who takes it up. The complete delineations of child-life presented are more thoroughly done and more natural than were they placed before us in a series of paintings; for here we have not only their looks, attitudes, costumes and gestures, but what they do, say, think and feel. It is like going into the nursery and catching up the first rosy midget to kiss, when we read of ridiculous little Minie in her jollities. A story like this is just like home. You have the thousand and one phases of childhood right with you. There is not a boy or girl who can read, who will not pour over it with breathless interest. A prettier gift-booD for our young folks we have seldom seen. The pure, sweet morality which underlies all the narrative reminds us of the passage, "Out of the mouths of babes," &c., yet in no instance is the "wisdom" strained or worded up. Pansy has done herself honor with her "thoughts."—*The Golden Rule*.

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This book is a treasure in itself, a casket containing a selection of gems of thought, at once beautiful and suggestive, culled from the writings of the best authors. The collector of these charming extracts has shown admirable taste and discrimination in the grouping of word pictures in such attractive form.—*Baptist Weekly*.

WORD PICTURES. Thoughts and Descriptions from Popular Authors. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Illustrated, Price \$1.75.--Gilt edges, \$2.00.

This volume is inscribed by the author to "the Memory of My Beloved Mother, Margaret Guthrie Strohm, and of the happy days when we read together." A note of acknowledgment to the authors and the publishers represented, answers as a preface to this compilation. One hundred authors are quoted, among whom many are well-known to all, as Grace Aguilar, Louisa M. Alcott, Charlotte Bronte, Bulwer, Dickens, Disraeli, Amanda M. Douglass, Edward Everett Hale, Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, Jean Ingelow, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Charles Reade, Mrs. Stowe, and Bayard Taylor. There is no lack of deep meanings in this collection, and of course all the popular authors could not be represented in a small volume. Forty-two pages of the three hundred and fifteen are devoted to various subjects under the title "Thoughts." The remaining pages are classed "Descriptions and Scenes."

Some selections seem to be chosen to illustrate certain styles of picturesque narrative and are allotted several pages, while others are terse enough to be contained in a few lines. Dickens is awarded the first place, and the opening thoughts are concerning "children." "I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they who are so fresh from God love us."

Here is something for the educators of women, by George MacDonald: "Men like women to reflect them; but the woman who can only reflect a man and is nothing in herself will never be of much service to him."

This is a picture, sure enough, from Mrs. Whitney: "She was like a breeze that set everything fluttering, and left the whole house freshened after she had passed on."

Here some "Words of Truth," by Miss Alcott, bear profound philosophy. "It is an excellent plan to have some place where we can go to be quiet when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way."

One more selection from the short speeches must suffice: "No life is all sunshine, nor was it so intended. And yet I think God doesn't mean us to fear the future. We are to take up daily events with hopeful hearts and shape them into a higher form than crude fragments."

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